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GILFORD VILLAGE AND MOUNT BELKNAP.

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IN THE BEARCAMP VALLEY.

By Fred E. Keay.

BETWEEN the lake land of New Hampshire and the White Mountains lies the broad, sloping valley of the Bearcamp. Along its southern border, separated from the winding bays of Winnepesaukee by Red Hill and the rugged Ossipee mountains, flows the river, bearing down its gravelly bed the tribute of a dozen mountains to the sea; which tribute it delivers through Ossipee lake and river into the custody of the Saco.

The Bearcamp is a typical mountain stream, in dry weather gliding swiftly over its sinuous course among sandy shallows, and in times of rain swelling until it overflows the adjacent meadows with the great volume of water poured into it by its many torrential tributaries.

Long unknown to fame, in latter years the praises of the Bearcamp country have been sung by Whittier, Lucy Larcom, and Frank Bolles. Whittier called the river

> "A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
> Unstoried and unknown,"

and wrote of it:

> "The ursine legend of its name
> Prowls on its banks alone,
> Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
> As ever Yarrow knew,
> Or, under rainy Irish skies
> By Spenser's Mulla grew."

On the northern edge of the valley where the towns of Waterville, Albany, Sandwich, and Tamworth meet, and chiefly within the boundaries of the latter town is Birch intervale, a broad, green plain at the foot of Mount Wonalancet. Across this fertile intervale flows the Wonalancet river, which here lingers for a space after foaming down the dark ravine between Mounts Whiteface and Passaconway, and before plunging again over its rocky path and down the long slope to the Bearcamp.

Upon and around this smooth, cultivated plain stand the scattered houses of the village of Wonalancet, whose distance from the railroad and the ordinary routes of travel has rendered it comparatively unknown to the majority of summer recreationists. Each year, however, brings a greater number of boarders, and several summer residences have been built recently. From West Ossipee,

Birch Intervale.

nine miles distant, the Wonalancet stage bears its passengers over a steadily ascending road, with the noble Sandwich range rising directly in front, and the river, which is crossed several times, rushing among the tumbled rocks below.

A period of recreation, however brief, serves its highest and best end when it furnishes to the memory thoughts, sights, and experiences that in after days help to lighten toil and to brighten the dull routine of daily life. This happy result is not obtainable through idleness and stagnation.

The wider the acquaintance that a person commands, that is, the greater the sympathy that he has with his environment, the higher will be the pleasure that he derives from life. Most of us have abundant opportunity to enlarge our acquaintance with humanity through the ordinary channels of business and society during the greater portion of the year. The short time allotted for a vacation period, therefore, cannot be better employed than in the acquirement of friends among the birds, the trees, the flowers, and other aspects of Nature; friends that are ever faithful, constant, and true whether one is poor or rich, sad or gay, old or young.

For the renewal in after days of the pleasures of a rightly spent vacation a camera is a valuable aid. The search for suitable landscape subjects for portrayal, and the details connected with the exposure of the plate, serve to impress the view indelibly upon the mind, so that much more enjoyment is to be obtained from a review of one's own photographic work than from the examination of perhaps more praiseworthy views taken by another.

In this idyllic region we found hourly enjoyment as the sultry August days sped quickly by and gave place to the cooler, shorter September days. Although we took our bicycles with us, we found that no mode of locomotion in the country is comparable to walking.

The Locke Falls cottage, where we

Down the Valley, from Mt. Mexico.

sojourned, stands about midway on the slope of the last, long hill on the road to the intervale. Mount Mexico, a long, low, birch-covered hill ridge, which rises just across the road, hides the mountains, but a charming prospect is afforded down the valley to the Blue mountains of Effingham and Freedom beyond Ossipee lake.

In the early morning the lake was covered with a heavy veil of mist that faithfully reproduced every contour of the shores. When the sun rose into an unclouded sky the mist-veil lifted quickly and dissolved as the sunlight poured though the valley. At other times the mist would rise slowly and reluctantly, cling to the mountain sides, and at last unite with the gray over-hanging clouds; or it would drift up the valley before an easterly wind to be precipitated in rain.

A Quiet Spot on Wonalancet River.

A favorite morning walk was to Wonalancet falls, a half mile distant. Golden-rod, asters—purple and white—tall, prim thoroughwort, showy, yellow sundrops, awkward rattlesnake weed, and the bright, blue berries of the clintonia, made but a portion of the roadside floral display. Over these hung clusters of plump, ripening blackberries, and the large, flat blossoms of the flowering raspberry.

In the woods fungi of many species, edible and poisonous, attractive and repulsive, pushed through the dewy carpet of decaying leaves. Many of these we gathered to add to the bill of fare. The rapidity with which they grew was remarkable. Early one morning we walked down the path to the falls. We did not see a specimen of one particularly choice species, but as we returned a few hours later, we picked a large basketful. Where, in a hollow of the path, water stood, we found stiff spikes of pinkish snakehead and delicate dalibarda, one of our loveliest native wild flowers.

The ruins of an old stone wall and a portion of the canal are the only reminders that a mill once stood beside the falls. Thirty summers and winters have kindly restored, as far as possible, the primitive order of things, and the river now pours over the huge boulders unvexed by mill-wheel. Gloomy hemlocks and white-skinned birches hang over its deep, dark pools and whirling eddies of foam, and through the roar of the water we heard at times the cheerful call of the chickadee, or the busy hammering of the woodpecker.

When in the late afternoon, flocks

Chocorua, from Chocorua Lake.

of snowy cumulus clouds "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," wandered up the valley to their folds behind the mountain wall, the summit of Great hill furnished the loveliest prospect in Tamworth.

The white spire of the Tamworth church, rising from the plain amid the clustered village roofs, with a background of silvery lakes, was framed by the dark foliage of the trees upon the hill. The long Sandwich range, which from this point presents a striking contour, each of its five principal peaks being comparatively isolated, shuts out the horizon from Chocorua on the north, to Sandwich Dome in the west.

All of the mountains of this range are readily accessible from Wonalancet, and paths or trails lead to all the summits except Paugus, which still remains unconquered, and is trodden by the feet of bears, deer, and other forest dwellers, long since driven from more accessible regions. Paugus is a rough mountain, but it owes its immunity to the fact that grander peaks shut from its summit almost the entire horizon.

Chocorua is the mountain most often ascended by the tourist. A broad path, almost a road, is kept in order as far as the house at the base of the cone, whence to the summit a narrow footpath clambers over the steep, bare ledges with the aid of wooden stairs and iron rails.

The lower portion of the path is comparatively uninteresting, as the dense forest obliterates the landscape, while the path itself has undergone so much "improvement" that it is only a winding ribbon of rocks and gravel. Frequent springs furnish welcome refreshment on the upward journey. Beside the path, when we ascended, were growing

Chocorua, from Great Hill.

Cone of Chocorua.

asters, golden-rod, and everlasting; the clintonia held up its bright blue berries on uplifted fingers for our inspection; from the long curving stalks of the false Solomon's seal drooped delicately pencilled, pinkish berries and the scattered rays of sunshine wandering through the foliage, illumined the broad flat clusters of hobble bush berries.

The view of the cone of Chocorua suddenly seen over the crest of the last sharp rise in the path before the ledges are reached is one never to be forgotten, and never to be repeated. The huge granite mass rises apparently a mile distant, its awful precipices seemingly impregnable.

The path above the tree-tops commands an extensive view, but we found equal pleasure in noting a few modest flowers of the mountain sandwort which still lingered in company with blueberries and mountain cranberries.

Chocorua's peak is extremely sharp, and the cliffs fall boldly on every side. There is a sense of isolation upon this summit which is rare indeed. The view, unhindered for miles around the whole broad circle, is beyond description. Chocorua stands at the gateway of the White Mountain region. It guards the first outpost.

On the south it overlooks miles upon miles of fair cultivated fields and hillside pastures, dotted with innumerable villages and generously strewn with shining lakes, from the tiny nameless bowl at its foot to Winnipesaukee's wandering acres. Beyond rises line after line of hills, fading at last into the gray haze of the distant horizon.

How startling the change in the landscape when the eyes look northward. Here nothing is visible but a vast mob of mountains, having at first sight neither form nor order; a mere chaotic turmoil. Closer study serves to separate one from another the

Westward from Chocorua.

Sandwich Dome, from Whiteface Intervale.

many mountain ranges, and to show their relations to the other mountains of the group, and above all to the huge bulk of Washington, which towers far above them all, its barren rocks, its scarred ravines, its jagged cliffs softened and smoothed by twenty miles of intervening distance. That is a rare day indeed when no rosy cloud stoops to kiss that wrinkled forehead, even though the sun shines undimmed upon every other mountain top.

Sandwich Dome offers the most pleasant climb of any of the Sandwich mountains. The path is shut in by the forest to the very summit, the mountain being heavily wooded, but it winds up the mountain side over soft carpets of dry leaves, green ferns, and deep, damp moss, and if the sky is shut out above, Nature compensates for the loss by new beauties below.

Moss-grown logs, huge boulders cushioned with lovely wood oxalis and creeping snowberry, and the voices of juncos and white-throated sparrows tempted us to linger on the ascent.

The view from the summit is much like that from Chocorua, but the mountains are seen in a different perspective, while Lakes Winnipesaukee and Squam, the gems of the landscape, are outstretched almost at the mountain's foot, dotted with green islands and broken into picturesque bays by many pastured peninsulas.

For a mountain climb, pure and simple, Whiteface offers the greatest attraction. The mountain path, which is for about a mile also the path to Passaconway, begins at a rough camp at the head of the valley above the pastures. This camp, although utterly without conveniences, is occupied throughout the year. As

Whiteface, from Whiteface Intervale.

we saw it, it was not uninviting as a place of residence. A few bright flowers blossomed beside the black papered walls, and a pair of pine grosbeaks hopped around the doorstep. Yet when winter winds pile the snow-drifts against it the camp must be dreary indeed.

A blazed trail leaves the Passaconway path abruptly, crosses the Wonalancet river over a fallen tree, and marks the route to the summit of Whiteface. The ascent is a continual struggle over fallen tree trunks and treacherous mould. Hobble bushes reach out their long arms to ensnare the feet, or to aid the climber up the steep slopes. The upper portion of the trail, marked by heaps of stones, traverses broken ledges over which climbing is not a pastime.

Camp on Passaconway Path.

The lofty and precipitous cliffs from which the mountain received its name are glorious to look upon, but the broader outlook from the summit is disappointing. On one visit to the mountain top we found temporary amusement in casting over the cliffs fragments of rock, and noting their course by the repeated crashes which rose from below.

It was my fortune to make this mountain climb twice under sharply contrasting conditions. On the first occasion thick clouds hung over the mountain, and heavy mists were rolled up the ravine by the wind, totally obscuring everything outside of a circle of a few rods. As we descended the mountain the rain fell, lightning illuminated the gloomy forest, and thunder echoed from precipice to precipice. Although mid-afternoon, the marks of the axe upon the trees were scarcely visible.

My second visit was made under brighter auspices of warm sunshine and singing birds, yet I recall the first day's climb with as great pleasure.

Almost innumerable are the opportunities for pleasure driving over the roads of Tamworth and adjacent towns, glorified in September by hosts of deep blue, closed gentians and other autumnal flowers. A constant delight may be experienced in these rides by noting the changing aspects of the mountains as viewed from different points. Chocorua is peculiarly susceptible to this study. From whatever view-point it is seen, it is unique and picturesque. At one's pleasure it may be brought into relation with a river foreground, or a broad meadow level, or a wooded hill.

Around Chocorua lakes, near the foot of the mountain, a colony of

summer residences has been built, chief among which, in general interest, is the red-roofed cottage of the late Frank Bolles, hidden in the forest far from the highway. The drive around the lakes is famous for its mountain views.

Near the base of the Ossipee mountains lies Bearcamp pond, from whose picturesque shores the distant mountain range, lying against the northern horizon, assumes a serener aspect. Other lakelets less known to fame, are scattered through the valley, and sparkling brooks dance down every hill and mountain side, and wander quietly through the intervales.

There is no hill within the limits of the town of Tamworth that does not boast of peculiar claims as a landscape view-point. Where all are lovely, who will presume to choose? Their fairest visions are those of sunset. Nature grants no lovelier prospect than the deepening rose and purple upon the mountain sides, as the sun, a crimson ball, sinks below the western horizon, and the fading day creeps softly up the forest-clad slope.

Sandwich Dome stands dark and forbidding against the glowing sky, casting its black shadow over the precipices of Whiteface. Slowly the veil falls upon Passaconway's dark shoulder; fondly the sun's last rays linger on the rough ledges of Paugus; lovingly they pause on Chocorua's blanched crags—an instant only, while all else is shrouded—and then they mount upward to tinge with transitory glory the young clouds, already gathering in the chill night air.

Afloat on Bearcamp Pond.

A COUNTRY TOWN IN THE REVOLUTION.

By Col. R. M. Scammon.

STRATHAM lies on the right bank of the Swamscott, or Squamscott as it is more commonly spelled. The town extends from Exeter down the river to the waters of the picturesque Great bay. Located in the midst of the first group of pioneer settlements in New Hampshire, its history is intimately interwoven with the events of those earlier days. It is the purpose of the present sketch to give an account of the part taken by the town in the struggle for independence. This is of interest for the efforts of the townspeople were in some measure exceptional, and it is of value in illustrating the history of the time.

The morning of the Revolution found the town better situated for war than at any other time in its history. Not because there were more organized troops—there were none; not because there was any large store of arms or ammunition, but because of the large number of young men available for soldiers, and the still more unusual number of boys that would soon be of military age. The proportion of young people in town at that time was something extraordinary, so much so that it became a matter of comment and public consideration, even in those days of large families. This may be seen by warrant for the annual meeting in 1773, which urges that more school accommodations are necessary "by reason of the great multiplication of children in the town."

That same year the selectmen took a census of the inhabitants, which shows the number of young people still more clearly. From this it does not appear that the number of families was greater than at present. The number of dwelling houses was only about 135, which is forty less than we have now, but there were living in the town 1,068 people,—at least 400 more than present figures. The number of men aged 60 years and upward was 27; this is less than at present, but the number of boys 16 and under was 234. Between 16 and 60 there were 138 married and 77 unmarried men. Of females there were 382 unmarried, 161 married, and 45 widows. Of slaves there were 3 males and 1 female. Two years later when the war began the population reached the highest point in our history, 1,137.

Perhaps it is no more than might be expected that with such a large body of growing youngsters in the town, there were more or less of mischievous pranks. Some of the people called it lawlessness, and in a petition by the selectmen and others to the governor January, 1775, for the appointment of John Taylor as justice of the peace, they say the town is in a peculiar condition in regard to its internal policy and gov-

ernment and they need a justice who will have no servile fear of giving offense to evil doers.

There is but little record of what the boys actually did, but evidently they kept their elders pretty well stirred up.

One story of the time is told in connection with Deacon Jonathan Sibley who lived on the main road near what is still called Sibley hill. Although a man of rather violent temper and contentious disposition, he was regarded even in those days as very rigid in the practice of his religious ideas, and is said to have chastized a grown-up daughter for laughing on Sunday. On one point he was especially strong, and that was prayer. He was what they used to call "eminently gifted" in this direction, and his supplications in the meeting-house were generally both very long and very loud. It so happened at some religious meeting he was offering one of his usual vociferous prayers, when one of a group of young men sitting near having a box of snuff took it in one hand, and leaning forward advanced it toward his face as if to offer him a pinch. Another young fellow hit the outstretched hand a smart stroke and sent box and contents flying full in Sibley's face. The deacon's rage was something terrible. He pranced about rubbing his eyes, which were blinded by the snuff, and as often as he could refrain from sneezing he showered the most fearful imprecations on the authors of his misfortune, whoever they might be. For a long time after he was trying to find the culprit. Nobody knew, at least nobody told, but Sibley made so much fruitless fuss that his search became a by-word, and for years after, in the town if any one asked a question impossible to answer, some one else would very likely reply, "Who threw snuff in old Sibley's face?"

There seems to have been no really criminal spirit in the community, but crude jokes were carried entirely too far. The windows of the meeting-house were broken, the sheet lead on the steeple posts was carried off, for bullets perhaps. The Widow Speed's house was probably neither very large nor very valuable, but somebody pulled it down without any permission on her part. These last exploits were rather too much for the more sober inhabitants, and votes were passed in town meeting to prosecute the perpetrators to final issue, though it does not appear from the court records that any guilty party was ever discovered.

There was soon, however, to be a use for these young fellows. The same exuberant life that led them into mischief in time of peace well fitted them to endure the hardships of war. They went cheerfully into the conflict when the need came and did eminent service for their country.

The trouble that arose between England and her American colonies, as our histories tell it, was all about the taxes. Parliament claimed the right to levy taxes on the colonies at will. The colonies denied the right. The dispute about the matter began in 1765 and lasted ten years. Our people did not complain that the taxes of themselves were especially severe. The tax on their tea was not large, but to permit its collection would be a recognition of parliament's right to tax them in any amount or manner it pleased, and

such a principle once established meant the perpetual unloading of English burdens on American shoulders,—the payment of English debts from American pockets. It would not be individual slavery but it would be national slavery for themselves and their children forever.

The first official action by the town was taken at a special meeting called February 7, 1774, to consider what they should do in reference to the effort by parliament to raise a revenue by levying a tax on their tea. The feeling of the meeting is thus set forth:

"There is no greater sign of the want of virtue in any people than the want of zeal for the public good in promoting the safety, welfare, and reputation of the community of which we are members and of the constitution under which we are protected. And when our rights, franchises, and privileges are surreptitiously taken from us and appropriated to the most infamous and indignant purposes, our silence at such a time would imply a tacit submission to such violations.

"It is therefore with pleasure we have now assembled to join our free suffrages with those of our fellow subjects in America, and thus openly, avowedly, and solemnly protest and declare that we are born freemen and will remain so under our present happy constitution *as long as we have lives to lose or fortunes to spend* in defense of that and our freedom, which cost our ancestors so much blood and treasure.

"Therefore, resolved, 1st, That self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that taxation without representation is subversive of our liberties.

"2d. That the act of parliament of Great Britain made for the express purpose of raising a revenue in America, is unconstitutional and unjust; and every person who attempts to execute that act is an enemy to this country.

"3d. That the power given the East India Company by the parliament of Great Britain (whereby they are introduced to aid in the ministerial plan of enslaving America) carries a manifest intention of the ministry to leave no stone unturned in order to the efficient execution of the act of parliament laying a duty upon teas, payable in the colonies, therefore, in this view it becomes our duty to oppose every measure of the ministry to subvert our constitution with the utmost vigor.

"4th. That the more effectually to frustrate their designs and render them abortive, we will not use any of said company's teas in our families. And whoever aids, abets, assists, or in any way countenances the landing, sale, or use of said teas, we will treat them with the neglect and contempt that such conduct deserves.

"5th. We also conclude from the conduct of those merchants and retailers, who take the present opportunity to raise the price of tea that is already imported, that they are enemies to America and ought to be treated as such, and although they may pretend to stand for liberty, yet their conduct proves them to be of a mercenary, selfish disposition and ought to be held in contempt by all true-hearted sons of liberty.

"Also voted that the thanks of this town be presented to our worthy fellow subjects throughout the colonies in general, and in the town of Portsmouth in particular, for their united endeavors and spirited resolutions, to support the rights of America, in which they may be assured of the hearty concurrence of this town.

"Voted that Dea. Stephen Boardman, Dea. Samuel Lane, Ens. John Taylor, Ens. Simon Wiggin, and Mr. Stephen Piper, or any three of them be a committee of correspondence, to correspond with the committee appointed at Portsmouth or any other committee, and that they cause the substance of the transactions of this meeting to be published in the New Hampshire *Gazette*."

April 4, Deacon Boardman was chosen representative, and special instructions were given him to use every lawful method to keep and maintain our civil liberties and privileges and not suffer any unreasonable or unlawful taxes to be imposed upon us.

"To do equal right to king and country, that is, to pay his Excellency our Governor and the Hon. judges of the Superior court their stated salaries. If his Excellency require any more to defray the cost of a late lawsuit, let him know how other men fare in like cases, that is by paying his own charges."

To punish the people of Boston for throwing the tea into the harbor, England ordered that port closed to

commerce June 1. The suffering among the laboring people of the place, who lived largely by loading and unloading vessels and handling merchandise, was extreme. October 31, 1774, Stratham directed its selectmen to "lay out twenty pounds in the best manner they could in cattle and send it to the industrious poor of Boston." They bought a yoke of fat oxen of David Burleigh, and Ens. Simon Wiggin drove them over the road to the suffering town.

During all the years of the controversy it seems to have been the popular impression among the colonists that England would recede when agitation had compelled her to look into the matter, and she had seen the injustice of her position. Their friends in England believed that would be the result. Pitt, the ablest of those friends, the man who had done more to make England great than any man since Cromwell, said England ought to recede, that she must and would recede, and the language in which he portrayed to the ministry the inevitable result of their policy reads in the light of history like an inspired prophecy.

Even when British troops were landed in Boston, the purpose of their coming was regarded as an attempt to over-awe rather than to subjugate. But the people were now exasperated to that point that they only awaited the word of challenge to the last resort.

The challenge was at hand. April 19, 1775, the British attacked Concord, Mass. One day later, April 20, with no means of communication more rapid than horsemen, the news of the march of the British troops, and that they and the patriots were fighting, had reached Stratham, the people had been notified, had assembled in town meeting, had ordered a company of twenty-five men to reinforce their brethren in Massachusetts, had fixed the rate of their compensation—eight dollars a month—the town to furnish powder, ball, flints, and provision, and a committee of three, Stephen Piper, Benjamin Barker, and Captain Pottle, were charged with the duty of seeing that those twenty-five men were provided with supplies during the expedition.

There are charges in the town books that year for such unaccustomed items as guns, flints, lead, biscuit, pork, etc., bought for the soldiers. A supply of blankets was secured from domestic stocks, and the men hurried away to Massachusetts. We have few details of the history of that April day, but it is sufficiently clear from the record that resolute, capable men were there. In all the history of that uprising, no town acted more promptly, systematically, and intelligently than ours. In most cases men went forward on their own responsibility with little or no arrangement for sustenance. Stratham men marched under the official authority of their town, paid and maintained by it.

Of course, the meeting itself was not strictly legal; it was held without a warrant, the clerk so records it. Then, too, the town had exercised all the power of a sovereign state in the way it had sent out its little army, but the propriety of its action in the emergency was never questioned.

Before the news of the British march had even reached New Hampshire, the British themselves had been driven back to Boston. Our

men marched to Cambridge and joined the patriot army gathered there in anticipation of another battle. General Gage, however, showed no disposition to try further experiments and after remaining a week or two the men returned home.

Twenty-five men were called, but an item in the town's expense account says there were twenty-eight in all that went. This number most likely includes the supply committee. We should be glad to know the names of all those who thus promptly answered the first call to arms, but only a partial list has been found. We have the names of the captain, Mark Wiggin; lieutenant, William Chase; Benjamin Barker of the committee, and thirteen of the privates.

April 29, the town held a second war meeting and proceeded to perfect its military preparations. If they had early failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation that confronted them, it is certain they were fully alive to it at this time. It was voted to enlist twenty-four men as minute men, to be drilled two half days every week. They were in the pay of the town and were to hold themselves in readiness to proceed on any expedition when called for. As a final measure it was voted that each and every man in town be equipped with arms and ammunition according to law, and any that were not able to equip themselves could apply to the selectmen to furnish them.

Later the town constructed a fire raft to be used against any enemy that might attempt to approach by the way of the Piscataqua. The fire raft was an old-time device for the defense of rivers. It was little more than an ordinary raft loaded with dry logs or refuse wood, and so arranged that it could be readily ignited. They were anchored to obstruct the channel at some point near fortifications or where it was proposed to make a fight. The sailing vessel of those days could only enter the river with the tide. As an enemy's vessel approached the raft was fired and he was reduced to the necessity of anchoring until the raft burned out or of towing himself out against the tide with row boats. Either operation exposed him to the peril of capture or destruction.

During May New Hampshire organized three regiments for continental service. In the Second regiment, commanded by Col. Enoch Poor of Exeter, eighteen Stratham men enlisted, all in the company of Capt. Samuel Gilman of Newmarket.

One Stratham man, Matthias French, enlisted in the First New Hampshire regiment, Col. John Stark, and was at Bunker Hill, and also in Arnold's expedition that made the terrible march through the woods of northern Maine to Quebec.

In the course of the summer a second company of minute men was organized by the town, of equal size with the first. Capt. Mark Wiggin commanded one company and Capt. Nicholas Rollins the other. In September fears being entertained of an attack on Portsmouth from the seaward, four regiments of minute men were called out for four months and sent to Portsmouth harbor under the command of Col. Joshua Wingate of Stratham. Both Stratham companies were included in this force and were at Portsmouth harbor from September until some time in November.

According to a return November 5, they were located at Pierce's island, and there were twenty-three men in Wiggin's company, and twenty-two in Rollins's. Of both companies there are complete rolls.

November 30, word was sent from the army at Cambridge that the Connecticut troops had declared their intention of leaving their post as soon as their time expired on December 6, unless they were given bounty in addition to their pay. Washington determined to let them go and appealed to New Hampshire to send thirty-one companies of sixty-four men each to take their places. The companies were promptly sent and remained until the early part of 1776 stationed at Winter Hill. Washington was greatly pleased with these troops and bestowed on them the highest encomiums, declaring they excelled those of any other colony for resolution and bravery, and that no province displayed so much zeal in the common cause as New Hampshire. One of these companies was from Stratham and is referred to in all the records as the "Stratham Co." Its officers were Mark Wiggin, captain; Nicholas Rollins, first lieutenant; William Chase, second lieutenant, but neither in the records of the town, state, nor elsewhere have we been able to find any roll of the enlisted men.

Fifteen other Stratham men went to Winter Hill in the company of Capt. Peter Coffin of Exeter, and their names appear in a list of that company.

At the close of 1775, the number of Stratham men in the army, counting those in the Winter Hill company, Coffin's company, and the continental regiments was nearly one hundred. It had been a year of strenuous military effort, but the struggle was thus far in no sense a war of independence. The people continued in the main loyal subjects of England at heart. They were fighting to preserve their right as English subjects, to be taxed only by a government in which they were represented. For the most part, at this time, they considered independence neither desirable nor practicable.

When the provincial congress in session at Exeter, January, 1776, assumed the power of a legislature and talked of separation, there was a sharp protest from Portsmouth and many of the towns. In Stratham a town meeting was held, and they sent in Deacon Boardman and Samuel Lane with a vigorous remonstrance. They told the congress they were greatly alarmed by its action—that they did not believe it was in accord with the wishes of a majority of the people, that the people ought to have been consulted in a matter of so great importance, that it looked too much like an open declaration of independence which they could by no means countenance, that they were putting a sword into the hands of their enemies in Great Britain, that the congress was not expected to set up a new form of government but only to put the legislative and judicial machinery in motion, that the course they were pursuing would have a most unhappy tendency to disunite them, which was a most alarming consideration. Popular opinion, however, underwent a great change in the early part of the year, and the same people that could not countenance independence in January, were unwilling to countenance anything else in July.

At the annual meeting in March a committee of safety was chosen to have charge of war matters, consisting of Simon Wiggin, Jonathan Robinson, Daniel Clark, Richard Scammon, and Mark Wiggin.

In April, in order to ascertain accurately the popular attitude, the Continental congress directed a paper called the "Association Test" to be submitted by the local authorities throughout the colonies, to every man twenty-one years of age and upward. A return of the signatures was to be made, and also a list of those refusing to subscribe. The "test" read as follows:

"We the subscribers do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

The selectmen and committee returned the following list of signers in Stratham:

Joseph Adams,
Joseph Adams, Jr.,
Josiah Allen,
Jude Allen, Jr.,
John Avery,
Joshua Avery,
Benjamin Barker,
Ezra Barker,
William Bolagh,
Samuel Boynton,
David Burleigh,
John Burleigh,
Wheeler Burleigh,
Samuel Calley,
William Calley,
William Calley, Jr.,
Stephen Cate,
Samuel Chapman,
Dudley L. Chase,
Jonathan Chase, Jr.,
Moses Chase,
William Chase,
Daniel Clark,
Joseph Clark,
Joseph Clark, Jr.,
Taylor Clark,
Daniel Crocket,
Ephraim Crocket,
John Crocket,
John Dearborn,
Cotton Dockum,
Joseph Fifield,
John Foss,
Samuel Foster,
Andrew French,
Andrew French, Jr.,
Daniel French,
Elisha French,
William French,
William French, Jr.,
Samuel Giles,
Samuel Goodwin (?),
Isaac Goss (?),
Benjamin Green,
David Hanaford,
Joseph Henderson,
Joseph Hills,
Jonathan Hoit,
Daniel Jewell,
David Jewell,
Jacob Jewell,
James Kelly,
Bickford Kenniston,
Henry Kenniston,
Joshua Lane,
Samuel Lane,
Samuel Lane, Jr.,
Benjamin Leavitt,
John Leavitt,
Jonathan Leavitt,
Josiah Leavitt,
Nathan Leavitt, Jr.,
Samuel Leavitt,
John Luey,
John Manning (?),
Daniel Mason,
Edward Mason,
Francis Mason,
Joseph Mason, Jr.,
Benjamin Merrill,
Ford Merrill,
James Merrill,
Joseph Merrill,
Harvey Moore,
William Moore, Sen.,
William Moore,
Joseph Norris,
Thomas Odell,
Daniel Pickering,
John Piper,
Jonathan Piper,
Jonathan Piper, Jr.,
Samuel Piper,
Samuel Piper, Jr.,
William Pottle,
William Pottle, Jr.,
Joses Randall,
David Robinson,
John Robinson,
Jonathan Robinson,
Jonathan Rollins,
Joshua Rollins,
Jotham Rollins,
Nicholas Rollins,
Jacob Rundlett,
John Rundlett,
Richard Rust,
Jonathan Sibley,
John Sinclair,
David Smith,
Joseph Smith,
Samuel Smith,
Solomon Smith, Jr.,
Joseph Stevens,
Abraham Stockbridge,
Israel Stockbridge,
John Stockbridge,
John Stockbridge, Jr.,
Edward Taylor,
John Taylor,
Matthew Thompson,
Jósiah Thurston,
Abraham Tilton,
Thomas Veasey,
Thomas Veasey, Jr.,
Sergeant Whitcher,
Andrew Wiggin, Jr.,
Andrew Wiggin, 3d,
Chase Wiggin,
Jonathan Wiggin,
Mark Wiggin,
Nathaniel Wiggin, 3d.,
Noah Wiggin,
Richard Wiggin,
Samuel Wiggin,
Simon Wiggin,
Tufton Wiggin,
Tufton Wiggin, Jr.,
Walter Wiggin,
Winthrop Wiggin,
Joshua Wingate.

The following refused to sign the "Association Test":

Ebenezer Barker,
Nathan Barker,
Edward Chase,
Jonathan Chase,
John Clark,
Moses Clark,
James Dearborn,
William Hash,
John Hill,
Joseph Hoag,
Nathan Hoag (a friend),
Daniel Hoit,
Capt. Joseph Hoit,
Jonathan Jewett,
Jacob Low,
Capt. Geo. March,
Joseph Mason,
Nicholas Marriner,
Elijah Meader,
Enoch Merrill,
Enoch Merrill, Jr.,
Peter Moore,
Cor. Thomas Moore,
Thomas Moore,
William Moore, 3d,
Nathan Piper,
Nathaniel Piper,
Stephen Piper,
Benjamin Piper,
Richard Scammon,
Dr. Samuel Shepard,
Richard Sinclair,
Nathaniel Stevens,
Isaac Stockbridge,
Stephen Thurston,
Andrew Wiggin,
Joseph Wiggin,
Nathaniel Wiggin,
Nathaniel Wiggin, Jr.,
Samuel Wiggin, Jr.,
Rev. Paine Wingate.

The return of the Association Test for Stratham was not made until

September 3, after the Declaration of Independence on July 4, it therefore probably shows the attitude of our people toward that instrument, and tells us who were patriots and who were Tories. One hundred and thirty-one Stratham men signed, forty-two refused. In the state as a whole, nine tenths of the people gave their signatures. The record of a part of the towns has been either lost or destroyed, but it appears from such records as exist that the Tory element was stronger in Stratham than in almost any other town in New Hampshire. Of course from the patriot standpoint this was hardly complimentary. On the other hand it was a fact generally conceded then and now that the Tories were of the more substantial and better educated class of people. In this view the presence of a considerable number of them here is not altogether discreditable to the character of our population.

Prominent in the list of Stratham Tories is the name of Dr. Samuel Shepard. Educated originally as a physician, he later entered the ministry, and was at this time pastor of the Baptist church, though continuing in a measure the practice of medicine. He was a man of fine capacity and a very useful citizen. His manners were kindly, and his exceptionally beneficent life won the lasting esteem of the community. He refused to sign the test, and was in consequence accused of disloyalty and of being a Tory. He replied in an open letter to the selectmen which has been pronounced the ablest presentation of the conservative view that appeared. He was also the author of various pamphlets relating to the questions of his time that were widely read. Another name that later became even more prominent in public affairs was that of Rev. Paine Wingate, but at this time he was comparatively a new comer, having bought his farm and settled here but a few months before.

The most outspoken of our Tories was Capt. Geo. March, who lived where Mr. Healey now lives. He had served his country with credit in the French War as captain of a company, but he was bitterly opposed to the hostilities with England and loudly exulted over every disaster to the patriot arms and declared his willingness to shed every drop of his blood for King George.

It is told of him that he was one day at Chase's tavern, which was kept by the Widow Love Chase, where Mr. John Emery now lives. Mrs. Chase's son Dudley, an officer in the Continental service, who had been at home for a short time, was about to return to the army. March began his usual tirade against patriots and the patriot cause, and told the young officer he hoped the British would kill him before he got back. Dudley Chase was as impetuous as he was patriotic, and never tamely brooked an insult to the cause for which he fought. Springing from his saddle he grabbed March by the collar, threw him down on his hands and knees, and jumping astride his back, he rode him back and forth like a horse, occasionally jabbing him with his spurs for more speed, nor would he let him up until the Tory begged for mercy.

At another time March made himself so offensive, jeering at his neighbors about the destruction of the

patriot army in Canada, that he was arrested and taken before the Provincial congress at Exeter. That body ordered him to confine himself to the limits of his farm and to give a bond of one hundred pounds for his good behavior, and the committee of safety at Stratham were ordered to disarm him.

March, in after years, lived near the site of Odell's store, and from some cause became very poor, so that he was partially dependent on the town. His temper soured, and he was far from popular. Cæsar, a negro, who had been his slave in his more prosperous days, remained faithful in his misfortune, and unless the traditional reputation of this Cæsar is a gross slander on his character he and his master ate a great deal of mutton they neither raised nor bought.

William Pottle, Jr., was another Stratham Tory arrested for seditious words.

For the most part, however, the Tories in the town remained passive. Some of them embraced the patriot cause before the war was over, and their names appear in the list of Revolutionary soldiers. Others of a more stubborn mould never became reconciled to the Declaration of Independence. Half a dozen years after the war was over, when Washington passed through the town on his way from Portsmouth to Exeter, it is related of one old Tory that he still held the patriot cause and its leader in such contempt that he would n't look out of the window to see him pass.

At midsummer, 1776, military operations were resumed. From this time the aim of every effort was independence, and though the scene of the fighting was in New York or far away to the south, each year brought to our state and town its call for troops, sometimes for the regular or Continental Army as it was called, sometimes for the bodies of militia that were enlisted for short terms to meet emergencies. During the spring the coast had been guarded by some mattross companies, one of which was commanded by Capt. Mark Wiggin and most likely some of his men were of this town.

July 4, 1776, Col. Joshua Wingate of Stratham was put in command of a regiment of 750 men to reinforce the northern army then retreating from Canada. Six of Colonel Wingate's men were enlisted from this town, though only five can be positively identified on the roll.

In August, a regiment under Col. Pierce Long was raised for the defense of Portsmouth harbor. One company of sixty-four men in this regiment was commanded by Capt. Mark Wiggin of this town and Stratham also furnished twenty-two of his men. Two other Stratham men were in Hodgdon's company of the same regiment. Long's regiment remained at Portsmouth harbor until the February following, when it went to Ticonderoga.

September, 1776, Captain Jonathan Robinson of Stratham raised a company of seventy-four men, which became a part of Col. Thomas Tash's regiment of New Hampshire troops that was sent to reinforce the American army at New York. These men were enlisted to serve until December 1, unless sooner discharged. Twenty-two of Captain Robinson's men were of this town.

In 1777, Stratham furnished fifteen men for the Continental army. In September of this year, Capt. Nicholas Rollins was put in command of a company of ninety-four men that was a part of Colonel Drake's regiment of New Hampshire troops raised to reinforce the army against Burgoyne. Nineteen of Captain Rollins's men were from Stratham. This company was enlisted to serve until December 15, unless sooner discharged. For some reason forty-one of them deserted before the first of November, and among them were several Stratham men. It may be said, however, in their behalf that they did not desert until the fighting was over.

Another incident of the year 1777, was the coming of the New York Tories. Seventy-one of them were sent here by the patriot authorities and liberated on parole. They were distributed among six or seven Rockingham county towns, and were apparently under no restrictions other than being required to remain here and to keep the state informed of their whereabouts. Fifteen of them boarded at different places in this town, mostly with families of Tory sympathies.

In 1778, the town sent thirteen men into the Continental army, and seven into Colonel Kelley's regiment of New Hampshire troops that went to Rhode Island in the month of August.

July, 1779, seven men enlisted in Colonel Mooney's regiment of New Hampshire troops, called out for six months' service at Rhode Island. Seven men enlisted this year in the Continental army, and the same number in 1780. In 1781, nineteen men enlisted in the Continental army, and seventeen in Capt. Daniel Jewell's company in Colonel Bartlett's regiment that was raised for the defense of West Point. Captain Jewell's company served from July to October 25. In addition to the above, there were nearly every year a few scattered enlistments of our men in other organizations.

The year 1782 called six men into the Continental service and this was the final requisition of the war. The next year England acknowledged our independence, peace was officially declared and the armies were disbanded. Then Stratham sat down to look over her accounts and sum up her expenditures of men and money.

Of money she had paid the men who went to Cambridge on the first alarm, £30; assistance to soldiers' families, about £200; for fire raft, £11; bounties during the war, £10,332; total, £10,573.

The actual value represented by these figures is somewhat vague, for while a part of it was sterling money, another part was of that depreciated Continental currency of which it required at one time $350 to buy a soldier's blanket.

Of men she had furnished one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, four captains, eight lieutenants, two ensigns, and as far as our record shows, 153 privates,—a total of 171 officers and men.

Of these, six or eight were nonresidents who enlisted on our quota, and five or six were residents who enlisted on the quota of other towns. Of course, the figures in regard to the enlisted men are only approximately accurate for we have only partial rolls of either the Cambridge or the Winter Hill companies, and

there is good reason for believing there were other enlistments of which there is no record.

Of the 171 men who entered the service there were many missing numbers in the ranks that returned.

Lieutenant Wm. French died at Mystic, Mass., February 6, 1776.

Josiah Piper died at Cambridge, Mass., February, 1776.

William Brasbridge died at Cambridge, Mass., February, 1776.

John Tilton died near Boston, January, 1776.

Thomas Wiggin died at Fort George, at the head of Lake George, with small-pox, 1776.

Ephraim Green died at fort at Portsmouth harbor, April 25, 1776.

Joseph Jewett died in the army, 1777.

John Taylor was killed by the enemy at Ticonderoga, July 3, 1777.

Robert Kimball killed by the enemy at Fort Anne, July, 1777.

John Goss died at Albany, 1777.

John Foss died at Worcester, Mass, 1777.

Joseph Thurston died at Halifax, 1778.

Joseph Burleigh wounded by the enemy and died in the Indian country, 1779.

Levi Chapman died with the small-pox in the army, 1782.

Coker Wiggin killed by the enemy at sea, 1781.

Nicholas Mason died in France with the small-pox, 1783.

Eliphalet Veasey came home sick at close of war and died soon after.

An old "Gazetteer," published seventy-five years ago, says there were twenty-three men from this town lost in the Revolution. It would thus appear that our account still falls six below the reality. But whichever may be correct, the sacrifice was ample. Whether the cost of independence be computed in men or in money, in effort or in lives, our town contributed its full proportion.

The last of our Revolutionary soldiers long since joined his comrades of that earlier Grand Army. The flag they helped create has become the symbol of a powerful and not ungrateful people. Yet above their moss-grown bivouacs, no patriotic emblem flutters, the day set apart for decoration brings no flowers, no tablet records their names, no memorial orator utters their praises, but if the history of Stratham is ever justly written it will contain no brighter page than the one that tells the story of the men of the Revolution.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS IN REVOLUTION FROM STRATHAM.

Adams, John, ensign in 2d N. H. regt. in Cont. army, 1781; promoted lieut. Oct. 6, 1781, and served until close of the war. Joined Order of the Cincinnati, Nov. 18, 1783.

Avery, Joshua, sergt. in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778, app. lieut. June 23, 1779, in Mooney's regt. N. H. troops for the defense of Rhode Island, 1779, but did not serve.

Barker, Benjamin, ch. of commissary committee of Cambridge Co., 1775. Major of regt. of N. H. militia raised 1781, but not called into service.

Boynton, Joseph, pri. in Stratham Co. at Cambridge, Apr., 1775, enl. May 30, 1775, in Gilman's Co., 2d N. H. regt. Cont. army, age 22; occupation, mariner; app. corp.; app. ensign in 3d N. H. Cont. regt., Nov. 7, 1776; lieut., Oct. 7, 1777; lieut. and adj., Jan. 15, 1778. Transferred to 2d N. H. regt., Nov., 1780, and served to the end of the war; length of service seven years. Joined Order of the Cincinnati, Nov. 18, 1783.

Chase, Dudley L., enl. as fifer in Gilman's Co., 2d N. H. Cont. regt., May 30, 1775, age 24; occupation, mariner; enl. as pri. in Capt. Jonathan Robinson's Co., Sept., 1776; app. ensign in 3d N. H. Cont. regt., Nov. 7, 1776; promoted lieut., Oct. 7, 1777, also for a time was quarter-master of the regt. Was in the army in 1780, and is said to have served to the end of the war. Is mentioned as "Captain" in 1780. After the war, he was major in militia.

Chase, William, lieut. in Stratham Co. at Cambridge, Apr. 1775; 1st lieut. Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; 2d lieut. Stratham Co., at Winter Hill, Mass., Dec., 1775.

Clark, John, ensign in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775. Mustered as private, July 20, 1776, in Arnold's Co., Wingate's regt., for Ticonderoga.

French, Andrew, ensign in Wiggin's Co, Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

French, William, pri. in Stratham Co., at Cambridge, Apr., 1775; 1st lieut. Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775. Died in the service at Mystic, Mass., Feb. 6, 1776.

Jewell, Daniel, sergt. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; lieut. in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778; capt. in Bartlett's regt., N. H. militia in U. S. service at West Point, June 28 to Oct. 25, 1780.

Jewell, David, 1st lieut. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, at New York, Sept. 23 to Dec. 1, 1776.

Moore, Daniel. Potter's "Military History of New Hampshire" says he was a volunteer staff officer with rank of capt. on Gen. Sullivan's staff at Rhode Island, 1778, and credits him to Stratham, although no such name appears on the list of Stratham's signers of "Association Test."

Moore, Harvey, enl. as pri. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 30, 1775; 2d lieut. Rollin's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777.

Piper, Samuel, pri. in Stratham Co., at Cambridge, Apr. 1775; drummer in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at New York to Dec. 1; lieut. in Runnel's Co., Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, sent to Rhode Island, 1779; served from June 30, 1779, to Jan. 11, 1780.

Robinson, Jonathan, capt. of Co. in Tash's regt., N. H. troops, ordered to reinforce army Sept. 14, 1776. This Co. contained 74 men, was enl. Sept. 23 to serve to Dec. 1, unless sooner discharged. Robinson was col. in militia after the war.

Rollins, Nicholas, pri. in French War, 1760; pri. in Stratham Co., at Cambridge, Apr., 1775; capt. of 2d Stratham Co. of minute men, Wingate's regt., at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; 1st lieut. Stratham Co. at Winter Hill, Dec., 1775; capt. of Co. in Drake's regt., N. H. troops, Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777.

Wiggin, Mark, capt. of Stratham Co., that went to Cambridge at the first alarm, Apr., 1775; capt. of 1st Stratham Co. minute men in Wingate's regt., at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; capt. of Stratham Co., at Winter Hill, Dec., 1775; capt. of mattross Co. in spring of 1776 at Portsmouth harbor; Aug. 22, 1776, mustered as capt. of Co. in Long's regt. N. H. troops stationed at Portsmouth harbor, until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; major in Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 12, 1777; lieut.-col. in Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778.

Wingate, Joshua, lieut. in French War, 1775; col. of regt. of minute men enlisted for four mos. by order of provincial congress, Sept. 1, 1775, for defense of Portsmouth harbor; July 4, 1776, app. col. of regt. called out to reinforce the northern army; col. of regt. sent to Rhode Island Aug. 4 to 28, 1778. Potter's "Military History of New Hampshire" and Hammond's "State Papers" give his residence as Stratham; lived also at Dover. See Hist. Wingate family.

ENLISTED MEN.

Allen, Jonathan, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., mustered Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb. 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 29, 1777.

Allen, Joseph, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Allen, Josiah, served in Coffin's Co. minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; mustered as pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Anassthege, Vincent, Frenchman, residence unknown; enl. in Stratham's quota in the Cont. army, Apr., 1778.

Austin, Reuben, pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov. 1775; enl. for No. Hampton in Cont. army, Mar. 18, 1778, and served until 1782.

Barker, Benjamin, enl. in Gilman's Co., 2d N. H. Cont. regt., June 6, 1775, age 19; was not on payroll Aug. 1, 1775; pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at West Point, N. Y., July 3, 1780; disch. Oct. 25, 1780.

Barker, Ebenezer, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1, 1776.

Barker, Samuel, enl. Apr. 20, 1782, in Cont. army for three years or the war.

Barthemy, Joseph Gillee, Frenchman, residence unknown; enl. in Stratham's quota in the Cont. army, Apr., 1778.

Boynton, Samuel, enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1, 1776.

Brasbridge, William (also written Brasbree and Brasbe), pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; died in the army at Cambridge, Mass., Feb., 1776, probably a member of the company that went to Winter Hill, Dec., 1775.

Briant, Charles, mustered as pri. in Beal's Co., Scammell's regt., Cont. army, Apr. 1, 1777, for the war. According to Hammond's "State Papers," "deserted Mar. 27, 1777."

Brown, Joshua, enl. as pri. Aug. 24, 1779, for 21 mos., for defense of Portsmouth harbor.

Burleigh, Edward, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777; is said also to have served in the navy, and is mentioned after the war as capt.

Burleigh, Joseph, "wounded by the enemy and died in the Indian country."—Town Records.

Burleigh, Wheeler, mustered as pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Burleigh, William, age 18; enl. for six mos. in 3d N. H. Cont. regt., mustered in July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 29, 1780.

Calley, Thomas, pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; mustered July 20, 1776, in Arnold's Co., Wingate's regt., N. H. troops, for Ticonderoga.

Calley, William, pri. in Coffin's Co., at Winter Hill, Dec., 1775; pri. in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777.

Cate, Andrew, mustered as pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Ports

mouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Cate, Stephen, sergt. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. as pri. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1, 1776.

Chapman, Levi, enl. as pri. in Cont. army, May 15, 1782, for three years or the war; died in the service, of small-pox, 1782.

Chase, Edward, enl. as pri. in Gilman's Co., 2d N. H. Cont. regt., May 30, 1775, age 21; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1, 1776.

Chase, Josiah, entered as pri. in Hodgdon's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 19, 1776; paid Dec. 7, 1776; mustered in McClary's Co., 3d N. H. Cont. regt., Mar. 17, 1777, for three years; reënlisted in Cont. service, May 15, 1782.

Clantard, Joseph, Frenchman, residence unknown, enl. in Stratham's quota in the Cont. army, Apr., 1778.

Clark, Joseph, enl. as pri. in Gilman's Co., 2d N. H. Cont. regt., May 30, 1775, age 22.

Clark, Taylor, served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass. Dec., 1775; pri. in Rollin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Porstmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. in McClary's Co., 3d N. H. Cont. regt., in 1777, for three years.

Coombs, Francis, enl. as pri. May 3, 1779, in Cont. army to serve for the war; was in the 8th Co., 2d N. H. regt., Feb. 15, 1781; served two and one half years.

Coombs, John, enl. as pri. 1779, in 3d N. H. regt., Cont. army for three years; reënlisted in Cont. service, June 4, 1782, for three years or the war.

Cram, Dudley, served in Nute's Co., 2 mos. men, at Portsmouth harbor, 1779; enl. as pri. in Cont. army, July 4, 1780, to serve to Dec. 31; age 19.

Cutler, William, pri. in 2d N. H. Cont. regt., Feb. 4, 1781.

Dearborn, James, corp. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Dedois, Joseph, Frenchman, residence unknown, who enl. in Stratham's quota in the Cont. army. Apr., 1778.

Fifield, Mark, served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign from Sept. 8 to Oct. 10, 1777; enl. in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at West Point, N. Y., July 3, 1780; disch. Oct. 25, 1780.

Floyd, James, residence, Portsmouth; enl. for Stratham, Mar., 1778, to serve in Cont. army during the war; was serving as drummer in 2d N. H. Cont. regt., Jan. 15, 1781.

Fortunatus, in a report of the selectmen near the close of the war is mentioned "as a mulatto, residence, Stratham, enl. for the war."

Foss, Benjamin, enl. as pri. to serve six mos. in N. H. regts., Cont. army; was mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Jan. 9, 1781; reënlisted and mustered Sept. 1, 1781, to serve six mos.; disch. Dec. 21, 1781.

Foss, John, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1; enl. in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8, 1777; appr. corp.; died while in service at Salem, Mass., Nov., 1777.

French, Andrew, served as pri. in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777.

French, Daniel, pri. in Stratham Co., sent to Cambridge, Apr., 1775; sergt. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. as pri. in Cont. army for three mos., Oct. 1, 1781.

French, Elijah, mustered as pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

French, Elisha, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; mustered in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; served in Kelley's regt., N. H. troops; sent to Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778.

French, Matthias, enl. in Dearborn's Co., Stark's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 8, 1775. (This regiment was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, June, 1775.) He was detailed Sept. 1, 1775, in Benedict Arnold's detachment that marched through the woods of northern Maine to Quebec; was in service Oct., 1776.

Fuller, Theodore, enl. July, 1779, in Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, raised for defense of Rhode Island to serve six mos.

Goss, John, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; mustered as corp. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; enl. in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8, 1777; died at Albany, N. Y., Oct., 17, 1777.

Grant, Joseph, residence, Greenland; enl. for Stratham in Morrill's Co., Stark's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Mar. 5, 1778, to serve during the war; disch. Dec. 14, 1780; residence is also given elsewhere as "Stratham."

Green, Ephraim, "Died Apr. 25, 1776, at the fort in Portsmouth harbor."—Deacon Lane's "Record." Presumed to have been a soldier in mattross Co.

Green, Joseph, mustered in Wear's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Mar. 20, 1778, for three years; is returned Feb. 13, 1781, as pri. in Frye's Co., 1st. N. H. Cont. regt., enl. for the war.

Grove, John, in a return Feb. 13, 1781, is given as a pri. in Dustin's Co., 1st N. H. Cont. troops, enl. for the war.

Henderson, Joseph, pri. in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge, Apr., 1777. (He only went part way there.) Pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 10, 1771.

Herington, John, enl. Dec., 1779, in 3d regt., N. H. Cont. troops, to serve during the war.

Hilton, Nathaniel, enl. July 8, 1779, in Runnel's Co., Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, raised for the defense of Rhode Island; disch. Dec. 23, 1779.

Jewell, David, enl. May 20, 1782, in Cont. army

for three years or the war; possibly identical with lieut. of same name in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, at New York, 1776.

Jewett, Joseph, a Stratham soldier that died in the army, 1777, according to the town records; supposed to be the Joseph Jewett that enl. July 19, 1777, in Bradford's Co., Nichol's regt., N. H. troops, to serve two mos. in Saratoga campaign.

Jewett, Noah, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. minute men sent to Winter Hill, Dec., 1775; enl. Sept. 8, 1777, in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, raised for Saratoga campaign; app. sergt.; disch. Dec. 15, 1777; served in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778; also served an enlistment in 1781.

Johnson, Joshua, enl. July 8, 1779, in Runnel's Co., Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, raised for the defense of Rhode Island; disch. Jan. 11, 1780.

Kelley, James, residence, Stratham; enl. for Hampton to serve six mos. in 3d N. H. Cont. regt.; mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 5, 1780; enl. in Dearing's Co., for the defense of Portsmouth harbor, 1781; deserted July, 1781.

Kenniston, Henry, entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then marched to Ticonderoga.

Kenniston, James, mustered in Norris's Co, Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Feb. 10, 1777, for three years; reënlisted for the war for the town of Newmarket and was in 9th Co., Col. Reid's regt., Cont. army, Feb. 14, 1781.

Kenniston, John, enl. in McClary's Co., N. H. troops in Cont. army, Apr., 1777, to serve three years.

Kimball (or Crimbal), Robert, entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; killed by the enemy at Fort Ann, July, 1777.

Kinnekum, John, mustered in McClary's Co., Scammell's N. H. Cont. regt., Apr. 15, 1777.

Leavitt, Benjamin, mustered July 20, 1776, in Arnold's Co., Wingate's regt., for Ticonderoga.

Leavitt, John, served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; joined McClary's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, March 13, 1777, to serve three years; disch. Jan. 30, 1780.

Leavitt, John, 2d, age 18; enl. to serve 6 mos. in N. H. regts., Cont. army, mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 16, 1780.

Leavitt, Jonathan, enl. Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 27, 1775; age 24; mustered July 20, 1776, in Arnold's Co., Wingate's regt., for service at Ticonderoga; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 29, 1777.

Leavitt, Jonathan, 2d, enl. for 6 mos. in N. H. regt., Cont. service; mustered July 4, 1780; age 21; disch. Dec. 16, 1780.

Leavitt, Josiah, pri. Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. minute men sent to Winter Hill, Dec. 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York, to Dec. 1, 1776; served in Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, sent for defense of Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778.

Leavitt, Levi, enl. in Runnel's Co., Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, raised for the defense of Rhode Island, July 8, 1779; disch. Jan. 11, 1780; served an enlistment in 1781.

Leavitt, Moses, paid by town in 1778 to serve in Rhode Island expedition.

Leavitt, Reuben, enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1.

Leavitt, Samuel, Jr., enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 27, 1775; age 17.

Lord, Thomas, mustered in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776. This regt. was at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Marble, John, age 25; enl. to serve six mos. in N. H. Cont. regts.; mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 4, 1780.

Marvell, John, enl. May 27, 1775, in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops; age 20; served an enlistment in 1781; possibly identical with John Marble.

Marriner, Nicholas, entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Dec. 15, 1777; served in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, sent for defense of Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778.

Mason, Edward, enl. May 27, 1775, in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops; reënlisted Jan. 30, 1777, in Cont. service; mustered in Frye's Co., 1st N. H. Cont. regt., Apr. 7, 1777; transferred to McClary's Co., 3d N. H. regt., appearing on its roll Feb., 1779; app. sergt.; disch. Jan. 30, 1780; reënlisted; app. sergt.-major, Feb. 1, 1780. An Edward Mason, Jr., appears on the roll of Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., in service at New York, 1776, and was probably identical with the above.

Mason, John, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co., of minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1, 1776.

Mason, Nicholas, entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., as drummer. This regt. was ordered to Portsmouth harbor, Sept., 1776; marched to Ticonderoga, Feb., 1777; enl. Sept. 14, 1779, to serve two mos. in mattross corps at Portsmouth harbor; enl. July 3, 1780, as drummer in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops, raised for defense of West Point, N. Y.; disch. Oct. 25, 1780; enl. to serve in Cont. army; mustered Sept. 1, 1781; disch. Dec. 21, 1781. Stratham "Records" say he died in France of small-pox in 1783, while in his country's service. Is supposed to have entered the navy.

Mason, Simeon, residence, Stratham; enl. for Epping, Apr. 15, 1777, in Cont. army for three years.

Mason, Ward, pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov.,

1775; served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's N. H. troops, to serve in New York until Dec. 1.

Maurin, Jean, enl. May 3, 1779, to serve in N. H. Cont. regts. during the war.

Moore, Fortain. In report Feb., 1779, is given a resident of Stratham serving in N. H. Cont. regt.

Moore, Isaac, enl. Oct. 1, 1781, to serve three mos. in Cont. service.

Moore, William, enl. Sept. 1, 1781, to serve six mos. in Cont. army at West Point; disch. Dec. 31, 1781.

Murro, John, residence unknown; town paid him bounty to enlist on its quota, Apr., 1778.

Merrill, Jesse, served an enlistment, 1781.

Neal, Andrew, enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, June 6, 1775; age 18; not on roll Aug. 1, 1775; pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776 to serve at New York until Dec. 1; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 10, 1777.

Neal, Jeremiah, enl. July 8, 1779, in Runnels's Co., Mooney's regt., N. H. troops, raised for defense of Rhode Island; disch. Jan. 11, 1780.

Neal, John, enl. Oct. 1, 1781, to serve three mos. in Cont. service.

Nokes, James, enl. Aug. 25, 1781, to serve six mos. in the Cont. army at West Point; disch. Dec. 25, 1781.

Norris, Joseph, pri. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

O'Bryan, Charles, residence unknown: enl. in Beal's Co., Scammell's regt., Mar., 1778, for three years.

Palmer, Benjamin, mustered in McClary's Co., Scammel's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Apr. 15, 1777, for three yrs.

Palmer, James, enl. in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops at West Point, July 20, 1780; disch. Oct. 25, 1780; enl. for Stratham, Oct. 1, 1781.

Palmer, Zadoch, paid by town in 1778, to serve in Rhode Island expedition.

Piper, John, pri. in Stratham Co., sent to Cambridge, Apr., 1775.

Piper, Josiah, pri. in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass., Dec., 1775; died in the army at Cambridge, Mass., Feb., 1776.

Piper, Nathan, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Pottle, Leri, residence, Stratham; enl. for Rye in Cont. service for the war; mustered May 5, 1781.

Rand, William, mustered in McClary's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Feb. 26, 1777.

Reed, Alpheus, enl. in Beal's Co., 3d N. H. Cont. regt., Jan. 17, 1777: for three yrs. app. corp.; deserted Jan. 10, 1778.

Reed, Eliphaz, pri. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., at Portsmouth harbor, Sept., 1776: was mustered in Beal's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Jan. 27, 1777.

Robinson, David, served in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge, Apr., 1775; enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 30, 1775; age 22; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 10, 1777.

Rollins, Daniel, served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass. Dec., 1775; entered Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; Jan. 27, 1777, mustered in Beal's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops for three yrs.

Rollins, Eliphalet, mustered in Weare's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Feb. 14, 1777.

Rollins, Jeremiah, mustered in McClary's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 3, 1777, for three yrs.; disch. May 1, 1780; enl. for Hampton to serve six mos. in N. H. Cont. regts; mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 4, 1780; enl. in Cont. army, May 15, 1782, for three yrs. or the war.

Rollins, Jotham, pri. in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge Apr., 1775.

Rundlett, Reuben, enl. in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops, for defense of West Point, N. Y., July 4, 1780; disch. Oct. 25, 1780; enl. Oct. 1, 1781, in Cont. service for three mos.

Rundlett, William, enl. Jan. 30, 1777, in 3d N. H. regt., Cont. troops, for three yrs.; promoted corp.; disch. Jan. 30, 1780.

Sanborn, Josiah. His name appears in a list of Stratham men in the army, July 8, 1782.

Scammon, William, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, raised for defense of West Point, N. Y., to serve until Dec. 1, 1776.

Shepard, John, residence, Stratham; enl. Apr. 28, 1781, for So. Hampton in Cont. army for three yrs.

Simpson, Josiah, enl. July 8, 1782, in Cont. army for three yrs. or the war.

Sinclair, John, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass. Dec., 1775.

Smith, David, drummer in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Smith, John, was serving an enlistment in the Cont. army, Feb., 1779.

Smith, Nathan, enl. July 8, 1782, in Cont. army for three yrs. or the war.

Smith, Samuel, sergt. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Smith, Solomon, served in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge, Apr. 1775; enl. May 30, 1775, in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops; age 41.

Sparks, Joseph, mustered Sept. 30, 1776, in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Stevens, Joseph, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Stockbridge, Abraham, served in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778.

Stockbridge, Isaac, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to

Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. minute men sent to Mass. Dec., 1775; served in Parson's Co., N. H. troops, sent to reinforce army in New York, 1776.

Stockbridge, Israel, served in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. Sept. 30, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at New York.

Taylor, John, Jr., entered Hodgdon's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 19, 1776; mustered in McClary's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Mar. 17, 1777; killed at Ticonderoga, July 3, 1777.

Taylor, William, enl. in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, for Saratoga campaign; did not serve (probably on account of being too young); enl. to serve six mos. in N. H. Cont. regts., mustered July 4, 1780; disch. Dec. 18, 1780; age 19.

Thompson, Abraham, served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 10, 1777.

Thompson, Matthew, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, to serve in New York until Dec. 1.

Thurston, Joseph, mustered in Col. Long's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 30, 1776; died at Halifax, 1778.

Thurston, Josiah, served in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., to serve at New York until Dec. 1.

Thurston, Robert, enl. in Weare's Co., Scammell's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Mar., 1778, for three yrs. or the war.

Thurston, Stephen. This name appears in the list of men to whom the town paid bounties to enlist Mar., 1778, in Cont. army for three yrs.

Tilton, John, probably a member of the Winter Hill Co., as the records say he was a Stratham soldier that died coming from the army at Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 5, 1776.

Veasey, Eliphalet, served in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge, Apr., 1775; enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 30, 1775; age 27; reënlisted in Poor's regt., Jan. 21, 1776; deserted Mar. 29, 1776; enl. in Bedel's regt. while belonging to Poor's regt., but never joined it; enl. Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at New York until Dec. 1; mustered in Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, Mar. 10, 1777, for three yrs.; reënlisted for the war; served until 1781; came home sick and died about 1782.

Veasey, Thomas, enl. May 30, 1775, in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops; age 25; enl. in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, Sept. 23, 1776, to serve at New York until Dec. 1.

Veasey, Thomas, 2d, served in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; mustered July 20, 1776, in Arnold's Co., Wingate's regt., N. H. troops for Ticonderoga.

Weeks, Leonard, mustered Sept. 30, 1776, in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., stationed Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Weeks, Nathan, served in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775.

Witcher, Sergeant, served in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; enl., Sept. 23, 1776, in Robinson's Co., Tash's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at New York until Dec. 1.

Wiggin, Benjamin, served in Wiggin's Co. of Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; mustered in Col. Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; app. corp.

Wiggin, Bradstreet, enl. in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops, to serve at West Point, N. Y.; July 4, 1780; disch. Oct. 25, 1780; mustered in Cont. army at West Point, Sept. 1, 1781; disch. Dec. 12, 1781.

Wiggin, Coker, is in a list of Stratham men, Cont. army, Feb., 1779; is supposed to have subsequently entered the navy as the town records say he was killed by the enemy at sea, 1781.

Wiggin, Elijah, mustered in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor, until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 29, 1777.

Wiggin, Noah, served in Wiggin's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; served in Coffin's Co. of minute men sent to Mass. Dec., 1775; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops, in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 29, 1777.

Wiggin, Phinehas, enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. troops, May 30, 1775; age 18; served in Rollins's Co., Drake's regt., N. H. troops in Saratoga campaign, Sept. 8 to Oct. 29, 1777.

Wiggin, Thomas, enl. in Gilman's Co., Poor's regt., N. H. Cont. troops, May 30, 1775; died at Fort George, at the head of Lake George, 1776.

Wiggin, Simon, mustered as fifer in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., Sept. 30, 1776, stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga; served as fifer in Folsom's Co., Kelley's regt., N. H. troops, at Rhode Island, Aug. 4 to 28, 1778; served as fifer in Jewell's Co., Bartlett's regt., N. H. troops at West Point, N. Y., July 3 to Oct. 25, 1780; was later commonly called "Simon the fifer," to distinguish him from another townsman of the same name.

Wiggin, Simon, Jr, May 27, 1781, received $50 from town for "services in last campaign;" possibly identical with the "fifer."

Wiggin, Walter, sergt. in Wiggin's Co., Long's regt., mustered Sept. 30, 1776; stationed at Portsmouth harbor until Feb., 1777, then went to Ticonderoga.

Wingate, Joshua, served in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge on the first alarm, Apr. 20, 1775; sergt. in Rollins's Co., Stratham minute men, at Portsmouth harbor, Sept. to Nov., 1775; Sergt. in Coffin's Co., minute men, sent to Mass., Dec., 1775.

Wood, Cæsar, a negro, enl. May 2, 1781, in Cont. army for three yrs.

Young, Benjamin, served in Stratham Co. sent to Cambridge on the first alarm, Apr. 20, 1775.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

By Adelbert Clark.

Mount Belknap, over mist and cloud,
Uprears its summit bold and proud;
And half way down the ragged steeps,
A babbling spring which never sleeps
Within its alabaster cup,
But laughing, throws its bubbles up
To kiss the tangled sprays of fern,
And wild-rose petals that slowly burn,
Beneath the sun's bright, lurid rays,
When summer lends her charming days.

'T is here the traveler stops to rest
And gaze out on the purple west,
And watch the pearly clouds that fly,
Against the soft, bright sapphire sky,
And thinks of loved ones gone before,
To God's sweet rest on Canaan's shore;
And wipes a tear-drop from his eye
As he turns to go—with a sigh,
But kneels beside the shady pool
To slack his thirst with its waters cool.

And by its ever-restless tide,
Many a youth has won his bride,
While fragrant breezes sweet and low,
Wave the wild roses to and fro.
And every hour throughout the year,
It sings its anthem sweet and clear;
And in the quiet, peaceful night,
The evening star doth throw its light
Upon its ever-heaving breast,
That knows no slumber, calm, nor rest.

View from Carr's Hill.

GILFORD.

By C. Howard Fisher.

Upon the heights of Mt. Belknap,
'T is now for joy, my hands I clap;
And oh! what grandeur! God in sight!
I stand and gaze in wrapped delight.

I look again, and, lo! 't is he!
The God who made all these for me,—
The hills and mountains, brooks, and lakes;
And gratitude my heart awakes.

Yes, God in Nature I can see:
'T is thus he even speaks to me,
And through earth's species, lifts the mind
To higher thoughts of heavenly kind.

IF a Wordsworth with his sweet interpretation of the spirit of the flowers; could a Shelley grasp the grandeur of the scenery as viewed from off the Belknap range; and if Ruskin with his gift of beautiful word painting could be brought within the picturesque borders of Gilford, they would catch an inspiration which would cause them to make this New Hampshire town renowned for that which is expressed in the words of the last referred to writer, where he says, "All Nature, with one voice, with one glory, is set to teach you to reverence the life revealed to you by the Father of Spirits."

That remorseless, ambitious, and tireless monster, Science, has hardly dared to disturb the tranquility of

Looking up the Foster Valley.

View of Copp's Mill from Potter's Hill

"Nature's lovely gift" with which Gilford is so richly endowed. Gilford is one of the prettiest, coolest, sightliest, and most healthful summer resorts in New Hampshire.

People seeking rest and recreation during the hot months of summer, can find no more beautiful situation of landscape and fishing.

The central portion of the town, including the village, is a most picturesque collection of green hills and shady dells, from which, on every hand, there gush forth springs of cold water, deliciously sweet. The many brooks are also noted for their abundance of brook-trout.

The heights of Liberty and Cotton

Gilford Station, Lake Shore Railroad.

hill on the south of the town afford a most delightful view of the scenery, which the shores and islands of Lake Winnipesaukee are noted for, while the placid waters of Lake Paugus, the mirror-like Round bay, the silvery surface of Winnisquam, and the rippling course of Sanbornton bay, forming the Winnipesaukee river, when, as a swift, surging stream, it winds its way through the distant valleys, enchant the lover of the grand and beautiful.

From these hills can also be seen Mt. Kearsarge, Moosilauke, Green mountains, the Ossipee, and Sandwich ranges, while far away the

"The Broads," Summer Residence of Hon. B. A. Kimball.

Uncanoonucs can be plainly seen; all these sweep the horizon from the southwest to the northeast, while, as a mighty background in the north, there looms up a portion of the White Mountain range with Mt. Washington capping the whole with majestic grandeur. From Meeting-house hill, on the western side of the town, we are enchanted with another beautiful view of the Lake Winnipesaukee well to the northeast. The view from Locke's hill has as complete a sweep of the lake as can be found along the shore, and a fine position of the mountains for a background. It is upon this hill that "The Broads," the stone castle of the Hon. B. A. Kimball is situated, which is one of the finest summer residences in New England. During the latter spring and the early autumn, as well as the entire sum-

School-house and Residence of J. G. Hatch.

Methodist Church.

Methodist Parsonage.

mer, Mr. Kimball and his family make the castle their home.

Carr's hill, upon which is situated the homestead of H. M. Carr, has also a fine view of the lake and mountains.

But let us make our way to the top of Belknap mountain. There one finds himself encircled by the entire view of all that has heretofore been seen in sections only, and added to all this are the distant mountains of Maine and Vermont. Again making our way to the summit of Mt. Gunstock, the highest of the Belknap range, one gets a more extended and also a complete change of view, where, with the aid of a glass, one can easily distinguish the various water-craft upon the blue ocean in the neighborhood of Portsmouth.

From both mountains the view of varied-green forests, the verdant hills and fields, the shady meadows, and the rich, well-laid out farms, have in them not only a sense of the beautiful, but also an assurance of the productiveness of New Hampshire soil.

The associations of Gilford would not be quite complete if the name and countenance of the late Col. John

Wadley's Store and Grange Hall.

J. Morrill were omitted from the pages of any account of Gilford. Colonel Morrill was born at his father's home, the Barnard Morrill farm, August 3, 1816. He came from good, New England stock, being a descendant

The Lake Shore Inn, Lake Shore Park.

Residence of M. M. Cole.

Rev. C. H. Fisher.

Town Hall, Free Baptist Church, and Parsonage.

Rev. John G. Munsey.

of Jonathan Morrill, of Revolutionary fame. He was well educated, and was a member of the house of representatives for a number of years, and was in many ways a man of state

Post-office, Gilford Village.

repute. He was an active member of both the Whig and the Republican parties. He was engaged in a number of business enterprises, but principally tannery and lumber works, and extensive farming. He handled the law suits and other important legal matters of the town for years. The home of his birth was his home during his life, and he died in the room in which he was born.

John B. Morrill, the son of the late distinguished John J. Morrill, is conceded to be one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the town. He follows in his father's footsteps as a Republican leader, but is also very popular with the Democrat party. He has served the town in all its high offices, and is regarded as a well-informed, conservative, and reliable leader in all affairs pertaining to its interests. Mr. Morrill's services have been so constant, and his offices so numerous, it is sufficient to say that he is not only a thorough townsman, but he is also a worthy representative and statesman. Mr. Morrill is a graduate of Dartmouth college, where he fitted to follow the business of civil engineering. Meeting with an accident by which he

Glendale Station, Lake Shore Railroad.

M. M. Cole.

Sanders Post-office

Gilford Band.

lost one of his eyes, and also feeling that he was needed at home to look after his father's affairs, he gave up his profession and has devoted his abilities to local interests, also engaging in extensive farming, employing quite a number of hands to carry on the work. He married Miss Mary Susan Rowe, daughter of Dea. Simon Rowe of this village.

Orrin H. Weeks is a prominent farmer of Gilford, whose home is beautifully situated at the foot of Belknap mountain, where he was born and has always lived. Mr. Weeks is a thorough townsman, and an active worker in the Republican party. He has served as tax collector, and in many other ways worked for the interest of his town.

Glendale Cottage—H O. Bugbee.

Summer Cottage of A. Roberts, of Concord.

George W. Morrill, a most esteemed townsman, is one of the leading farmers of Gilford, giving his attention, chiefly, to milk production and sheep raising. He is a lineal descendant of Abraham Morrill, who, with his brother Isaac, immigrated to this country in the ship *Lion*, September 16, 1632, and both were members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston. He is the son

of John Dudley and Levina (Robinson) Morrill, born in this town July 16, 1839. A graduate of Laconia academy, he gave his attention to teaching school in winter, and to farming during the summer. In the fall of 1863, Mr. Morrill was married to Miss Frances Weeks, whose father, Thomas Weeks, was a very prominent representative of Gilford. Incidentally, Mr. Morrill took up the Monroe system of massage treatment, but his success with critical cases,

Thomas E. Hunt.

H. A. Jones.

since receiving his diploma, has brought him into much prominence as a masseur, and he now devotes most of his time to the treatment of patients among the best classes of people. Mr. Morrill's farm and residence, formerly known as the Franklin Weeks estate, is situated at the base of Mt. Gunstock, which is the highest mountain in the Mt. Belknap range. He has held many prominent town offices, has been a member of the house of representatives, and is now town treasurer.

Horace M. Carr ranks among Gilford's wealthiest farmers, and his residence affords one of the finest views in the town. Mr. Carr is the son of Richard H. Carr, who was also a wealthy farmer, and who kept the Carr Inn at what is now known as Lake Shore Park. Mr. Carr married the daughter of Joseph P. Smith and they made their home with the bride's father, where he carried on his father's farm until the death of its owner, when it became the property of the Carrs, and at the death of Mrs. Carr, it came into the entire possession of the subject of this sketch. He has one daughter, Miss Sadie Carr, who has cared for the home since the death of the wife and mother.

Residence of Thomas E. Hunt.

Joseph S. Sanders has one of the finest farms in this section, and he carries on an extensive milk business. Gilford station, on the Lake Shore railroad, is situated close by Mr. Sanders's home, and the post-

Summer Residence of A. V. Lincoln, of Boston, Mass.

Hazen P. Weeks

Residence of Hazen P. Weeks.

Charles H. Sleeper.

Residence of W. H. Weeks.

Residence of Charles H. Sleeper.

W. H. Weeks.

Residence of O. H. Weeks.

Orrin H. Weeks.

office known as "Sanders" is under his care. He married Miss Belle Jones, and has two children living.—C. Bristo, who is with his father in business, and Anna, who is also at home. Mr. Sanders's farm is of clean, level intervale nature and is worked by modern machinery and up-to-date methods.

Ansel and Ernest Sawyer, known as Sawyer Brothers, are large milk producers, they selling directly to the trade at Laconia. Mr. Ansel Sawyer married Miss Alice Adams of Barnstead, and they have five children, all but one of whom are coming voters. Ernest Sawyer married Miss Sadie Adams, sister to Mrs. Ansel Sawyer. The senior member of the firm is also deacon of the Free Baptist church of this place, and for the past two years has served on the school board, and is now on the third year. Their farm is located on what is known as the Intervale, and is very productive, being well kept up.

John J. Morrill

The Morrill Homestead.

John B. Morrill.

Residence of George W. Morrill

Residence of Sawyer Brothers.

George W. Morrill.

Residence of James R. Morrill.

James R. Morrill

Hazen P. Weeks was born on Liberty Hill, October 22, 1840. He went through the public schools, continued his studies at Gilmanton academy, and finished his school career at New Hampton Institute. His parents were Noah and Mary (Dudley) Weeks. Soon after leaving school he enlisted in the First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, where he served faithfully as a non-commissioned officer until the close of the war. Mr. Weeks married Miss Mary F. Roberts of Belmont, and they have one son, Walter S., and a daughter, Bessie E., the former being educated at the same institutions as was his father, while the daughter is attending the local school. The son, Walter S., who was a member of the Third New Hampshire, M. V. M., Co. K, enlisted in the Spanish-American War, and is now with Co. K, First Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. Mr. Hazen Weeks owns and carries

Residence of Thomas S. Fuller.

on a large farm and conducts an extensive milk business.

Freeman G. Smith, one of Gilford's most prosperous farmers, was born in Sandwich, Carroll county, June 3, 1858, being the son of George W. and Mary (Clifford) Smith. On December 21, 1881, he married Miss Emma L. Lewis, daughter of Charles H. Lewis of Townsend, Mass. He and his wife settled at once on the Cotton farm, purchased by him, where they lived until he bought the James property, also on Cotton hill, where he now carries on a large and prosperous farming business, and the beautiful situation has also been a delightful resort for summer boarders. Mr. Smith is a staunch Republican, who has been a delegate to the last three Republican state conventions, and he was also a member of the Manchester convention which sent delegates to the National Republican convention at St. Louis. He belongs to a number of fraternal organizations. Mr. Smith is a man of high integrity, sound principles, who emphasizes the importance of justice and temperance as the foundation of all good government.

"Matt" Kimball, proprietor of the Mountain View Farm, is one of the many enterprising farmers of Gilford, and his house is becoming very popular as a summer resort. He has the esteem and confidence of his fellow townsmen, and has for two years served in the capacity of road commissioner, and under his supervision many improvements are being made. He received the popular vote of the voters who are politically of the opposite party.

George W. and George E. Sanborn carry on a large milk farm which is situated on a sightly position by the shore of Lake Winnipesaukee opposite Governor's island, and during the summer season they run a beautiful steam launch.

Leland M. James.

Thomas S. Fuller.

Charles W. Rollins was born in Alton, and was educated in the public schools of that town. He married Miss Betsie Dow of Gilford, who was the granddaughter of Abner Morse, Esq. He was an heir of a large estate. His grandfather fought in

Residence of L. M. James.

the War of Independence. Mr. Rollins has served his town as selectman, and at the election of 1896, he was chosen representative, notwithstanding he was a Democrat in a Republican town.

Charles H. Sleeper, civil engineer, has served the town of Gilford as a member of the house of representatives, and also in the capacity of selectman. Beside his regular calling Mr. Sleeper is a man of business, and his opinion is much sought. He has had the settling of many large estates.

Mountain View Farm—M. Kimball.

Grant Brothers, composed of Frank B. and Seth E. Grant, are owners of a very large farm near Alton, and much of their land being in that town, are first class farmers, and doing a large business in general farming and stock raising.

Fred J. Potter is one of Gilford's highly esteemed young men, who is one of the selectmen of the town and who has the confidence and respect of the community, and who was given his present office by the popular vote of Republicans, although he was a Democratic nominee.

Leland M. James is a resident of Cotton hill, and a selectman of the town. He gives his attention to agriculture, and is a man who takes much interest in the town affairs.

Residence of G. W. and G. E. Sanborn.

Ansel Gove is another one of the young farmers who stands well in the front as an agriculturist.

James R. Morrill is a prominent citizen of the town and has had much to do with the important affairs of local interest. He has held many local offices, and has been a member of the legislature.

W. Harrison Weeks, a very successful farmer, and a much esteemed townsman, comes of good old English ancestry which came to this country in 1660 and settled in Winnicut, now Greenland, N. H. Mr. Weeks completed his education at Gilford academy, and a little later went to California and engaged in mining, whence he returned and bought his grandfather's old homestead, and with adding new territory

Residence of S. E. Grant.

Harvey A. Jewett.

Residence of H. A. Jewett.

Fred J. Potter.

Residence of Freeman G. Smith.

Residence of Charles W. Rollins.

Freeman G. Smith.

Residence of Fred J. Potter.

Charles W. Rollins.

has brought himself solidly to the front as a farmer. He has also been an active man in the affairs of the town, having served as a member of the school board, been town supervisor, selectman, and also represented the town in the legislature. He is a charter member of Mount Belknap grange.

Gilford is in every respect a community of farmers, and at present there is no other industry in the town, with the exception of Charles H. Gove, who is a wheel-wright, blacksmith, and general wood-worker, with modern appliances and steam-power. Mr. Alden Crooker, on the Intervale, is a first-class harness-maker and general leather-worker, and he has a large patronage among the class of people who desire the best of goods and the finest of workmanship. Mr. Crooker also supplies the trade with goods in his line, keeping a large stock on hand.

Summer Residence of T. H. Worral of Laconia.

Residence of H. L. Carr.

The two village stores carry a general line of goods well within the range of city prices. Herbert A. Jones conducts one of the stores, while Mrs. Nettie Wadleigh is the proprietress of the other.

There are thirteen district schools situated throughout the town, including a High school, which is held during the winter months, all of which are doing good work in fitting the children and youth to meet the responsibilities soon to fall upon them as citizens. For the most part, the school board have been fortunate in procuring a good corps of teachers, who have done proficient work.

Mt. Belknap Grange, No. 52, of Gilford was organized March 1, 1875, and while meeting with much opposition, it has endeavored to work for the social and intellectual interests of the families of the community, and has succeeded in meeting its purposes, everything considered. It has also been of some benefit to the farmers from a commercial standpoint, although the sharp competition of business reduces this demand to a minimum. H. A. Jewett, a young man who promises to be a leading townsman, is the worthy master.

The history of Gilford has been the usual one of a New Hampshire country town. Originally covering a large territory, its area has been reduced by generous portions ceded to other towns, but enough still remains of fertile fields and handsome scenic points of vantage to give the town a high place among farming communities and summer resorts.

Walter S. Weeks

Alfred J. Morrill

Curtis Leavitt.

THREE GILFORD BOYS IN CO. K, FIRST N. H VOLS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By Ida G. Adams.

IN the old "Center" burying-ground in the town of Henniker may be seen a low slab of slate, worn and disfigured by the changing elements of over four score seasons, and bearing upon its rough and moss-grown surface the typical urn and weeping willow, as well as the following inscription:

"In Memory of Widow Mary Wallace who died Feb'y 13th A. D. 1814, in the 94th year of her age."

The grave, sunken and grass-grown, contains but a handful of dust, but the story of its former occupant, her romantic birth, and narrow escape from a tragic fate is still related by her descendants.

In 1720, a party of emigrants from Londonderry, Ireland, sailed for America where they hoped to find freedom from exorbitant taxes and religious persecution.

The voyage was a rough and stormy one, and finally the poor, terror-stricken emigrants found their ship in the hands of pirates, who boarded and took possession of her.

While the fate of the vessel was still undecided, and the officers and men lay helpless and bound on deck, the young wife of James Wilson, one of the Scotch-Irish passengers, gave birth to a child.

The pirate captain, finding the poor, young mother, helpless and white with terror, inquired why she was lying on her bed. Too frightened to speak, she turned down the covers which concealed the little stranger. The hardened heart of the pirate chief was touched, and the thought of his own little ones at home awoke the natural tenderness in his nature, which a life of crime and desperate deeds had not yet wholly extinguished.

"Is it a boy or girl?" he questioned.

"A girl," was the faint reply.

For a moment the man stood gazing at mother and child, while the passions of cruel greed and despotic love of power strove against his better impulses of chivalrous honor and pitying humanity. At last the struggle ended, and the father's heart overcame the pirate's greed. With softened voice he again addressed the mother:

"On one condition I will spare this ship and cargo and the lives of all on board, and that is, that you will allow me to name your child."

Elizabeth Wilson, filled with joy and gratitude at the prospect of so simple a way of deliverance, quickly gave her consent.

"I will call her Mary," said the pirate, "in honor of my wife and the mother of my own little daughter at home."

In reply to the mother's grateful thanks for his clemency, the pirate captain answered: "It is I who owe

a debt of gratitude to you, for you have saved me from having one more sin on my soul."

With that he left her, and immediately gave orders to his men to unbind their victims and prepare to leave the ship.

Before he left, however, the pirate chief returned to Elizabeth Wilson and gave her some valuable jewels and a beautiful piece of silk, with the request that the latter should be kept for her daughter Mary's wedding-gown.

Thus was Mary Wilson ushered into the world, a tiny atom amid direst peril and desperate surroundings. Her father lying helpless and bound in another part of the ship, and her mother at the mercy of a band of lawless and blood-thirsty men.

The ship proceeded on her course, and in due time arrived in Boston, and the greater part of the emigrants joined their friends who had come to Londonderry, N. H., two years before.

A day of thanksgiving was annually observed for a generation by the people of Londonderry for the deliverance of their ship from the hands of the pirates, and the child who was born during that trying period was thereafter known as "Ocean-born Mary."

The land occupied by the Scotch-Irish people of Londonderry, N. H., was given them by William of Orange as a reward for their service to him during the memorable siege of Londonderry, Ireland.

To the courage, endurance, and persistent clinging to their religious faith, of these brave men and women may be ascribed some of the noblest attributes handed down to their descendants in this state.

No one who reads the history of the Scotch-Irish people during the years 1688–'89 can fail to be deeply impressed by their undaunted bravery and heroic fortitude. Neither the open hatred of their Catholic foes nor the treachery of Protestants in their midst could induce them to waver in their determination to defend their city against the enemies of their religion and their king. Reduced to almost the last extremity by the siege of seven months, still they did not waver, and had they not been relieved by reinforcements of men and large supplies of provision, starvation would have been the foe to whom they would have succumbed, for to no other would they ever have surrendered.

Such were the first settlers of our own Londonderry, most of whom had been through the trying siege and borne their parts in the fighting and endurance, and therefore were particularly fitted to endure the privations and dangers of forming a new settlement, and establishing a community noted for its intelligence, perseverance, and adherence to Christian principles.

James Wilson died soon after reaching Boston, but his widow and little daughter, Mary, accompanied their fellow-voyagers to New Hampshire, and in due course of time Elizabeth Wilson married James Clark, whose son John was the father of Mrs. John Woodburn, an ancestor of Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley says in a letter to a friend, published in the "Business Men's Almanac:" "I am indebted for my first impulse toward intellectual acquirements and

exertion to my mother's grandmother, who came out from Ireland among the first settlers in Londonderry. My mind was early filled by her with the traditions, ballards, and snatches of history she had learned from her grandmother, which, though conveying very distorted and incorrect ideas of history, yet served to awaken in me a thirst for knowledge and a lively interest in learning and history."

Our heroine, Mary Wilson, or "Ocean-born Mary," as she was called, lived through the perils and hardships of these early pioneer days, and became, so history tells us, "tall, resolute, and determined, quick of comprehension, sharp in her conversation, with a strong brogue, and full of humor." She was of "florid complexion," had "bright eyes," and was "elegant in her manners to the last of her life." Her younger life experience was wonderful in toils and hardships, but her last years were peaceful and happy.

In 1742, "Ocean-born Mary" became Mrs. Thomas Wallace, and was married in the elegant green and white brocaded silk gown given her mother by the pirate captain for that purpose. Subsequently a granddaughter wore the same gown on a similar occasion. Descendants of Mary Wallace still possess pieces of the silk, the gown having been cut to pieces and distributed among them as relics.

Four sons were born to Thomas and Mary Wallace, and also one daughter. Three of the sons married three sisters by the name of Moore, all residents of Londonderry. The other son married a Miss Gregg of the same town, and died when quite young, leaving one son, who was for many years a trader and postmaster at South Weare. He also served as town clerk for eleven years, and his records are beautiful specimens of penmanship. He was a man of fine literary taste and honest and upright in all his dealings.

The three other sons born to "Ocean Mary" came to Henniker to reside, and were all men of large intelligence, ability, and great strength of character. In 1810, Robert, the eldest of the three brothers, was appointed a judge of the court of common pleas for Hillsborough county, to which that town then belonged, and retained the position for ten years. Judge Robert M. Wallace, of Milford, is a direct descendant of the son of Mary Wallace.

Elizabeth, the only daughter of "Ocean-born Mary," married Peter Patterson of Londonderry, and twelve children were born to them, six of each sex. All but one son went to New York state to reside. Two became United States senators, and one served for fifteen years as lieutenant-governor of the state, while a nephew represented New York in the lower house of congress.

Two nephews went to California in the early settlement of the state and became multi-millionaires, as fruit and nut-growers, and their descendants are scattered throughout the United States.

Traits of their Scotch-Irish ancestry can be seen in all the descendants of these Londonderry pioneers. Perseverance, pluck, and energy, courage, thrift, and honesty added to

a stern adherence to the Christian principles of their ancestors, make them marked characters in whatever community they may be established.

Mary Wallace, a granddaughter of "Ocean-born Mary," married Benjamin Gove of Deering, a descendant of Governor Weare, and settled on his ancestral farm, which has been occupied by some member of the family for 125 years.

The present occupant is Miss Hannah Jane Wallace Gove, who, although seventy years of age, oversees the management of the 300 acres of land and large numbers of live stock. She lives alone, with the exception of the help she employs, and thinks nothing of driving eight or ten miles in all kinds of weather or state of the roads to do her trading at the country stores in adjoining towns.

Miss Gove has four sisters, one of whom, Miss Lizzie P., has taught in the Manchester schools for forty-four years, and until about a year ago, in one building (the Spring-street). She is now in the Straw school, and is a woman of marked ability and strength of character, and of fine personal appearance.

With the three other living sisters and four brothers (all of whom are now deceased), they made a somewhat notable family, possessing, as they all did, the best characteristics of the three nationalities represented by the union of their parents.

Another descendant of James Wilson, the father of "Ocean-born Mary," is Obediah Wilson, now eighty-six years of age, and living with Col. Leander W. Cogswell, of Henniker, a brother-in-law; the wives of both Mr. Wilson and Colonel Cogswell being sisters of the venerable reformer, Parker Pillsbury.

Such is the story of Mary Wilson Wallace, and the ennobling influence of her life, beginning with its first faint flicker on board the emigrant vessel on the stormy Atlantic, when she softened the heart of the brutal pirate king, has extended from generation to generation, and who can say where the end will be. Meanwhile, in the old graveyard in Henniker, she rests peacefully beside her children and children's children.

"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

" Give but the scent of violets,
Beneath a dream-set sky,
And down the little winding way
Walk memory and I."

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Mrs. E. D. Sanborn.

CHAPTER I.

ONE April morning in a fair valley of California, as Alfred Vaughan threw open the blinds of his bed-room windows to greet the sunshine, they shook the dew from the yellow honeysuckle vines and disturbed the humming birds. An instant only the tiny creatures hovered in mid-air, a glint of gold and green, then fearlessly returned to their honey-cups sure of a welcome.

"The top o' the morning to ye sir," said Andrew, the gardener, rake in hand, looking up and doffing his cap of plaid.

"Good morning, Andrew. This is a fine morning, and a beautiful world we live in."

"Aye, aye, sir, and gude people intilt sir. It 's an airly growin' season, an' thank God it 's in Californy we live, sir."

"Yes, thank God for all our blessings. You 'll remember, Andrew, to cut the callas early to-morrow morning for Easter Sunday."

"Aye, aye, sir, an' thar 's mony o' them, three thousand by count."

"That 's well, Andrew." And the honest Scotchman trudged away to daily tasks, cheered by the master's friendly words and smile.

Mr. Vaughan's eye rested upon a ravishing panorama of beauty. On the north stood the lofty peak of Tamalpais, coquettish in its varying moods, now veiled in soft mist, and again gleaming, sun-kissed. Westward, the Pacific's restless waters broke into foam upon the shore. The foothills always beautiful, whether green with winter's verdure, or clothed in the restful russets and purples of summer, marked the valley's boundary.

And even as he gazed,—

> "Above a sky of boundless blue,
> Beneath the green, green sod,
> And oh and oh, there went between
> The wonderful winds of God."

Giant eucalyptus bordered his own estate on the highway. Entering the massive gateway, the road lay along Cedar brook, "willow-fringed for nearly a mile till turning about a thicket of Monterey cypress and crossing a rustic bridge, a drive of two miles round its way shaded by pepper-trees, manzanita, English walnut, dogwood, bay and laurel. Gradually ascending, the lawns and by-paths came into view. Yucca and Japanese palms waved their fronds in air." There were linden, sugar-maple, cedar-of-Lebanon, beech, birch, and chestnut trees, hillsides "smoky" with olives (as Lowell has it), acacias in yellow, magnolias, cacti in endless variety of fantastic shapes. The loquat of Japan bore its thick leaf and acid fruit, the bananna sported its long, gaunt arms, repaying its ugliness with a yearly tribute of brilliant blossoms,—the luscious pomegranate and feathery pampas were there. There were fountains of sparkling waters, little lakes well-stocked for the angler's skill; there were figures of marble sculpture not displacing but aiding Nature to reproduce the classic gardens of Italy and Greece.

There were ferns from all habitable and inhabitable climes. An acre of chrysanthemums was one of the glories of Vaughan Place, where every new species speedily found

a home. The passion flower, night-blooming cereus and orchids of every variety filled the hot-houses; white and yellow jessamine ran riot over trellis and arbor.

English, Russian, and Marie Louise violets, millions of them, mignonette, tube-rose, and lilies made night fragrant. Sweet peas, calla lilies, and pelargoniums grew into kindly hedges.

Of course there was a grandmother's garden where sweet-marjoram, thyme, bachelors' buttons, and pansies grew, and never were there sweeter or pinkier single, clove pinks, than in that rural patch down by the brook, where dandelions, buttercups, and daisies played hide-and-seek with the grass.

But oh, the roses! What time did they not reign supreme? There were rose trees, trunks moss-grown; the clock-of-gold rose, climbing to the top of high oaks, where they could proudly challenge, as did the magnolias of Florida, the old-time chivalry of the Spanish cavaliers.

No finer fruit than the apricots, prunes, peaches, nectarines, and pears of the Vaughan Place orchards at the annual agricultural fair were ever displayed to admiring visitors. No selfish pride influenced the owner, but a state pride. His standard was high; his stock was all of the finest blood and breed; his cottages, stables, corrals, barns, workhouses, and kennels were models and maintained with a nicety due to a clear vision of the fitness of things. His love of beauty converted poultry-houses, by the aid of English ivy, into chapels, and the porter's lodge of Vaughan Place, by the same kindly drapery, took on the dignity of the venerable church of Stoke-Pogis.

Having all the world before him where to choose, Alfred Vaughan had come to California in early days with his young bride from Japan, after a tour around the world. Charmed with the coast and its matchless climate, he soon decided to make it his home, at once entering upon his profession, the law, in San Francisco.

Examining some records, one day for a client, he came

upon the name of his father, Major Olcott Vaughan, U. S. A., and found that although long since deceased, his claim to vast tracts of land within the state had never been transferred. He at once wrote to his mother of the singular discovery, and received the following reply:

My Dear Son: I remember that your father told me of leaving some bulky coin with his friend, George Marsh, to be invested in gold dust! The troops had been ordered hurriedly away, and your father disliked the care of it,—in fact, he could not be troubled or worried about anything. It was a peculiarity. He could not bear to write a letter, even the simplest.

You have never known that he was retired from the army ten years before the age limit prescribed by the regulations, because he would not forward his report. It was a great trial to me.

Mr. Marsh wrote repeatedly asking for a power of attorney to lease or sell the lands. Your father said, "Oh, they are good for nothing, not worth writing about, I presume." If there is a bona fide title to them, thank God and take courage.

My love to dear Victorine, whom I long to see. As soon as Frank's course at Columbia is completed, you may expect us via Panama.

Your loving mother,

Gertrude Howland Vaughan.

Detroit, March, 18—.

Victorine Aldersley was an English girl at boarding-school in London. With her classmates she was taken to walk in Hyde Park one fine June afternoon under the strict surveillance of the French duenna, Madame Mère, who looked askance at a handsome young man sitting on a bench with a book in his hand. Instinctively the young man rose and proffered the book, lifting his hat.

Madame Mère seized it eagerly, at the same time betraying by a stern look the careless Victorine who had dropped it. Her eyes met Alfred Vaughan's with a conscious blush.

The next Sunday, young Vaughan went to St. Margaret's church and encountered the same bevy of girls coming down the aisle. A little romance was not displeasing to the young collegian, who had won his spurs at Harvard, and was now recruiting for a post-graduate at Heidelberg.

A few words with the sacristan (and a *bonne bouche*) gave him the pleasant information that the young girl of the big,

blue eyes and flaxen hair was the daughter of the rector, who had officiated at the morning service. So Alfred made bold to introduce himself to the rector as an American wishing to see the country, and the Rev. Herbert Aldersley invited him to visit him the following week at his home.

So Alfred passed the vacation in and about Swantown rectory in picturesque Wales, the land of his paternal ancestry, with growing delight. No mere romance now, but the earnest, first love, true love of two pure hearts. In parting Alfred claimed Victorine's "Butler's Analogy" as a keepsake.

The following year found the lovers kneeling at the altar in the ivy-covered abbey church at Swantown. The village bells were rung as the bishop, with the rector giving away his beloved daughter, pronounced Alfred Vaughan and Victorine Aldersley man and wife.

The bride's mother had not consented to this early marriage of her first born daughter without the stipulation that she should stay one year in England, and so be often at the rectory. To this they both consented gladly. Then a tour of the world and the making of the home in California. Those were years of idyllic life.

When their wedded bliss of seven years seemed apotheosized in the birth of a baby boy, the pale mother whispered, "Can we have all this and heaven besides?"

"But I need only you, my darling wife." Heaven granted his wish for a brief season.

He kissed his boy for her sake, and pressed his lips upon her forehead. One fond look, her eyes closed, and she passed from him to the welcoming of angels, whose music was the sweeter for her coming.

Henceforth, life to the one left solitary could only be "lit by memories."

CHAPTER II.

ALFRED sighed even as he gazed upon that lovely view. One joy was ever lacking.

His mother's "good morning" kiss aroused him from reverie.

"I was wishing for you, Mamma, to enjoy this glorious sunrise with me."

"Glorious indeed, like a vision of the heavenly Canaan."

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand drest in living green."

"'Living green,' how expressive! Watts could have found no stronger word to a living soul, but how many who sing of it are but half alive in this world."

"You mean spiritually, I suppose."

"Yes, I must give you Professor Drummond's chapter on 'Growth' to read carefully."

"I have thought of late, Mamma, that a positive belief in immortality was not so universal as in my younger days. Now, men and women, in our own circles of society, say with the utmost nonchalance, 'If there is a future, what does it mean?'"

"How can they doubt?" said his mother.

"Perhaps, because they dread the consequences of ill-doing."

His mother smiled. "No, I think a criminal even would dread annihilation. The voice at the heart (as Schiller has it),

> "Oh, ye may believe,
> Will never the hope of the soul deceive."

A rapturous expression of joy and peace in believing rested upon her face as she repeated,

> "Oh, never the hope of the soul will deceive."

"To go back to your first question, Alfred," she resumed after a pause, "I do believe that under the apparent indif-

ference, the boasted agnosticism, the affected skepticism, the shilly-shally way of dodging deep questions, and disguising frank sentiments, most people not only hope for, but firmly believe in, immortality. If we live to any purpose, our life is growth and expansion. Where is growth to stop? As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. And this mortal must put on immortality."

As the mother and son sat with clasped hands feasting their eyes upon the landscape before them, their hearts blended into one as blend the gleams of purple, crimson, and gold on horizon clouds at sunset.

"Oh, Papa! Papa!" shouted a fair, blue-eyed boy as he bounded along the corridor to the balcony to be clasped in his father's arms.

"Oh, Papa, tell me truly, does the sun truly dance for joy Easter morning?"

"Who told you that, my child?"

"Dora says that she has seen it many a time," and the little soft hand stroked the cheek and kissed the lips that could not suppress a smile. Mr. Vaughan would not pain Dora, the child's faithful nurse, who was now blushing crimson, nor did he ever treat his child's questions with ridicule; those confidences were too precious.

"Victor, I have never seen the sun dance exactly, but he can cut a pretty big caper when he gets up any morning."

"May I watch him Easter morning, Papa?"

"Yes, that is to-morrow. Come to my balcony as early as five o'clock, and we will keep a sharp lookout. Now for your constitutional."

"Come on, Gratz." The boy cleared the steps, and with a bound over the terrace, raced down the path, the noble Newfoundland dog close at his heels with leaps of wildest ecstasy. Round and round, down by the brook, past the willows over the bridge to the chestnut grove, doubling the Big Oaks, across the lawn flew the swift racers.

The note of a silver whistle was the signal for return.

Glowing and panting, Victor appeared, his straw hat in the dog's teeth, his long ringlets tossing in careless grace, his cheeks like the crimson rose. Such youth, and health, and gayety seemed the incarnation of spring, as he sprang up the steps and threw himself upon the bear-skin rug at his father's feet.

"Bravo! my boy, just twenty minutes."

Mens sana in corpore sano was Mr. Vaughan's theory in shaping his growing boy. Study was a *sine qua non*, at present with a governess, but the prime equalizing factors for the boy's physique were fresh air, night and day, cold water bathing, vigorous, systematic exercise, regular hours of abundant sleep, a simple diet in great part of milk, cereals, and all fresh fruits, and soft wool underclothing, summer and winter. And now, as the boy had risen and stood toying with the rich, red jacqueminots that hung in clusters from the lattice, the strong, lithe limbs, broad chest, noble bearing, and graceful attitude seemed the very type of a young Apollo. His father's ideal was satisfied.

To his grandmother he was a young immortal. "Keep thou till I call for him," sounded in her ears, oft in the chilly night or amid day's busy scenes, as though in words it had been Victorine's dying message.

Her religion was the essence of her being, her conscience, sensitive to the quick. To do good was the key-note of her life. Her nature was attuned to high ideals, her culture defined by Matthew Arnold, "To know the best which has been thought and said in the world"; and so, by a fair return, "the power of conduct, of intellect, and knowledge of beauty, of social life and manners" were the powers in full play and accord in her daily life.

She loved the "supreme in books," she loved music, classic lore, philosophy, and good conservation, for the want of which, Emerson says, one's invention and understanding contract a moss upon them like a paling in an old orchard.

Madame Vaughan was an influence in California's forma-

tive days for all that was lovely and of good report. Her girl life had been bright. She married young, and during the Civil War she had drunk the bitter cup, a divided household, like so many of her sister women North and South.

Major Vaughan had been a helpless invalid fifteen years before his death. Her devotion to his wants and his whims was worthy of the name by which her friends called her, "Our Saint," and "Saint Gertrude."

The Vaughan mansion was of old Spanish style, combining, in part, the Italian renaissance. One wing on the south was Colonial. A covered colonnade lighted with oval windows around two sides, afforded a promenade, and a front portico, high peaked roof, vis-á-vis seats, enclosed with Venetian blinds, gave it an air of the old courtship times of Priscilla and John Alden. The heavy outer doors of solid oak thickly studded with brass knobs opened and shut with a click of their brass latches. These always shone like silver, as did the knockers, door-plates, candlesticks, and andirons, all of the same metal.

Madame Vaughan's taste was shown in the ordering of the interior, and it reproduced the home of her Puritan ancestry. The floors had India mattings and soft rugs, the windows were draped in yellow taffeta stuffs. Around the fireplaces were yellow tilings depicting Bible scenes. Mahogany furniture down stairs, curled maple in bed-rooms. The windows and beds were hung with dimity, valence, canopy-curtains, chairs and lounge ruffled with the same material. The outer "spreads" and "comforters" of the beds were of knotted cotton.

Madame Vaughan's west porch opened into a Redwood grove, one of those marvelous arbors where the majestic trees have grown up around the huge trunk of a decaying ancestor, every vestige of which has disappeared, leaving the earth smooth as a floor. The trees intertwine at top. Singularly enough, a space forms an entrance as though by design, and why not?

A court in veritable Spanish style was the centre around

which ranged the numerous adjuncts and annexes of the Vaughan residence. A broad corridor let into the many doors of elegant apartments *en suite*. Spanish cedar was much used in the finishing of floors and wainscoting, and all the appointments were in perfect accord. The roofs were red-tiled. On two points were towers from which a magnificent sweep of view takes in the whole extent of the beautiful valley.

More than all, Vaughan Place was a home where hospitality was an everyday virtue. It was planned to this end, and was seldom without guests. Distinguished strangers brought letters to the noted Californians, and the cordial welcome has endeared many a foreigner to the cousins on this side the Atlantic, and corrected the false impressions of American "Life and Manners" so superficially portrayed and maliciously set forth by too many writers.

CHAPTER III.

THE summons to breakfast assembled the family in the bright, sunny room, where broad windows let in a grand view of Tamalpais. Near the fire-place where a glowing blaze gave good cheer for health, was a trio of windows which caught and reflected the sun's early rays, throwing sparkles of light upon polished brasses and mirrors, and the massive candelabra of the mantel. The raftered ceiling and panelled walls were of native redwood, polished white oak lending variety in the alternating triglyphs of the frieze. The centre of the floor was covered with Persian wools of Oriental reds and blues, the same colors predominating in the Bokhara at the fire-place. Ceres and Pomona with attendant trains of fruits and flowers appeared in tiles of hearth and mantel.

A white marble bust of Victorine rested upon a stand of ebony. Fresh violets were there beside it each morning.

The "good-morning" meal was always served with wild flowers. Perhaps in no other region of earth could this be possible. The vivid orange of the erhscholtzia was now in its glory, a gorgeous contrast to spotless damask, cut glass, and solid silver.

"The flowers," said Madame Vaughan, "like our every-day mercies, are fresh every morning and renewed every evening."

"For which," said Mr. Vaughan, "let us now give thanks." All repeated the simple grace,—

"We thank Thee, Our Father in Heaven, for these fresh tokens of Thy bounty. May they give us new strength and purpose of heart for Thy service. Amen!"

Jones, the faithful old butler, had never approved of Gratz in the breakfast room,—it was a daily cross. No wave of his uplifted hand gave the dog a twinge of uneasiness, but he took good care to lie low at his master's feet.

Inviting, indeed, was that breakfast table. The big, luscious strawberries, heaped high on a green, porcelain dish, were always served with the stem,—not smothered in cream, nor needing sugar to improve upon Nature.

"Do you think Eve had richer fruit, Victor," said his grandmother, "both pleasant to the eye and delicious to the taste?"

"No, Grandmother, because God would know she could n't help eating strawberries, and He never did make any nicer berry, but He could if He wanted to, Grandmother, could n't He? I 'll take some more, Jones."

"Old Izaak Walton did not give that thought much better," said his father with a smile.

"But he only quoted it," rejoined Mrs. Vaughan, "as a saying of Dr. Boteler (Wm. Butler), who first said, 'Doubtless, God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did.'"

Madame Vaughan presided at the coffee-urn and brewed

the pure Mocha at the table; thus, the fragrance of the curling steam was appetizing, and none of its strength was lost. The eggs were boiled in a kettle hung over the open wood fire, on an old-fashioned crane. Jones's steady eye never wavered from the minute hand of the Ormolu clock on the mantel during the process. "Three minutes." "Done to a turn," from his master's lips, was always his reward. Dainty cooking was a rule in this household, and good digestion thereby secured.

Speckled trout fresh from the brook, newly churned butter, crisp, hot toast, creamed potatoes, could have tempted the appetite of a Sybarite.

"This fresh milk of our 'Juno-eyed' tastes of her rich pasturage. I would not give it for the nectar of the Gods, but I see you prefer the Apollonaris."

"Yes, like the ancient Greeks, I have faith in mineral waters."

"And you know," said Victor, "about the pool of Siloam, where the poor, sick man wanted to bathe, and about Naaman getting well in the river. Now, come on, Gratz."

The breakfast room opened with broad windows upon the veranda overhung with roses. Victor plucked a bunch of the exquisite La Marque for his grandmother, who pinned them to her corsage, singing, "Oh, roses for the blush of youth." But they well became her. It was long since that "light had fallen upon her hair, which seemed the dawn of the Eternal Morning." She still wore it brushed back from her forehead, the style unchanged since the days when in foreign courts her beauty had been sung by poets and painted by artists.

"And papa must have a boutonniere. See how sweet! I hope Eve and my mamma have some just like them in heaven."

The child had brought him Victorine's favorite flower, the English violet. Could a magnetic ray from the mother's soul, quicker than the lightning's flash, have decided his choice?

Mr. Vaughan could never inhale or see the blossoms without a thrill of emotion. With tremulous agitation he clasped the boy in his arms so tightly, the child looked up wonderingly. And so sorrow and beauty must needs be rivals, as elsewhere, in this favored spot of earth.

Impromptu gymnastics on the lawn, Gratz and Victor made the welkin ring in joyous sport. Pity, ah, pity for the boy who is not the proud owner of a faithful dog,—it is a factor in a boy's education not to be ignored. It teaches him responsibility, love, tenderness. The dog knows his young master's step and voice as one among a thousand, and wags and barks his welcome with a genuine, honest warmth that a prince might envy. Give the children pets. Gentleness with domestic animals marks the gentleman.

Ruskin taught the young men of England a noble lesson when he resigned his professorship at Oxford, because vivisection was to be introduced into the university.

Froude says that "an Englishman cannot help shooting a rare bird, an aristocratic taste that he does not find in America," for which we thank God and take courage.

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast."

Agassiz and many another wise one has been a firm believer in another life for all the animal creation. "And who shall say them nay at this life's close."

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear Lord who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

The summer house was a favorite after-breakfast trysting-place. Following a winding path, guided by the brook's murmur, you found it ensconced between hedges of rose geranium and overrun with yellow jessamine and abundantly shaded with live oaks. The floor was tiled in blue and white, with large vases of the same colors for holding

orchids and blooming cacti. A fountain filled with gold fish had ferns growing luxuriantly about it. Here were easy chairs, lounges, tables, and hammocks. Here were the morning papers. What a necessity, these fresh daily coinings of the mighty press!

Madame Vaughan was glad they did not reach the ranch before breakfast, for her theory was that much dyspepsia was generated by swallowing its exciting news with one's coffee.

Here were fresh magazines on rustic tables with drawers to hold the ever-accumulating mass of current literature that swamps one's library, usually. Here, too, was the privileged spot for the lovers of the "fragrant weed." Mr. Vaughan did not indulge in it, but his whole-hearted hospitality provided the purest Habanas for his guests.

This arrangement relieved Madame Vaughan's delicate senses from the lingering effects in curtains and tapestries of the living rooms of the house. Some gentlemen "'t is true 't is pity, pity 't is 't is true," are amazingly obtuse about the etiquette of the cigar question.

A charming *sans souci*, indeed, was the summer house, where the day's plans were discussed, the airy nothings of thought, conversation, and imagination had full play.

Madame Vaughan never hurried. "*Ohne hast, ohne rast*," and this time-taking gave her a beautiful, restful repose of manner. Her son was growing into it, so they took time for sleep, time for the table, adopting the motto of the French philosopher, "Do everything as though you could appreciate all the time it could possibly need. In the end you will have had it."

Victor ran from flower to flower like a bird on the wing. He chased the butterflies and caught one as it sipped the honey from the red clover.

"It will hardly stay still for me to kiss it, Grandmother, and I love the little airy golden thing. Is it an angel?"

His grandmother took him in her arms and made an object lesson with some jingling rhymes.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Oh, golden winged butterfly,
Pray tell me why, tell me why,
You cannot sit
Still the least bit
Contentedly!
But from morn to the night,
In the brilliant sunlight,
Are glancing and dancing
So restlessly!
And flitting and fluttering,
And flying and frolicking
Bewitchingly!
And chasing and darting
And whizzing and rollicking,
Untiringly!
And sporting and wheeling,
And twisting and twirling
Bewilderingly!
And sipping and sucking
And kissing caressingly
Sweet peas, mignonette, and tuberose,
And every white lily that blows!

ANSWER.

I'll tell you why, tell you why:
You see I'm a butterfly.
God made me for beauty,
And to please every eye,
As on gay wings I fly;
A ray of the sun's golden color,
I revel in sparkle and lustre,
Each petal of bud and of flower
Its sweetness yields up as my dower,
Oh, ask me no longer to stay!
Let me go for sweet honey and play,
To drink my fill,
That the roses distill.
I'm a creature of light!
And I love not the night.
Adieu! blue eyes so bright!

Victor's fingers loosened, and the imprisoned flutterer escaped through the blue ether, perhaps as a messenger (who knows?), bearing the warm glow of the little boy's hand to the waiting Victorine.

[*To be continued.*]

NECROLOGY.

HON. HENRY PEARSON ROLFE.

Hon. Henry Pearson Rolfe died in Concord May 29. He was born in Boscawen, February 13, 1821. His father, Benjamin Rolfe, was also a native of Boscawen. His grandparents on his father's side, Benjamin and Lydia Pearson Rolfe, came from Newbury, Mass., immediately after the close of the French war, and settled on the frontier in Boscawen, near the Salisbury line. His mother, Margaret Searle Rolfe, was the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Searle, the first settled minister in Salisbury. His grandmother on the maternal side was the daughter of Jethro Sanborn, a sea captain, of Sandown.

When Mr. Rolfe was nineteen years of age his family moved from Salisbury to Hill. In 1841, when twenty years of age, he began to prepare himself for Dartmouth College, going for that purpose to the institution at New Hampton, where he studied for three years. In 1844, he entered college. Among his classmates there was the late Hon. James W. Patterson, with whom Mr. Rolfe sustained life-long relations of the most intimate friendship. Being obliged to depend upon his own efforts to secure the necessary means to defray the expense of his education, he taught school during the winters of his preparatory and collegiate courses. For several successive seasons he was employed on Cape Cod, but during his sophomore and junior years he taught for five months each year at Dartmouth, Mass., and three months of his senior year in the same school.

When in attendance at the college Mr. Rolfe, his college associates testify, was exceptionally punctual in the discharge of his duties. During his senior year he was never absent from a recitation, lecture, or other exercise. He asked for no excuse, and met every requisition. Such a record is unusual in college classes, and perhaps he enjoyed it alone among his own classmates. Mr. Rolfe's student life was eminently successful both in the acquisition of mental discipline and scholarly attainments. In 1848, he was graduated from Dartmouth College with the highest respect of the faculty and the warmest esteem of his classmates.

After a few weeks of rest, he entered the law office of the Hon. Asa Fowler, in this city, and after two years and a half of study was admitted to the bar in May, 1851. He immediately opened an office here, and step by step advanced in professional strength and standing, until, in 1869, he was appointed by President Grant United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire. This position was his for five years, and its duties were discharged in a most able and satisfactory manner.

During the years of 1852 and 1853, he was a member of the board of education of the city of Concord, and served also as chairman of the board the last year.

He was also elected as a Democrat to represent the town in the legislature of 1853. He was again sent to the legislature as a Republican to represent ward five in the city of Concord during the stormy years of 1863 and 1864.

He leaves two sons, Robert H., colonel of the First New Hampshire volunteers, now at Chickamauga; and George H., cashier of the Boston & Maine freight office in Concord.

AUSTIN SHERMAN RANNEY.

Austin Sherman Ranney died in Concord June 4. He was the son of James and Sarah (Andrews) Ranney. He was born in Ashfield, Mass., December 31, 1840. His boyhood days were spent on the home farm, where were early shown and developed those characteristics of great perseverance and indomitable will which made him more than ordinarily successful in his business career.

Early in life, Mr. Ranney went to Hartford, Conn., where, for fifteen years, he successfully engaged in the grocery business, in partnership with his brother. Later, for five years, he was travelling agent for Keeney & Roberts, the oldest flour firm of Hartford. During his residence in Hartford, he held different positions of trust, and was a member of the city council for two years. Mr. Ranney moved to Concord in 1879. For the past few years and up to the time of his death, he represented the Niles Milling Co., of Niles, Mich., and the Porter Flour and Milling Co., of Winona, Minn., transacting business principally in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

Mr. Ranney was one of Concord's honored and most useful citizens, always taking the deepest interest in the material development and prosperity of his adopted city. A consistent Democrat, believing in the principles of that party as advocated by Jackson and Jefferson, he was prominent in the party councils in municipal and state affairs. In 1892, he was elected alderman from ward four, serving two years. He was a member of the board of education for the six years from 1892 to 1898, resigning in April of the present year on account of ill health. For six years he was vice-president of the American Loan and Trust bank, and for eight years a director of the First National bank. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

GEN. ENOCH G. WOOD.

Gen. Enoch G. Wood, for many years one of Boscawen's most prominent citizens, died at the residence of his daughter in Hartland, Vt., on Sunday, June 5, aged 78 years. He had held the offices of selectman, representative, and county commissioner as a Democrat, and in the early seventies was high in the councils of that party. He is survived by two daughters.

JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS AND THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

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JEFFERSON.

By J. M. Cooper.

IN the very heart of the White Mountain region, under the sheltering wing of Mount Starr King and several hundred feet above the valley of the tortuous Israel's river, reposes the village of Jefferson, to-day one of the most popular of New Hampshire summer resorts. One hundred and fifty years ago, when the first pioneer made his appearance in what was then designated Dartmouth, but now Jefferson, his gaze was confronted with the most primitive conditions and only a man of his indomitable courage, energy, and pluck could have withstood so gloomy an outlook.

Col. Joseph Whipple was the name of this hardy pioneer, and the character of the man can best be understood by the statement that he left a comfortable home among the elite of Portsmouth to penetrate the wildernesses of the northern portion of the state. We are assured that he was comfortably provided with means and his motive could not, therefore, be entirely mercenary. Doubtless, his keen business instincts scented new avenues of trade, but his generosity to those who assisted him in his ventures would indicate a liberal, appreciative nature.

In 1763 a small band had pitched their tents at Lancaster and were constantly increasing their settlement. It was in 1773 that Colonel Whipple selected a choice farming site on the banks of the Siwogannock river, and with the assistance of the laborers he had transported from Portsmouth quickly erected his camp.

Col Joseph Whipple.

Jefferson Village

At this time a path over the mountains was the only feasible entrance, the broad streets and roads of the Jefferson of to-day being undreamed of. History tells us that many of his horses and most of his cattle could only be brought to the settlement by hauling them over the huge rocks by means of ropes and pulleys. But Whipple's attitude never changed, he swerved not from his purpose, and a two-story residence soon rose for his own accommodation, while his stock was cared for in spacious barns.

High School.

Crops throve where forests had stood for years; cooks and female help found their way hither over the rocky path, and then Whipple began the extension of his colony by parceling out the land to his laborers, receiving for rent their produce.

Many of his faithful adherents made Dartmouth their permanent home, several of the leading families to-day in Jefferson being direct descendants of these first settlers. Of these I shall treat later but the development of Dartmouth to the Jefferson which we know must be taken up in historical order.

The first woman to reach the settlement came through the Notch in 1776 to act as servant girl to Colonel Whipple. She devoted her spare time to the study of roots and herbs, attaining fame as a physician, and to-day "Granny Stalbird's" fame is recalled to visitors by a big rock under which she once passed the night when overtaken by a terrific storm on her return from an errand of mercy to another settlement.

Every visitor to Crawford Notch is familiar with the story of Nancy Barton, who perished in 1778, just be-

low the Willey House. Nancy was one of the servants Colonel Whipple transported from her Portsmouth home. She fell in love with one of his laborers, trusting him with her wages, only to be betrayed and deserted just before the time set for her marriage. In a wild frenzy she pursued him through the notch in the dead of winter only to be found frozen stiff by the side of the dead embers of the fire he had kindled a few hours before.

Methodist Church.

John Goffe was the first grantee of Dartmouth, the charter being given on October 3, 1765. Fifty-seven persons were included with him but history fails to state the reasons for its forfeiture soon after. On June 26, 1772, it was again bestowed on seventy persons, and in 1793 a petition was presented to the legislature for the incorporation of the town. This was denied but Colonel Whipple's persistency carried the day three years later, and the territory was incorporated under the title of Jefferson. Whipple's admiration for that statesman was undoubtedly the cause of this appellation. There were about twenty voters and taxpayers at the first town meeting in March, 1798, Colonel Whipple, of course, being the largest taxpayer.

Whipple continued to branch out on business lines, erecting saw and grist-mills at what is now known as Riverton. These were destroyed by fire in 1820. He also purchased land at various times till we find that in 1796 he held the title to the whole town, and at the time of his death he was the owner of 25,000 acres in Jefferson. Naturally all turned to him for encouragement and support, and to him belongs the full credit for the improvements in the roads, the schools, and all public affairs. When grain was scarce, he positively was dumb to the pleadings of all outside his domain, giving his settlers the

Mt. Starr King from Jefferson Highlands.

first care and thought and nothing could change this determination. Space forbids a detailed description of Colonel Whipple's career but I cannot forbear quoting from Hon. Chester B. Jordan's admirable story

Highland House.

of his life read to the New Hampshire Historical Society at its seventy-first annual meeting in Concord in 1893, a few interesting facts in regard to his life:

"We ought to say something of Colonel Whipple's record during the great struggle for American independence. Even at this late day I have heard hints as to his loyalty. On every spot of every page of every history I have searched where his name in this connection is mentioned, I find abundant, overwhelming evidence of his intense patriotism, of his devotion to his country's cause and all her interests. If smaller men sometimes distrusted him, it was because of his superior foresight enabling him to look over their heads, beyond the ken of their vision; and because he could see things they could not, they doubted if they could exist. Men high in civil, political, and military authority trusted in him completely. The committee of safety relied on him to keep his whole section in line, to ward off Indians, keep back Canadian invaders, and arouse and maintain a healthy warlike spirit at home. August 13, 1781, the president of that committee received a letter from General Stark, requesting that his lands near Conway be not sold while he was in the public service, a copy of which letter he at once sent Colonel Whipple that he might look after them. The board of war was often ordered to deliver to him ammunition to be distributed at the points most in need. To him and Colonel Page of Lancaster, at one time were delivered 20 muskets, 200 flints, 100 pounds of powder, 200 pounds of lead, and they were requested to procure provisions and deliver them to the men to be raised for the defense of the western frontier. In 1782 I find an order drawn on him to deliver to Jeremiah Eames of Northumberland, twelve pounds of powder, four pounds of balls, and twenty-four flints. The next year the president of the committee was in correspondence with him as to a continental tax. The legislature not infrequently voted him powder and other means of war from the Portsmouth magazines.

"In 1776 John Hurd wrote President Weare he had a letter from Colonel Whipple desiring two swivel guns for Captain Eames' party in upper Coös. The next year he was on the committee to apply to the Continental agent for firearms; also to inquire into the state of the treasury. In the legislature he was on nearly every important military com-

mittee, and was appointed a commissioner in 1776 to take into consideration the difficulties and grievances subsisting and complained of by sundry towns in the county of Grafton, respecting the then present form of government.

"In 1781 he made a long report containing valuable suggestions as to raising men for the army. About this time he followed on after men who had deserted families and crops in their fear of the Indians and induced them to return. July 28 of that year the committee of safety received information that men from the enemy had taken Colonel Whipple, that he had escaped, that they had carried off his goods, and the committee, therefore, directed that troops be sent to that part of the country as soon as possible. This information was correct, for the colonel was captured in his own house. The place was not unknown to the red men. The house was built near their trail, used for many years in their passage to and from Canada, and from the Saco to the Connecticut river, through the notch. At this time the Indians acted under the direction of the English. Their object was to ascertain the designs and plans of the Americans in this region in respect to their loyalty to the mother country. The colonel had been on good terms with these Indians, and so, suspecting no ill-will, he admitted them to his house, as he had often done before, and ere he was aware of it, he was made a prisoner in his own home. With his usual presence of mind he made no objection to going with them, as requested, but said they must wait a short time for him to change his clothing and get ready.

"In the hurry of the preparation he managed to tell Mrs. Hight, his housekeeper, to take up the attention of his captors with the curiosities of the house, and with eating and drinking. While they were so occupied, he went into his bedroom to change his clothes, as he had told them, and then through the window into the field across the meadow, where he had men at work. He ordered each man to seize a stake from the fence and shoulder it as if it were a gun, and took the lead himself towards his house. The Indians already searching for him, and seeing him in the distance at the head of a company of armed men, as they supposed, hastily seized what stores they could and fled. A Mr. Gotham, long in Mr. Whipple's employ, an Englishman, who has many descendants in Coös and Essex now, saw the Indians as they were making their escape, and sought the forest, crossing the river on a log. The Indians saw him, and fired at him, but missed. The key they turned on Colonel Whipple in

Chapel at Jefferson Highlands.

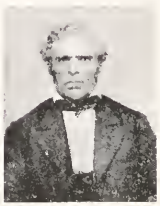
his own house is now in possession of a resident of Coös. This same year, after consulting with Colonel Page and Colonel Whipple, thirty men were raised to serve three months under Colonel Whipple's direction,

and he and Colonel Page were to care for and supply them. They were not needed so long, the colonel thought, and so were discharged. In July of the next year, in compliance with Colonel Whipple's request, the committee sent six or eight men to Dartmouth as a scouting party. He furnished beef and other provisions for the army in large quantities, sometimes to the amount of several thousand dollars' worth."

Among the early settlers with Whipple was James Hight, a ship carpenter from Portsmouth, who was his first agent. His residence was lived principally on their produce, on the fish from the streams, which at that time bore trout whose size would make many an angler of to-day jump with delight, and on the meat of moose, deer, and bear which were very plentiful.

Samuel Plaisted, mentioned above, was the father of the late B. H. Plaisted, for years one of the most respected residents of Jefferson, and the grandfather of Philip C. Plaisted of the present Plaisted House.

The Plaisted name is full of honor, and the most distinguished lustre was shed upon it by that gallant son of



David Hicks.

B. H. Plaisted.

Hon. Harris M. Plaisted.

almost opposite what is now known as Sunnyside cottage. His daughter, who married John Garland, was the first child born in the town. Eleazer Dennison succeeded Hight as agent, and in turn was followed by Samuel Plaisted. John Holmes settled here in 1797, the Waumbek being now located on his lot. William Ingerson, Samuel Hart, John Marden, Benjamin Hicks, Capt. James Ryder, William Danforth, and Lazarus Holmes were other early residents, and we are told that four families spent one winter in a small, log house. Their sufferings and hardships can better be imagined than described. They

Jefferson, the late Hon. Harris M. Plaisted, of Maine, who was a member of congress and governor of that state, and who in the Civil War won a general's stars and undying fame in the conduct of the siege of Charleston. His distinguished professional success in the law, moreover, gave him added claim to preferment.

James Hight has many descendants in town, Colonel Whipple leaving him and his wife his Mount Plenty farm as a reward for their long and faithful service. David Hicks, who will be remembered by many of the present generation in Jefferson and who lived to almost reach the century mark,

was the son of the Benjamin Hicks spoken of. David Hicks's daughter married Hon. Nathan R. Perkins, at present Jefferson's most distinguished citizen.

Jefferson is deeply indebted to Hon. Nathan R. Perkins for most of its present prosperity, and his untiring energy on its behalf is worthy of extended notice. He was the son of David K. and Margaret (Runnels) Perkins, and was born in Middleton on December 13, 1828. His early years were spent on the farm, in the mills, and at stone work in Manchester. He next settled in Lancaster where he became proficient in blacksmithing. His spare time was spent in study and he formed for his employer, L. M. Rosebrook, an undying friendship.

L. M. Rosebrook.

N. R. Perkins.

Prof. T. S. C. Lowe

In 1852, he and Rosebrook undertook the construction of a hotel on the summit of Mount Washington, and in May of that year they commenced their difficult enterprise. All the lumber had to be transported from Jefferson on horseback, and the obstacles to be overcome would be insurmountable to any but men of their stamp. Joseph S. Hall was taken into partnership, and two months later the "Summit House," as they designated it, was opened to the public. It was increased in size the following year, which Mr. Perkins passed on the top in charge. In February, 1854, he disposed of his interest and purchased of Mr. Rosebrook the farm where he now dwells. In 1860 he became the owner of Whipple's former mill property at Riverton, and at once rebuilt the mills, opened a starch factory, and carried on the business with success for a score of years. In 1872 Mr. Perkins surveyed and laid out the Whitefield and Jefferson railroad and since that time has been actively interested in the Brown Lumber Company at Whitefield, superintending the construction of its lumber railroad, constructing camps, and personally supervising every detail of its large business.

In politics a staunch Democrat, Mr. Perkins has represented the town in the legislature for five terms; has held all the important town offices; was county commissioner for five years; was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876; a member of the executive councils of Governors Straw and Weston; was a delegate to the National Democratic convention of 1868; has been a delegate to many state and county con-

Riverton.

ventions; and was the chief factor in opening up the road from Dummer to Errol along the Androscoggin.

His only son, Manasah R. Perkins, was for many years express agent and conductor on the Whitefield & Jefferson railroad, leaving to become superintendent of the Waumbek Hotel property for the Jefferson Hotel & Land Company. In addition, for the past two seasons he has managed The Jefferson, the property of that concern.

Jefferson has given to the world a distinguished scientist in Prof. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Lowe, who was born here in 1832, early developed a fondness for chemistry and other kindred studies. When of age, he undertook the study of medicine and followed it for some years. It was not to his liking, however, and in 1857 he commenced the study of aeronautics, making numerous ascents in different parts of the country. In 1859 he completed the largest aerostat ever constructed and made many successful trips with it. Professor Lowe established the taking of meteorological observations from high altitudes by means of balloons and communicating the results by telegraph to a bureau in Washington. During the Civil War he was at the head of an aeronautic corps, which was formed at his instigation and which furnished valuable information about the movements of the Rebels. Professor Lowe has been very successful with numerous inventions. In 1867 he devised and introduced an ice machine for refrigeration and the manufacture of ice, and from 1872 to 1875 he developed his famous water-gas process for illumination purposes. In later years his most important enterprise has been the development of the railroad from Altadena to Mount Lowe in Pasadena, Cal. Electricity and an endless cable are employed on this road which winds around some of the most dangerous precipices and in which much skilled engineering was called for. He has erected a handsome opera house there, owns a magnificent mansion, and has laid

Pliny Range House

out a host of mountain paths. He is a man of incalculable genius and of untiring energy, while his home has been blessed with a charming wife and an equally charming family. His brother, C. E. Lowe, is the present proprietor of the Mount Crescent House, Randolph, and a famous White Mountain guide.

Summer Home of James R. Carter, Jefferson Highlands.

Pages could be filled with Jefferson's early history but space demands abbreviation and its modern condition must be related. The village of to-day is a complete transformation from that of early years, man combining with Nature to produce one of the most attractive villages in the region. The forest lands are replaced with verdant meadows, and the primitive log cabins sink into insignificance beside the present dwellings, the magnificent hotels, and the luxurious homes of wealthy city people. But those glorious mountains still stand in all their majesty, the hand of time having skipped lightly by them. The narrow mountain path has been superseded by beautiful avenues and the moose and bear have disappeared before the march of civilization. The timid deer, however, still have their accustomed haunts here, and the streams are yet productive of trout.

It was Starr King who first suggested the erection of the famous Waumbek Hotel, and it was he who first gave to the world that beautiful description of the White hills. Starr King was a devoted admirer of Jefferson, an enthusiast over its wealth of scenery, summing up his feelings in this paragraph: "It may, without exaggeration, be called the ultima thule of grandeur in an artist's pilgrimage among the New Hampshire mountains, for at no other point can he see the White hills themselves in such array and force." The house where he resided here is still pointed out with pride by the inhabitants.

No visitor here will dispute his statement. The full strength and grandeur of the Presidential range is at once apparent. There is nothing to obstruct the view which is en-

The Mountains from E. A. Crawford's.

hanced by its superb setting of forest, intervale, and valley in the midst of which, like sparkling jewels, are a host of beautiful residences inhabited by wealthy city people who find the same enjoyment as Starr King. Nature has been lavish with her gifts and man has been liberal with appreciation. Brooks babble soothing music, zephyrs murmur sweet lullabies, and the massive peaks present new phases of character every day. On a clear day, the toiling, panting train, with its precious freight of humanity, ascending Mount Washington is plainly discernible with the naked eye, while the array of peaks that catches the eye in every direction is a notable one. But it is far better to let such noted writers as Starr King, Drake, and Julius Ward tell their impressions than for me to attempt it.

This is Starr King's description: "And now let us take a ride towards the village of Jefferson. Can anything be more fascinating than those ripples of shadow that flow down the twin peaks of Madison and Adams, chased by flushes of sunshine, which again are followed by thin waves of gloom? Let the horse walk as slowly as he will while we feast on this thrilling unsteadiness of vesture that wanders and widens from pinnacle to base. Ride on, till summit after summit of the White Mountain chain comes out, and then return facing their broad fortresses of forest crowned with naked rock. Notice how the shadows spot them alternately, so that Washington and Adams are kindled into light, while Madison and Jefferson are black-muzzled with darkness. Look at the flashes of sunlight on the hills that turn acres of the clean-washed wilderness into patches of shining satin. Watch that deep shadow drop from a burly cloud to spread a velvet cloak on the mountain. Look off, now, as the village of Jefferson lies at your feet, and see the Green mountains, the Pliny hills, the Franconia range, stand up as exhibition figures to show off the deep furs, the silky lights, the velvets, brown, blue, and

blue-black, that are woven out of the sky looms to-day, to invest them.

"Jefferson Hill (Goodell's) may, without exaggeration, be called the *ultima thule* of grandeur in an artist's pilgrimage among the New Hampshire mountains, for at no other point can he see the White hills themselves in such array and force. This view has other qualifications to justify such a claim. The distance is happily fitted, not only to display the confederated strength of the chain, but also to reveal in the essential marks of form and texture the noblest character of the separate mountains. As we have said also, the smaller Franconia group rises farther away in front, separated from them by the dark bulk of Cherry mountain in mid-ground; and on the right hand the savanna that stretches along the Connecticut presents a landscape contrast of a magnitude and distinctness rarely met with."

The Rev. Julius H. Ward says this of Jefferson:

"Jefferson hill repeats the attractions of Bethlehem, with a difference. Bethlehem is some twenty miles from the Mount Washington range; Jefferson hill is perhaps half as far. The greater nearness increases the clearness with which the ravines and shoulders are traced on its western slopes, and the whole number of the peaks, with possibly the exception of Madison at one or two points, is within reach of the eye. The distance is so great that the awful breaks in the mountain sides, which inspire awe and terror at the glen, are less apparent, and the cliffs and crags are far less imposing than when they impend almost over your head. The notable feature of the Presidential range from this point is its grandeur. It fills the eye with joy. It thrills one with the sense of power, almost of sublimity. It does not restrain the imagination, but rather gives it wings. The peaks of the Franconia mountains are at a remoter distance, and to the right of Cherry mountain, which occupies the middle ground of the picture, the Twins and Lafayette are raised up to an imposing height against the blue. The valley that

Path on The Waumbek Grounds

THE

lies in front is a part of Jefferson, and slopes down from the highlands with graceful curves till it meets the low peaks that lie in front of the southern part of the Presidential range. Bethlehem lies high up on the tablelands to the southwest, but Jefferson to the north and Jefferson highlands farther east have a commanding situation.

"There is always joy and life in this outlook. The mountains are at such a distance that one is neither familiar with them nor quite where they appeal with full force to the imagination, and yet they are near enough to kindle one with joy during every wakeful moment. The whole situation is attractive. The height is such that the valley adds to the effect of the mountain ranges, and gives the sense of freedom, with just a hint of its limitations. It is the place of all others in the region where a sunset becomes a revelation of glory. The situation is such that the effect of the light upon the Presidential peaks and upon the valley below is enjoyed from a side elevation. It is like seeing a picture on the walls of a room. It is objective; you are not too near it. Never are the displays repeated so that one can remember them. Sunsets are like dreams, they are ethereal and do not abide in the mind. But at Jefferson Hill, and also at Jefferson Highlands, which is five miles nearer the range, they take on a majesty and grandeur that are in keeping with the mountain glory. The entire landscape is

David B. Plumer.

WAUMBEK.

alive with the sunbeams. The huge peaks are invested with flashes of color that change every moment and open their sides and kiss their summits and awaken their emotions. It is the great coloring of great realities. The real is lost for a moment in the ideal. It is as if the whole range were on fire with flashes of flame mounting to the sky; it is as if the clouds had lent their glory to the earth; the landscape is resplendent and glows and thrills with its strange investiture of atmospheric charm. It is as if the latent powers of Nature leaped for joy in unexpected freedom. The stillness that succeeds this enchantment is not unlike the deep silence of night at the glen or in the depths of the mountain wilderness, and when the ravishment of the sunset is over, it is not unwelcome to the aroused and excited sensibilities.

"There is a special charm in watching Adams, and Jefferson, and Washington on a clear afternoon when the sky is full of cumulus and feathery clouds. My favorite place for this is in a pasture half a mile east of the Waumbek House on the Pliny range, where there is nothing to intercept the view, and the elevation is such that the distant peaks, blackened and broken by ridge and ravine, yet always grandly imposing, stand out in

The Jefferson.

Starr King Cottage.

their full magnificence and beauty. Many an hour have I spent among the sheep and cattle in this pasture, leaning against one of the few trees spared in the clearing of the forest and watching the cloud shadows on the backs of the great range. The clouds sail over the valley with the movement of generous idleness that belongs to a ship under full sail at sea, and seems to be only a part of the sky, which is their natural home, but the moment they strike the region of the mountains they begin to move in negatives of their forms up the terrible ravines and over their gigantic limbs, and wake them from their ancient repose as a great mastiff is awakened by a passing noise and manifests his power without using it."

Samuel Adams Drake in "The Heart of the White Mountains," gives this description of Jefferson:

"Like Bethlehem, Jefferson lies reposing in mid-ascent of a mountain. Here the resemblance ends. The mountain above it is higher, the valley beneath more open, permitting an unimpeded view up and down. The hillside upon which the clump of hotels is situated makes no steep plunge into the valley, but inclines gently down to the banks of the river. Instead of crowding upon and jostling each other, the mountains forming opposite sides of this valley remain tranquilly in the alignment they were commanded not to overstep.

"The confusion there is reduced to admirable order here; the smooth slopes, the clean lines, the ample views, the roominess, so to speak, of the landscape, indicate that everything has been done without haste, with precision, and without deviation from the original plan, which contemplated a paradise upon earth.

"Issuing from the wasted sides of Mount Jefferson and Mount Adams, Israel's river runs a short northwesterly course of fifteen miles into the Connecticut at Lancaster. This beautiful stream receives its name from Israel Glines, a hunter, who frequented these regions long before the settlement of the country. The road

Fisk Cottage.

from Lancaster to Gorham follows the northern highlands of its valley to its head, then crossing the dividing ridge which separates its waters from those of Moose river, descends this stream to the Androscoggin at Gorham.

"On the north side Starr King mountain rises 2,400 feet above the valley and 3,800 feet above the sea. On the south side Cherry mountain lifts itself 3,670 feet higher than the tide-level. These two mountains form the broad basin through which Israel's river flows for more than half its course. The village of Jefferson Hill lies on the southern slope of Starr King, and, of course, on the north side of the valley. Cherry mountain, the most prominent object in the foreground, is itself a fine mountain study. It looks down through the great notch, greeting Chocorua. It is conspicuous from any elevated point north of the Franconia group—from Fabyan's, Bethlehem, Whitefield, Lancaster, etc. Owl's Head is a conspicuous protuberance of this mountain. Over the right shoulder of Cherry mountain stand the great Franconia peaks, and to the right of these, its buildings visible, is Bethlehem. Now look up the valley.

"We see that we have taken one step nearer the northern wing of the great central edifice whose snowy dome dominates New England. We are advancing as if to turn this magnificent battleline of Titans, on whose right Madison stands in an attitude to repel assault. Adams next erects his sharp lance, Jefferson his shining crescent, Washington his broad buckler, and Monroe his twin crags against the sky. Jefferson as the nearest stands boldly forward, showing its tremendous ravines and long supporting ridges with great distinctness. Washington loses something of its grandeur here,—at least, it is not the most striking object; that must be sought for among the sable-sided giants standing at his right hand. The southern peaks being foreshortened show only an irregular and flattened outline which we do not look at a second time. From Madison to Lafayette, our two rallying points, the distance can hardly be less than forty miles; as the eye travels, the entire circuit it is able to trace cannot fall short of seventy or eighty miles. As at Bethlehem, the view out of the valley is chiefly remarkable for its contrast with every other feature.

Before the Hunt.

"I took a peculiar satisfaction in these views they were so ample, so extensive, so impressive. Here you really feel as if the whole noble company of mountains were marshalled solely for your delighted inspection. At no other point is there such un-

measured gratification in seeing, because the eye roves without hindrance over the grandest summits, placed like the capitol at the head of its magnificent avenue. It alights first on one pinnacle, then flits to another. It interrogates these immortal structures with a calm scrutiny. It dives into the cool ravines; it seeks to penetrate, like the birds, the profound silence of the forests; it toils slowly up the broken crags, or loiters by the cascades, hanging like athletes from the dizzy brinks; it shrinks, it admires, it questions; it is grave, gay, or thoughtful by turns. I do not believe the man lives, who, looking up to those mountains as in the face of the Deity, can deliberately utter a falsehood; the lie would choke him.

"Furthermore you get the best idea of height here, because the long amphitheatre of mountains is seen steadily growing in stature toward the great central group, and comparison is, by all odds, the best of teachers for the eye."

With the advent of the Jefferson Hotel & Land Company began an era of progress and improvement which has transformed the Waumbek Hotel from a common boarding house to one of the most luxurious and handsomely appointed hotel establishments in the country. It has been increased and enlarged and since last summer has just received a costly annex, and a large sum has been expended in the most beautiful decorations ever seen in a resort hotel. Mr. David B. Plumer, its present manager, has labored unceasingly to attain this result and must feel highly gratified at his success, although his characteristic modesty would give no indication of it.

The change in the hotel has been followed by a natural consequence of a first-class resort, a cottage colony. Mr. Samuel D. Davis, of Lakewood, N. J., for many years treasurer of the company, was one of the first to construct a summer residence here, and he has been followed by Hon. Charles J. Fisk of Plainfield, N. J., the present president, Rev. Harris Ely Adriance of New York, and Dr. W. G. Schauffler of Lakewood, N. J. All are worthy homes, all architecturally handsome and luxuriously furnished.

A number of cottages were also erected by the hotel company and are always occupied during the summer months. The company also purchased the Starr King House and the Jefferson Hill House, the latter known to-day as The Jefferson, renovated them, and placed both under their management. Jefferson has a flourishing golf club and a fine nine hole course, and is to-day a most worthy bearer of the illustrious statesman's name.

LOVER'S LEAP.

AN ABORIGINAL LEGEND OF SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Edward W. Wild.

LIKE a lustrous diamond set amid emeralds, cool and pellucid, Lake Munson, of the Cheshire hills in southern New Hampshire, bursts on the stranger's admiring view of a calm day in spring, precipitous rock faces afford picturesque variety and idyllic beauty, with much of wildness, but without hints of grandeur. Thick woods of beeches, birches, maples, and conifers fringe the water everywhere, while fertile farms and delightful

Lake Munson.

summer, or early autumn! Few mountain lake regions are more singularly blest than this. The comparatively high altitude affords the most exhilarating effects, and the great natural beauty of the spot is hardly anywhere excelled, the contour of the miniature lake being of itself an artist's despair. The graceful bends and indentations, smooth stretches of sandy beach, and few groves grace the farther slopes of the watershed.

The locality is ideal in its rustic natural beauty, its very limitations in ground dimensions immensely enhancing its attractions. And, most charming feature of all, seclusion still prevails to a degree.

A beautiful wooded island near the northern extremity of the lake, with a striking escarpment of granite, is

Lake Munson.

associated with a tragic Indian legend, which lends an air of sad enchantment to the locality. The pile of igneous rock presents a façade of about forty feet sheer from the dark water of the lake. From the mythical tale the popular name, "Lovers' Rock," has been derived.

Many years prior to the French and Indian War the adventurous French Canadian voyagers, hunters, and trappers had penetrated the deep forest solitudes of New England. Every Indian village knew and welcomed these jolly renegades, who placed themselves on terms of equality with their more dusky companions. Community of interest, and similarity of tastes, and knowledge precluded treachery in most cases, and the Canucks often proved valuable allies in the tribal wars.

Not seldom a bronze maiden was taken from her father's tepee to grace the Frenchman's cabin, but not every Canadian adventurer who loved the wild life of the forests and the Indian camps was content to wed a brown warrior's daughter.

Hanoket, a powerful sachem of the Wampanoags, had chosen the thickly wooded islet at the head of Lake Munson for his home during the declining patriarchal years, and there had pitched his tepee and planted his elaborate totem pole, surrounded by the more congenial members of his sub-tribe, the Squakheogs, who roamed many miles south down the valley of the Ashuelot.

In the semi-solitude of the islet, little Manomish, the sachem's favorite daughter, budded—a graceful sylph, unspoiled and unsophisticated. Yet no moccasined foot of dusky maid glided so soft and still through the dark forest depths not to alarm the wild citizens, and scarcely a buck of all the warrior band could firmer ply the silent paddle guiding the shapely canoe.

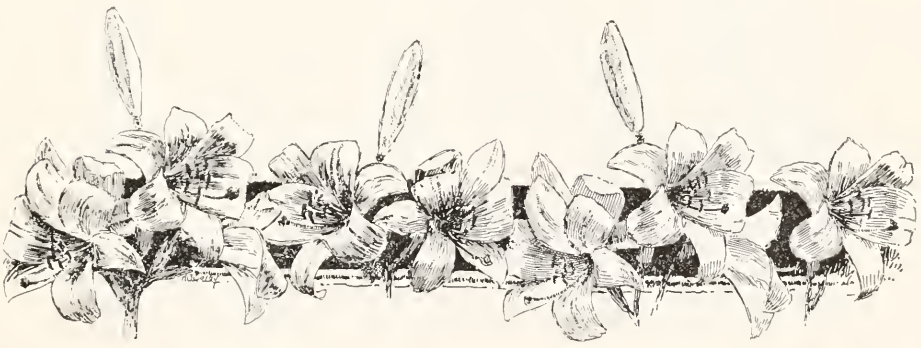
Le Clair, a trader from far away Mount Royal, had long been a welcome guest at Hokanoket's hut, and

never failed to bring some rare gift of beads or gaudy fabric for Mamomish. And one day he brought gay young Antoine, his son, who quickly became enamoured of the maiden. Trade prospered with their elders, who, in the half concealment of peace-bearing smoke clouds, hardly seemed to note the rapturous glances of the dark-eyed Mamomish and her lover.

But when the day for the Canadian's departure arrived he was astounded at the lad's cool request, that he be allowed to carry away Mamomish for his bride. Le Clair was stern and inexorable, risking even the displeasure of the old sachem rather than permit such a mesalliance. So, in silence, with little ceremony, they departed.

That night the cold November moon stealing over the hilltops revealed old Hokanoket musing before his tepee, a striking monument against the forest-fringed background of hill and shore. In the foreground the dark water of the lake gleamed in the half-light ominously sombre.

A wail, low and piercing at first and rising in intensity from the semblance of a wind soughing through the pines to the weird cry of some wild creature of the forest, startled the old man from his reverie. His eagle eye with quick glance fixed on the author of the fearsome notes of despair, Mamomish, the maiden, standing with outstretched arms on the crest of the rocky eminence above their tepee. Once more the wailing notes rose on the clear night air, then a figure flashing downwards in the soft, lunar light, one great splash, a flying of spray, and fair Mamomish had sought and found her Lethe.



WILLIAM HENRY SAWYER

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN OF MARK.

III.

WILLIAM HENRY SAWYER.

By G. A. Cheney.

THE Ammonoosuc river in its wild, impetuous haste to mingle its waters with those of the greater Connecticut, creates by its rapid and tumultuous descent a vast hydraulic power, which, from the time of the first settlers in the territory, through which the turbulent river runs, has been employed to turn the wheels and operate the machinery of innumerable saw and lumber mills. For years these mills have been, as they are to-day, a chief factor in the material life of the region through which the Ammonoosuc picks its way and in one there was gained by a young employé, and not so very many years ago, a knowledge and a comprehension of the possibilities of the lumber interests, which, wisely acted upon and directed, has led to a success so great as to be signal and exceptional even in this land and day of great commercial triumphs.

Sawyer Homestead, Bath, N. H.

The employé of the lumber mill in his native town of Bath, of less than thirty years ago, was William Henry Sawyer, now a resident of the city of Worcester, Mass., and whose transactions in lumber and its kindred interests have been of such extent and magnitude as to make his name a familiar one in the lumber marts of the entire country.

He was born August 8, 1843, the son of Hiram Dow and Johanna Hurd (Johnson) Sawyer, the third in a family of six boys and three girls. Of these nine children, one daughter and two sons died in their youth. Dorchester and Wentworth, both in New Hampshire, were the respective birthplaces of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram D. Sawyer. Practically all their entire married life was passed in Bath, their home a family estate located one and a quarter miles southwest of the village. He died in 1882 and she in 1895, since which later date the homestead has been sold.

Both parents of the subject of this sketch were descended from an early New England ancestry, and the grandfather of Mrs. Sawyer was a gallant soldier in the War of the Revolution. Hiram D. Sawyer was a man of intense activity and keenest

judgment. Like many other New Hampshire men of his day he pursued the dual industries of farming and lumbering, and up to the latest days of his life he kept his affairs moving and advancing after the manner of the typical New Hampshire man of progress, and the power and influence of whose lives are seen and repeated in the lives of their children, acting in that wider field, whose limits are alone those of the entire country. Not only did he become the owner of large tracts of timber land in the adjoining town of Landaff but he cleared these acres of their trees and manufactured the lumber in his own mill built on the banks of the Ammonoosuc, and it was in this mill that the son William Henry gained his first insight and experience in the lumber industry, beginning when eight years old by bunching shingles.

The appearance of young Sawyer as a more permanent employé in the saw and lumber mill of his father was after he had passed the successive grades of the Bath common schools and had taken a year's course in the seminary located across the Connecticut river from Bath in Newbury, Vt. The success of Mr. Sawyer in the years since his school days were numbered, and the positions he has attained in all the many phases of life with which he has become identified, are a splendid tribute to the practical worth of that knowledge which he was able to gain in the district schools of his native town. It was the kind of education that has served him well, and to-day in the city of Worcester, famed as it is for its institutions of highest education, and the marked intellectual attainments of its people, Mr. Sawyer is justly esteemed for the breadth and scope of his mental culture and equipment. His education, as is always that of the so styled New England district school, is of the kind the world finds use for, as it enables its possessor to perform the work the world wants done.

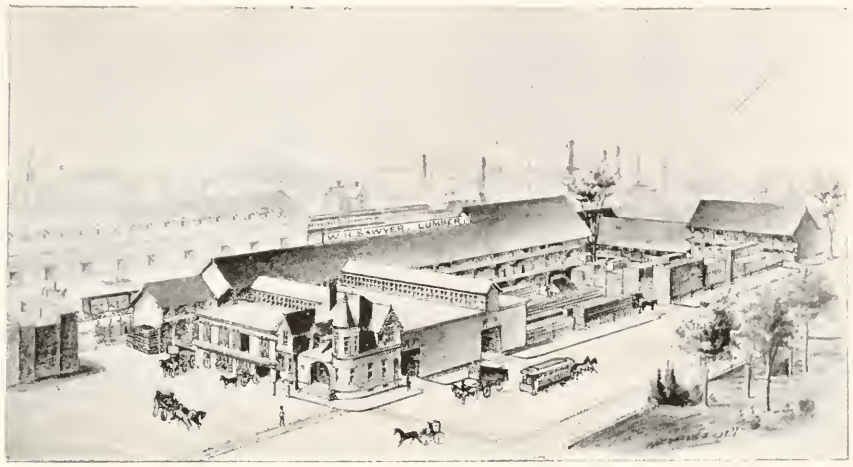
Perhaps the most marked of all the many desirable innate and acquired traits seen in Mr. Sawyer's personality, is that characteristic, quality, gift, or whatever else it is, called the initiative. It has always been his to see the hidden or latent power or opportunity in this or that measure, way, or movement. The possession of this quality of the initiative, as a rule, means brilliant success or dismal failure before one has gone far in a chosen career. The father of Mr. Sawyer urged him to remain in his native Bath and be contented with what was already established as a business and the prospects of its maintenance, even if the outlook for any particular extension was not especially promising. The son, however, was not satisfied with what was, but was ambitious and restless to create some new and larger channel through which to buy and sell the lumber of the world. The lumber, shingles, lathes, and the like, made in his father's mills, were sold in Boston, Providence, Springfield, and other New England cities.

At the age of twenty-one he, in company with his older brother, Albert J., bought the lumber mill of his father, and for five years continued its operation. In these five years Mr. Sawyer, by his often acting as salesman, became acquainted with the leading cities of Massa-

chusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, but of them all he liked Worcester the best and believed he saw in it the best opportunity for the establishment of a lumber trade. The desire to enter a large business field became so strong that the year 1869, just twenty-nine years ago, saw his departure from Bath for the city of Worcester. The step was contrary to the advice of his father, and it led him into a community of strangers and into a business competition of the keenest nature. His first business effort in Worcester was as the copartner of another and older person than himself. The copartnership continued for one year, at the close of which Mr. Sawyer retired from the firm, because of the existence of unsatisfactory conditions.

The beginning of Mr. Sawyer's second year in Worcester saw him as the junior partner in a new lumber firm, this also consisting of himself and one other, a man older in years and of much longer experience in the lumber business. This second copartnership, however, continued for only three months, when it was dissolved by mutual consent. When this second dissolution occurred the senior Mr. Sawyer came down from New Hampshire and was not slow in reminding his son of the parental advice to stay at home and care for a business already firmly established.

The words of his father served only to nettle the pride of Mr. Sawyer, and he at once became more determined than ever to keep at it as he had begun.



Office and Yard, Worcester, Mass.

His third move in Worcester to start in the lumber business was on his sole account, and as events speedily proved, no wiser step, or one more prolific of brilliant results, was ever taken by a young man. He secured as a business location a place on Lincoln street which he has ever since retained, later purchasing it and greatly increasing its area by successive purchases and adding in material extent to its facilities. Mr. Sawyer's lumber sales from the Wor-

cester office are of such magnitude as to make it one of the largest lumber distributing points in New England, yet his Worcester business represents but a part of his annual transactions in lumber.

Mr. Sawyer began business on the very threshold of that era, beginning in 1873 and continuing without interruption until 1893, which marks twenty years of the greatest financial or material prosperity that this or any other country has ever known in a like space of time. In business alone he could plan and carry out his own campaign, and it was at this time that he had opportunity to employ for success or failure his splendid gift as it has proved, of initiative. He saw at the outset that the New England trade desired other classes or qualities of lumber than those made within its own territory, and to supply this demand he went into the rich and immense timber regions of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

On the occasions of his first visits to the middle West he had but little money, and was wholly unknown to the trade. He told the western lumbermen that he could sell their lumber for them but that they must sell to him on credit. There was that about the young merchant from the East that inspired confidence, and Mr. Sawyer returned home with his desired purchases. As fast as a carload was turned into cash he remitted to his creditors and he adhered so strictly to this policy of quick sales and like payments that it was not long before he had established a credit that enabled him to buy more lumber than his Worcester market could consume. On one of his trips

Section Tonawanda Lumber Yards.

West, in less than six years after he had started in business for himself, he bought one hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth of lumber on time.

The commercial world so far as this country was concerned was moving along at a tremendous pace, and Mr. Sawyer recognizing its full import kept in touch with the new demands that came into existence as the result of this phenomenal material progress. The one hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth of lumber was soon sold and paid for, leaving a margin that was a snug fortune in itself. Like huge purchases, some amounting to half a million dollars, followed in quick succession, and one morning, as it were, and after he had been in business for less than a decade, Mr. Sawyer awoke to find himself what the world calls a rich man.

Quick to grasp the conditions governing all the varied phases of the lumber trade he was always among the first to enter new fields, to recognize new fancies and demands of the trade. When the whitewood of Ohio and Indiana began to grow scarce he was the first among Eastern lumber operators to go into Kentucky and Tennessee and secure cargoes of this popular finishing wood and a pur-

chase of his became the first Tennessee whitewood to find its way into New England. He found markets for great quantities of the peerless hardwoods of Indiana as well as for the peerless white pine of the lower and upper peninsulars of Michigan.

It was not so very many years after Mr. Sawyer became a merchant on his own account before he found New England an inadequate market for the disposal of the lumber he had opportunity to buy in all sections of the country. His personality, his business methods, and his never erring

Section Tonawanda Lumber Yards

comprehension of the trade conditions commended him to western operators who urged upon him their products. The problem with Mr. Sawyer was, Where can I dispose of this lumber I can buy in the West? The qualities of originality and individuality are Mr. Sawyer's to a high degree. He has never followed in some one else's footsteps but, realizing the conditions of each succeeding day, he has acted in harmony with them. In his business methods he has ever been a man of to-day; never of yesterday. Thus it was when the chance to buy more lumber than he could sell in the New England market presented itself, he solved the problem in the decision to establish a distributing depot in Tonawanda, N. Y., at the head of Lake Erie. Events quickly proved the wisdom of this step for the advantages of the position gave him easy communication with the Great lakes and all points in the country by rail and canal. Henceforth he had the whole country for a market.

After ten years his business in Tonawanda attained a magnitude that made assistance in its management desirable, and he organized the William H. Sawyer Lumber Company for the conduct of the Tonawanda business alone. The yards at this place have a dock one thousand feet in length, and there is established a planing mill, one of the largest in the country, with capacity of three hundred thousand feet of lumber per day. For the lake carrying trade he built the steamer, *William H. Sawyer*, and two consorts. Each of the three has a capacity of nine hundred thousand feet of lumber or a total for the fleet of two million seven hundred thousand feet of boards, which are carried from points on the different lakes to the monster yards at Tonawanda, which have a capacity of thirty million feet of lumber.

Steamship "William H. Sawyer.

CITY HALL, WORCESTER, MASS. *Photo. by Shaljan.*

The business venture at Tonawanda proved exceptionally successful. Mr. Sawyer in forming the company furnished practically all the capital, but both of his partners were given interests that have since made them rich men.

From time to time Mr. Sawyer has dealt extensively in southern lumber, and at one time was the financial head of a lumber firm in North Carolina. He has made extensive inspections of the forest areas of the states on the Pacific slope and is familiar with the timber wealth of the American continent. Because of his knowledge and experience along these lines he is a favorite speaker before boards of trade and kindred associations.

Up to within a matter of four or five years Mr. Sawyer devoted all his time and energies to the development of his lumber interests, but one day the Worcester papers announced his purchase of a valuable piece of Main street real estate, which transaction proved only the first of several important purchases, and hardly two years had passed from the date of the first purchase before he was the owner of a million dollars' worth of real estate on Main street.

This thoroughfare is the principal commercial street in the city of Worcester, indeed, so far as business is concerned, Main street is Worcester. A very material portion of his property on this street is in a single area and right in the centre of the busiest section of the city. The rapidity and extent of his real estate transactions is another illustration of the quickness and clearness of his business perceptions. His last purchase of Main street realty is a property which must inevitably remain the most valuable commercial property in Worcester.

While the city of Worcester esteems and appreciates Mr. Sawyer for his tact and ability, and because of his success in carrying to a successful issue all of his many and great business undertakings, this esteem and appreciation is equally as great because of the qualities and characteristics of the man and citizen. Sincerity is a part of his very nature and this and kindred traits have led the people of Worcester to place the utmost confidence in his integrity and disinterestedness. He is emphatically a man of the people, always in closest touch, sympathy, and harmony with the best sentiments of the community. The faith of the people of Worcester in his judgment and discretion is, in its measure, absolute and entire. While quick in his decisions his actions are yet singularly free from impulse, and their fruition always indicates prescient comprehension. His personality has additional interest in the fact that he is never subject to varying and doubtful moods. He is the same to-day as yesterday, sincere, genial, unaffected, and never else than courteous. A smile lights up his countenance and there is a pleasing twinkling of the eyes, both of which peculiarities are as natural as his life itself. There is not the slightest trace of affectation about the man nor of ostentation in the method of his living. Yet he is always dignified, sensible, straightforward, and manly. New Hampshire has every reason to be proud of him as he certainly is of his native state.

Mr. Sawyer has never sought political place or preferment, but his fellow citizens have urged him to

accept positions it was theirs to offer. His party affiliations have always been with the Republicans, and as a member of that party he served for a single term of two years as an alderman in the Worcester city government in 1888–'89. He declined a reëlection.

His popularity and appreciation have been such that the people of Worcester would gladly have made him the chief executive of the city at any opportunity in the past ten years could he have been prevailed upon to accept. He was induced to accept an appointment as a member of the Worcester Parks commission, and as such the care and development of North park, one of the chain of eight which encircles the city, was assigned him.

But the most recent and conspicuous office to which he has been elected by his fellow-citizens is that of chairman of the commission of three to build Worcester's new city hall, the dedication of which was in April of this year. The commission, however, is still in existence, it not having completed quite all the details incident to the construction of this magnificent municipal building.

His election as a member of the commission was by a practically unanimous vote, and came without the slightest solicitation on his part. With his acceptance of the office he threw his whole energy and thought into the work, giving such conscientious service to the city, that not a word of adverse criticism of his management of the work has ever been publicly expressed. The appropriation for the structure was six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Unlike the history of the construction of most public works, the Worcester City Hall commission did not make the cost of the building exceed the amount of the appropriation but instead built it for twenty-three thousand dollars less. Not only this, but

The Family Group.

the commission completed a building better in many respects than the plans of the architects, Peabody & Stearns, Boston, called for, or that the contractors, Norcross Brothers, Worcester, stipulated at the beginning to construct.

On the occasion of the dedication of the building Mr. Sawyer was assigned a prominent part by virtue of his position as chairman of the commission.

Socially Mr. Sawyer is a decided favorite whether on the street or in the lodge or society room. He is a member and vice-president of the Worcester Society of Antiquity, a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a member of various other associations. He is a director of the First National bank of Worcester, and a member and director of the local board of trade and builders' exchange. He is a member of Plymouth Congregational church and active in affairs of both church and society.

He has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Sylvania T., daughter of Dwight T. Child of Bath, whom he married in 1870. She died in Worcester in 1872. One child, which died in infancy, was born of this marriage. The present Mrs. Sawyer was Miss Fannie A. Weld of Worcester, whom he married in 1874. Their children are Alice Louisa, wife of Ralph H. B. Morgan, of the Morgan Construction company, Worcester; Anna Weld, a recent graduate from a prominent New York school; Helen Josephine; Gertrude May; and one son, William Henry, Jr.

The town residence is on Lincoln street, and is an attractive and spacious home, which he built in 1886. In addition to the city residence there is a farm and country home in the adjoining town of Shrewsbury, and here the family pass a large portion of the summer.

He has always been exceedingly fond of travel and his journeyings for pleasure and entertainment include two extensive tours of Great Britain and the continent, to Cuba and neighboring islands, and to Mexico.

At his present age of fifty-four, Mr. Sawyer is in the full vigor of a robust manhood with the brightest prospect of continued success and an exceptionally eventful career.

AFTER THE STORM.

[From the German of Bodenstadt.]

By Mary H. Wheeler.

First was the roll of thunder—
  Cloud battles flashing light,
And now this magic wonder,
  The silent, blessed night.

She came, and the rest-destroyer
  That rioted in the day,
Has fled, like a vanquished warrior,
  From his conquering queen away.

The glass-like waters quiver,
  Reflecting heavenly glints.
The sky on the rolling river
  Its starry seal imprints.

On the far horizon faintly
  The lightning flames still leap,
As dreams in the brain will quaintly
  Leap forth at the edge of sleep.

TO MY FRIEND.

By Frank Henry Noyes.

One quivering shaft struck slant across the world, and was no more,
  Then twilight fell; while we spoke on till hushed words died,
And silence spoke in deeper converse of the mind; and o'er
  My heart strings, throbbing with your own, did glide
The harmony of your great soul, grown strong
  Through years by mellowing sorrow sanctified. Nor had
It ceased, when, all my being echoing back the song,
  I rose, to dream that night the deeds of Galahad.

IN LONELINESS.

By Laura Garland Carr.

How still the old gray house! How very still!
No voice, no step, no sound of work or play!
Each door is locked above its deep, warm sill,
Each window curtained from the summer day.

The creeping grasses over-run the walks,
Crowd close about the door steps, rank and tall,
The wild birds nest among the weedy stalks,
Black hornets glue their mud cells to the wall.

The idle well-sweep leans above the well,
Viewing its idle image far below,
Where once the plashing bucket 'rose and fell,
Where long, bright ferns and greenest mosses grow.

The shed door stands ajar, and growing things
Have pushed their curious leaves and blades between,
But stand in check, with awesome grieverings,
At something in the silence felt or seen.

The long, low barn is silent as the dead,
Only the sunbeams creep along the walls,
Only the shy mouse scurries, at your tread,
Across the dusty floors and vacant stalls.

The apple trees, from their scant depths of green,
Extend long, blackened, ghostly arms to greet;
The arbor vines have barred, with leafy screen,
The door that opened to the old retreat.

Abandoned? No. They who these paths have trod,
Whose handiwork in fading lines we trace,
Are lying now beneath this very sod
Blending their ashes with the old, loved place.

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Sarah Fenton Sanborn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE library! There 's magic in the word. Through the great bay window the sunshine plays at will in a flood of gold, paling the blazing fagots on the hearth. Solid walnut book-cases fill every available space. Upon them rest busts, portraits, and momentoes of distinguished literati. On the walls hang autograph poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, Tennyson, Browning, with engravings of the homes of the poets, and Victorine is there. The portrait on ivory painted in Rome. The scarf that hung over her fair, white shoulders in the studio, now lightly screens it. Just under it is the Benvenuto Cellini cup of raised workmanship filled with English violets. 'T is the "Poet's Corner." Here is her husband's quiet nook, surrounded by the faces and works of those "whom the world will not willingly let die."

Books! books were everywhere, piled on the floor, tables, chairs, the delicious freshness of new books and the "odor of sanctity" around old ones; first editions more precious than gold, some of them heir-looms and legacies, others purchased at book-stalls in Edinburgh, Fleet-street, and Paris. The "Immortals" were there.

Mr. Vaughan was not an indiscriminate reader. He clung to old friends, but did not despise the new, "for some day," he said, "they, too, will be the old"; so he had the newest in science, and the oldest in literature. He could skip judiciously, could "taste, swallow, chew, or digest." "Euripides" was his favorite among Greek tragedians. Every night he read by the lamp at his bedside from his old college "Horace," and a play of Shakespeare with his mother each week. They read Dante in the origi-

nal, Spenser, the Poet's poet, as Charles Lamb styles him, and on Sunday evenings, Milton and his mother's favorite, Wordsworth. Of Chapman's "Homer" they never tired, nor of Keat's "Sonnet" upon it. And yet some people think life worth living without books! From such, Good Lord deliver us!

Victorine's last gift to her husband was an edition *de-luxe* of Ruskin's "Modern Painter's." She had interleaved it with his sketches and photogravures of Turner's chief paintings. She had taught her husband, through her eyes, the secrets of cloud effects, and haze, and perspective, and the subtle, mystic color-lore that Turner so mastered, and Ruskin extolled. In England they had felt the tones of atmosphere so rich, so restful, soft, and all-abiding. When viewing Turner's marvelous landscapes side by side with Claude, on the walls of the national gallery, they thought he well became his rank.

Victorine had also interleaved a superb copy of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" with fine photographs of places and scenes which it depicts. On the margins were the dates of their visits and events and never to-be-forgotten incidents. Sketches, too, from her pencil, and in water-colors, and English violets pressed between the leaves, and the scent hung round it still. These volumes had a place apart in the secret drawers of the old Venetian cabinet.

Madame Vaughan's collection of New England literature from its dawn, "Mother Goose" and the "New England Primer," in blue paper covers among them.

> "Oh, sweet is the smell of my old, old books,
> In their places against the walls."

Bishop Stanton was always a welcome visitor to Mr. Vaughan's library, and many were the good hours they had spent together there. The family were just ready to step into the carriage, drawn up in the porte cochère, as the bishop was announced, and gladly accepted an invitation for a drive to Mount Tamalpais.

It was a glorious morning for the glorious drive. Along the rugged way, through now a shaded ravine, then tracts of chaparral, hugging the rocks on the one hand on the very edge of a steep declivity, the road wound upward giving at every turn new views of interest.

"I hope it will be long before the rail invades this primitive spot of earth," said the bishop, "horse-back or carriage for me."

"I agree with you, only walking is still better."

"Oh, that is like work, too hard. Do you remember Ruskin's opinion of the railway? He calls it a device to make the world smaller, being sent to a place. A fool wants to shorten space and time, a wise man to lengthen both."

"But don't you think, papa, that Mr. Ruskin would be willing to have a railway if he could see how tired the horses look?"

And indeed their proud heads drooped with the strain.

"Stop, James, we will walk if all are agreed," and there was no dissent. Gratz leaped with joy, and the rocky summit reached, all thoughts of fatigue vanished.

The view seemed boundless. Far beyond islands stretched the ocean on the west, miles and miles of it beyond the Golden Gate. The whole extent of the bay is spread out like a map with every island, even beyond the distant Farallones. Look! see Mt. Diablo! how it looms up. Follow down the Coast range, there is Mt. Hamilton, and the dome of Lick observatory glistens in this strong sunlight.

"Take the glass southward and catch Saint Helena. San Francisco shows well on its more than seven hills out-Romeing Rome itself. How plainly the vessels, ships, and steamers look, but so small all over the bay. I can see Angel island. And Alcatraz, and the Presidio, and Black Point bristling with fortifications."

"God grant there be no need for them on our coast in this war," said Madame Vaughan.

"I say amen to that."

There was a "dream-set sky" of boundless blue, and the air was softer than below. They were above the fog-line. Sometimes from this height of 2,600 feet on Tamalpais one can look down upon fog hiding everything.

"Hark!" said Victor, "I hear a fog-bell from the light-house."

All listened and watched afar beyond the Golden Gate, a faint line of white mist resting on the winds, which, sucking it through the narrow pass between the bold headlands, will suspend it like a veil over the city.

"How the mariner dreads a fog, even more than a fierce gale," said Mr. Vaughan.

"I can vouch for that," said the bishop. "On my homeward Atlantic voyage last summer, a dense, black fog kept all hands on deck and every nerve was strained. Suddenly, all were startled by the barking of a dog out there in mid-ocean. Instantly the engines were reversed, our ship was turned, and we were saved from rushing into a schooner, with death to us all."

"Why, that dog was a miracle," said Victor. "My Gratz is most a miracle, too, because he can find me in the dark."

"Sweet, my child," and his grandmother clasped him to her heart. "We will believe that a miracle saved our dear bishop."

"Possibly fear of the darkness or his greater sagacity in detecting our presence. Anyway, the noble collie snuffed the danger, and I am here as a living witness. I would have given, so would all the passengers, a hundred dollars to own him."

"Look now," said Madame Vaughan, "that white line is fast curling into vapor all purple and amethyst. Sometimes it is like fleecy clouds, and a bank of it resting against the foot-hills is the image of snow-bound Mt. Blanc. How beautiful it is!"

"Oh, mama! You will see poetry even in a fog," said Mr. Vaughan.

"It has a poetic side my son,—'Not at sea, oh, not at sea!'"

"No, I dread it at sea, but on land as you lift your eyes, the indistinct vision concentrates your thoughts and gives wings to the imagination. You may people it with fairies of your own creation and build your *Chateaux d'Espagne* at will.

> "Then has thy fancy soared above the clouds,
> And furled its wearied wing
> Within the fairy's vane."

"Exquisite," said the bishop. "You will convert me, and I thank you for turning my thoughts into a new channel. Who knows but I may see the brighter side of all things yet."

Alfred heard, but spake not.

CHAPTER V.

THE homeward drive lay through "The Laurels" around "Blue Hill." The wild azalea was in its coronation glory, the Cherokee rose, anemone, and wild strawberry vine bedecked the roadsides far into the deep-shaded glades. The carriage stopped among them. "This was Victorine's favorite spot," said Madame Vaughan to the bishop in an undertone.

James plucked long sprays of yellow jessamine from overhanging tree branches. Victor wound them around the bishop's ample shoulders. The bishop retaliated by catching the gleeful boy and holding him fast.

"Why don't the birds sing at high noon as they do at high morn."

"Oh, because they need a siesta under the green leaves, and I see two blue eyes that had better follow their example," and the two blue eyes winked hard to keep from it.

Mr. Vaughan reëntered the carriage after a few moments

alone under the bay tree that he had named "Victorine's Own." He plucked a leaf of the fragrant laurel, pressed it to his lips, enclosed it in a silver case, always worn next to his heart. He spoke no word, but as a cloud flits across the mountain's side, so passed a shadow of constant grief over his saddened brow. His child intuitively sprang from the bishop's arms and nestled in his father's bosom.

"The Wisdom of The Brahmin" says, "To express in words thy grief is to be relieved of it." Not so Solomon, "For the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle therewith."

Oh, loving mother Nature! The lilacs, locusts, jessamine, sweet-peas, and violets were almost intoxicating in their fragrance. Flowers are a law unto themselves as to displaying their charms. The tuberose, lilies, many roses are in strongest perfume at night.

The bishop was not a connoisseur in botany, but pleasantly listened to his host, and examined with curious eye the tiny flower, perfect, fragrant too, but not bigger than a pin's head, hiding along the under side of the smilax sprays that Victor had twined around his hat.

"My studies, I am sorry to say, did not take in botany," he said.

"But Solomon's did," piped up Victor, "for he could tell every flower from our big cypress down to this smilax, and a queen said that was n't half that he knew." How they all laughed!

"To know something of everything and everything of some one thing is a good rule," remarked Madam Vaughan.

"Yes," replied the bishop. "Specialism, nowadays, is fanaticism. The geologist worships his stone, and the entomologist his grub, and for general literature they have no taste or conversation."

"Rather special pleading, *n'est ce pas?*"

"How is it with Gray or Agassiz?"

"Oh, Agassiz was charming. Gray is no authority for our California flora, I believe."

"A Greek professor in college, once when we were rambling in the woods, asked me what the difference was between a lichen and a fern? Professor Phelps of Andover (his daughter says humorously) only remembered the chemistry that he was supposed to study in college as an impression of a sub-acetate of something dissolved in a powder at the bottom."

The bishop noticed the enormous ivy leaves growing over the fine, white oaks. "Why, they are larger than my hat," he said.

"Yes, and even broader than those at Netley Abbey. Yet Ruskin says that ruins are necessary to the perfection of ivy."

"I am sorry our favorite can be mistaken on even a green leaf."

"Oh, but he had never come to California, Mr. Bishop."

Victor's quick ears lost none of the conversation, to the amazement and admiration of the bishop, who wisely, however, refrained from showing it.

"Apropos to Mr. Ruskin's opinion of railways in general, I fancy he would accept one for a second trip to Tamalpais," said the bishop.

"And it will come," quickly replied Mr. Vaughan.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

"I think the walk over those big boulders made you tired a little. You are right, little blue eyes."

"Grandmother, don't you think this valley is most as lovely as Eden?"

"Methinks much the same my child."

The wide gates of home, sweet home, flew open at a touch of the horses' hoofs.

"*Salve* over that portal gives no uncertain welcome," said the bishop.

A whole-hearted hospitality reigned there, not limited to set invitations but always room at the table and a ready

NOTE.—The railway to the top of Mount Tamalpais has come, and is a grand success.—S. F. S.

guest chamber. "This shows the true culture," thought the bishop.

At luncheon the bishop delighted Victor with stories of Easter in his old Virginia home. At parting, the boy exacted a promise from the good man that he would get up early and see the sun dance Easter morning.

Madam Vaughan and her son sat long in conference that Easter eve before the glowing wood fire, which, even in California, is a luxury.

"What shall we do with Victor, mama? He is getting beyond a governess. Would a private kindergarten be well for him?"

"If we could be sure of his companions. Herbert Spencer says they do far more in educating a boy than his parents."

"He says, too, a little wholesome neglect is good for them. This kindergarten training for the poor of San Francisco has proved an unspeakable blessing for the parents as well. It is said that the police courts get no cases from their ranks."

"Victor is too mature for any classes of his own age. Didn't you know that the Ten Eycks and Lees, who spent their Christmas holidays with us, had him read all their stories aloud?"

"If you will only give Victor your memory, mama. Is it a gift or an acquisition?"

"I hardly know when it was any effort to remember what I wanted to remember, but I have taken pains to commit to memory some good poetry or prose almost daily. It is use, use, my son."

"I know Professor Blake told us that he made it a practice to repeat a good thing that he just heard or read to some willing listener immediately upon hearing or reading it, thus fixing it permanently."

"He was right, my son. Another person would file it away in his note-book and forget it just at the right moment. Use, use is the only secret I know for a good memory."

"I am inclined to believe that you were born with it," said Alfred, laughing, "so I have hope for Victor. But poor me, I tried to recall a fine thought of Ruskin's this morning about the harp's melody, but it was gone."

"Was this it,—'The harp of the minstrel is unduly touched if his own glory is all that it records?'"

"Yes. I am mortified. Why could n't I remember it?"

After a few moments of deep thought, "Alfred," said his mother, "I should much prefer to have Victor's studies at home as long as possible."

"But is there not danger of his becoming priggish and selfish unless he finds his level among other boys?"

"Time enough when he enters college. He is now the soul of generosity to the poor. His fault will more likely be extravagance and thoughtlessness in spending money."

"But, oh, I would not for the world have him miserly!"

"There 's danger on all sides. Mr. Benson congratulates himself that he has nothing to leave his three boys but a good name and education. I do not congratulate him, for money is power. It is only the incessant love and idolatry of it that is 'the root of all evil.' Money is not at fault. Money commands science, literature, art, all that goes to make culture, and oh, for sweet charity, and the good that it can do. You remember the epitaph of Edward Courtenay:

"What we gave we have,
What we spent we had,
What we left we lost."

The fire had died out on the hearth, the moonbeams stole in through the half-opened shutters, the soft, south wind played with the drapery and wafted in the fragrance of English violets.

"Oh, Victorine, my lost one! Why is it that I can find no happiness in anything more?

"Give but the scent of violets
Beneath a dream-set sky,
And down the little winding way
Walk Memory and I."

"Let me read a little to you," taking up her "Amiel," "and

> 'It may quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after the prayer.'"

She read,—"From the point of view of happiness the problem of life is insoluble, for it is our highest aspirations that prevent us from being happy. . . . It is Divine Love, the love of the holiest, the possession of God by faith, which solves the difficulty, for if sacrifice has itself become a joy, the soul is secure of an all-sufficient and unfailing nourishment."

"Then sacrifice is to be my portion while life lasts," sighed Alfred, "and without the joy."

"Oh, say not so my son."

"Why, mama, can I be expected to find a joy in sacrificing unflinchingly all that life holds dear? and without Victorine life is nothing but a dream, a shadow."

"My son, my son, do you forget your Victor?"

"Oh, mama, and you, my blessed mother, forgive me, forgive me." The strong man threw his arms about her, and they wept together.

Alone that night in his chamber, he repeated the words, "There are but two things on earth that never die, Love which decays not, and Faith which binds the soul to heaven."

He opened her Book and read, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you." Tranquilized in spirit, he prayed, "Grant me, O Lord, one place in her mansion," and slept.

Surely Christ is more than mortal man, if His words uttered centuries ago, can give support in times of such sorrow as this.

[*To be continued.*]

MOUNT MOOSILAUKE'S BIRD INHABITANTS.

By Ellen E. Webster.

AFTER darkness had crept over the valley, up the mountain side and even over the summit, on the last day of the last month of summer, we found ourselves, on ornithology bent, at the top of Moosilauke mountain, 4,800 feet above sea level, where a favoring fortune destined we should spend eight days. There was something novel in reaching the place so long after sunset we could get no glimpse at the world below, except as an occasional light in the valley twinkled as faintly as a star overhead. No conjecture, either, as to the numbers and species of feathered "citizens" could be calculated at that hour, so, next morning, we awoke in a seemingly new world, and soon after sunrise were eager for explorations, even though the thermometer registered only a degree or two above forty degrees.

The magnificent and far-reaching view was nearly lost from sight as soon as the first bird was spied. Before breakfast, we felt convinced we were in bird paradise, for there were scores flitting about in the dwarfed firs that grew almost to the summit. I never saw more birds anywhere, excluding mobs of English sparrows. We were told that they staid all summer, built their nests on the ground; also, that, in times of high winds, when attempting to cross the summit, the little fellows were sometimes dashed against the rocks and killed.

The two predominating clans of the mountain were yellow-rumped warblers and juncos, and each could muster out hundreds of followers. These warblers are also introduced to strangers as myrtle birds, and are seen about the valleys during the period of their semi-annual journeys. They are not the only yellow-rumped members in featherdom, but they are the only birds with four distinct yellow marks, viz.: one on the centre of the crown, worn most conspicuously by the male in courting-dress costume; one, more or less clearly defined, on each side of the breast which the wings partly conceal; and a large spot of gold on the part of the back "where the tail begins." In fall plumage, the golden crown is not always noticeable, and the black and white feathers on the male have become rusty with wear, making him hard to tell from his wife and children. They seem a very social clan and ready to confide in "house people," for they pick crumbs from the doorstep and even fly near the windows for house flies. They are almost as expert at catching insects on the wing as the fly-catchers themselves.

Juncos are home friends, for every spring and fall, flocks of them flit about the yard, sampling various seeds of weeds and grasses. Occa-

sionally a pair are supposed to nest in our vicinity, but I never caught them in the act. They are a dark, slate-colored bird, except underneath from the breast backwards, where the color changes abruptly to white, and a few lateral tail feathers are also white. The white in the tail is always seen when they fly, and is a tell-tale mark which gives the bird's name away when they are too far off to be otherwise identified. This summer, Mr. C. F. Goodhue of Webster showed me a freak in junco plumage which came near making the bird an albino, for more than half its feathers were white, above as well as below.

All the way down the path on one side of the mountain to Jobildunk's ravine, called three quarters of a mile from the Tip-Top house, juncos and myrtle birds made themselves conspicuous, but soon new notes among their cheerful twitterings claimed attention. Did they come from a chickadee whose voice had become hoarse in the mountain air, or could it be his relative, the Hudsonian titmouse? Settling in a sunny spot where, perhaps, a score or more birds were hopping from twig to twig, we waited to determine. Soon patience was rewarded by catching sight of a bird I had never seen before but knew at once must be the Hudsonian titmouse. We noted his marks of difference when compared with our black-capped titmouse or chickadee. These Hudsonians were "lively, little wood-sprites," and were dressed in mouse color above, whitish below, washed along the sides with pale, rufous-brown. They had large, black throat-patches, but the black caps of our chickadees were not worn. Later, we saw whole families of them and occasionally the male would favor us with "chick-ah-h-h-day-day," as he bid us "day-day." His voice was large and coarse for such a small fellow.

Of his song, the writer of "North American Birds," says: "To my ears their cries were sharper, clearer, and a trifle harsher" than those of the black-capped titmice. "There was none of that resonant jingle so full of charm in the chickadee. Their notes, too, were more articulate, more like distinct words, and were brought out at certain times with an emphasis, the effect of which was very striking. Beginning with 'tsha-dee,' the 'dee-dee-dee' was reiterated with an almost incessant volubility." The children had not overcome the habit of begging for food, and sometimes a parent humored them by presenting a choice tidbit, though it was evident that the young knew how to pick up their own living.

A little farther down the mountain our common, jolly chickadees raised their babies, and we found a family in their usual, cheerful spirits at the side of the carriage road.

The golden-crowned kinglet,—a wee king indeed, but wearing a good-sized golden crown,—was not infrequent, for we found him on several parts of the mountain. Twice we watched the ruby-crowned kinglet, but he had either lost the ruby from his crown, or, more probably, was not old enough to be allowed to wear this family jewel, so, even though I had never seen one of his kind alive before, he was not so attractive as his cousin the golden-crowned, with whom I had previ-

ously had a slight acquaintance, as one of his brothers raised a large family the past summer in Groton. A few days after I had identified the Groton kinglet, a friend of mine had the very rare privilege of finding his nest in a tall spruce over thirty feet from the ground at the end of a branch fifteen feet long. It was not a pensile nest, but was a ball of dark green moss interwoven with the twigs on the underside of so bushy a growth it could not possibly have been seen from above, and, being so nearly the color of the spruce needles, would never have been distinguished from below if this lady had not actually seen the mother-bird slip in over the edge of the nest from under the branch. So few of these nests have been found in New England a humming bird's lichen-covered cradle would be called very common in comparison.

In the next few days we ran across the winter wren, dressed in the prettiest of brown shades and looking as pert as its family is supposed to be. It had an extremely loud, sharp call-note for a bird of its size, and, apparently, was as curious to observe us as we were him. We kept quiet, with opera glasses ready for use, so quiet a rabbit came into the path and went hopping along in front of me, but the wren preferred to play hide-and-seek and peek-a-boo among the branches, so we had to satisfy ourselves with momentary glimpses. This little creature loves wild places, and has succeeded in keeping his family history pretty well to himself, but Audubon describes his song as "excelling that of any bird of its size with which I am acquainted, being full of cadence, energy, and melody, and as truly musical. Its power of continuance is said to be very surprising."

Families of Peabody birds (white-throated sparrows) were berrying wherever such food was found to their liking, and once or twice one whistled his solo, "O, Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," to a tune that he has made familiar to all who dwell among the White mountains. His notes are peculiarly clear and ringing.

Mr. F. Schuyler Matthews says: "The Peabody bird's song, which has a certain agreeable pathos, is remarkable for its high pitch, clear piccolo quality of tone, and freedom from the faintest trace of shrillness." He also says that this bird's voice reaches in pitch the highest B note on a piano (next to the last note on the key-board), "with apparent ease and undiminished power."

On the Jobildunk path and also on the carriage road off the mountain, a number of red-breasted nuthatches lived, who posed and "hauked" for me in characteristic nuthatch tones. They were strangers so were interesting to meet. They are smaller, daintier, and prettier than the white-breasted nuthatch, who was found half way down the mountain. Nuthatches seem never to get dizzy, whether they go head down or head up. Both cousins are ashy-blue above, with black crowns. The white-breasted is white below, while the red-breasted, in mature spring dress, is reddish-brown, and, although the color was less pronounced on the fall birds, the peculiar shade which seemed to have a tinge of yellow in the mixture was unique in bird plumage and made them no less

attractive. The red-breasted is said to "have a voice at least an octave higher than any other of this family," which Mr. Nutall compares to the "sound of a child's trumpet."

Many complimentary sayings are reported concerning the tender affection of the gentleman with the white vest for his mate. They nest in a hole, much like a woodpecker's, twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and when the female is sitting, the male keeps near home, supplying her temporal wants and calling her from time to time to come to the hole to take her food, or else to receive his endearments and caresses, and at the approach of danger, fearlessly intervenes to warn her of it.

A large, hairy woodpecker characteristically hammered away on the bark of a tree as he searched for his dinner. This species is marked almost precisely like the downy, but is larger, his size being the easiest way to tell him from his smaller relative. Both are black and white birds with a few red feathers in their caps, and are most useful citizens as they destroy vast armies of insects and their larvæ which are found on trees.

One day, when following a trail a little way from the summit, I heard to one side a series of liquid "quick-quick-quicks," or "quck-quck-qucks," which startled me not a little. I knew not from what animal such a sound might issue, and I crept cautiously nearer and nearer until I could peer over the roots of an upturned tree, when a partridge went whirring out of sight.

Several warblers besides the myrtle birds were quite abundant. One was the blue, yellow-backed warbler, a handsome bird, called also parula warbler, whose prevailing color above is ashy-blue with a golden-brown patch between his shoulders, while below the color is bright yellow; making a combination altogether pleasing.

Of the warblers not positively identified, we thought one species was the magnolia and another the pine-creeping, the latter being quite common. There was no question about the black-throated, blue warbler, who came to a low branch near us and sang a snatch of his love song. He is slaty-blue above with a jet black chin and throat, and a streak of the same extending along the sides of his body; otherwise, he is pure white below, and has a spot of white on each wing.

A vireo sang a bit of his song, but would not come out to be named, and at least three kinds of hawks visited the summit who did not register, though they were frequently seen near the hotel.

In all, we saw twenty or more species which amply repaid us for our trip, even if there had been no other attractions. A longer stay would undoubtedly have brought to our notice many others.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

By Adelbert Clark.

In this letter, old and yellow,
From across the rolling sea,
English violets pressed and withered
But still blue, were sent to me;
They are sweeter, they are dearer
Than the lilies on the mere,
For a loving friend once sent them
Just to make my life less drear.

"Carl, 't is often I am thinking"
(So the little letter read),
"How we trudged from school together
When our lessons all were said.
How we gathered violets purple
For dear mother on the way,
By the babbling brook of amber
Where the minnows loved to play.

"Still I see as in a vision
How the shady orchard dreamed,
By the homestead gray and gabled
With its roof with mosses seamed.
And the broad and stately maples
Standing by the silver pool,
And the trailing ivy tangled
O'er the waters dark and cool.

"But those happy days of childhood
All have vanished long ago;
I am old, and bent, and wrinkled,
And my locks are white as snow.
But to tell you that forever,
You 've a friend both stanch and true
In a foreign land, I gather
Purple violets, Carl, for you."

THE TUNNEL-SEAT AND THE WINDOW-SEAT.

By Helen Soule Stuart.

I.

THE Rev. Harvey Murdock stood under the lighted chandelier in his well-regulated library, his back turned toward the blazing grate fire, his hands behind him, hiding themselves under the ample skirts of his Prince Albert coat, which, just then, he was wearing unbuttoned.

Across the room, lounging upon a broad, cushioned window-seat, was a boy scarcely twenty years of age, and upon his clear-cut, intelligent face, the Rev. Harvey Murdock's steel-gray eyes were fixed.

Dr. Murdock was reflecting, and the result of his reflections was, at last, made manifest in speech.

"Ralph, I wish you to attend the prayer-meeting with me to-night, and not only attend, but take some part in the service."

The boy raised his eyes from the book he held and replied respectfully:

"Yes, father, I will go with you and help what I can with the singing."

"That is all very well and good, Ralph, and we miss your voice when you are away; but I shall expect you to do more than merely help with the singing. You are my son, and the young people in my parish will follow your example. There is a large number who should attend our weekly meetings, and assist substantially in the service. If they find you are doing your duty, it will remind them of theirs, and great benefit to the church will result."

Ralph's speaking eyes retreated for a few moments from his father's face, and took refuge behind the long lashes as they drooped sympathetically, and were almost immediately lifted courageously, while he replied:

"Father, I am awfully sorry I cannot do what you wish me to in this matter, but I really cannot. I will go with you every week to the meeting, but do not ask me to do anything more than I have offered to do."

The father's eyes narrowed as he kept them fastened upon his son, until only about half the balls was visible. The crow's-feet at the corners deepened, as did also the perpendicular lines in the forehead, until they had the semblance of furrows, and suggested the idea of rich soil and a harvest of thought.

The boy feeling keenly the penetrating gaze of his father, and becoming uneasy, closed the book on the fore-finger of his left hand, changed his position by putting his right foot over his left knee, raised his eyes again slowly until they met, once more, the investigating stare, while he said in pleading tones:

"Father, please do not ask this of me!"

Mr. Murdock's hands came forth from their hiding place, and took a defiant position on his hips, as, with compressed lips, his head moving sidewise, and in unison with every word he uttered, he exclaimed:

"I do not make a request, sir, I give a command!"

It was like a spark of fire applied to powder. The boy's face flushed, his eyes blazed, and he was upon his feet in the instant, while in a voice raised high above its natural pitch he began:

"You certainly do not intend to compel me to act a farce in your prayer-meeting, father! I realize I am a member of your church, and you do not know how much I have regretted it during the past year. It was a blunder to put my name on the roll when I was a mere child, and could have no opinions or convictions of my own; but, father!" and he moved toward his parent while his voice softened perceptibly, "during the past few weeks, since I have learned that you wish me to be more active in the church, I have been trying to put aside doubts which have come to me from, I do not know where, and have tried to believe the doctrines which the church teaches; but the harder I try, the more puzzled I become. I tell you, father, there are impossible things in the Bible. I do not believe in public prayer, for myself at least, and speaking in class-meeting strikes me as not being very far removed from going to the confessional. That is why I have remained away of late, or kept silent when I have gone. Let me alone, father, and permit me to work this matter out for myself; if I can, and still be true to my own conscience, I promise you I will declare my belief in all the things you have tried to teach me to believe. Please, father, give me time!"

As he ceased speaking, he took another step toward his father, but Mr. Murdock put out both hands as if to protect himself from some contamination. Ralph, seeing the motion, paused beside the table, rested his book upon it, and waited for his father to speak.

"Sir!" began Mr. Murdock emphatically, "you have no right to be harboring doubts. You have no right to be investigating these vital questions for yourself. For generations back, in my family, these things have been taught the children by their parents, and have been accepted unquestioningly. It has been my determination to let my mantle fall upon you, as my father's upon me, and his father's fell upon him. I tell you we are a family of clergymen. My great grandfather was a bishop. You shall not break the line, and live under my roof. I prayed daily, before you were born, for a son who should make the fifth Murdock in our generations of preachers. God answered my prayer and gave you to me. It is my duty now to carry out His plan, and you shall no longer eat at my table, or sleep under my roof, if you thwart me in my wishes for your future. Choose now for yourself. If you obey me to-night and henceforth, we shall be friends; if not, sir, you may go from my home and I wish never to see your face again."

"Harvey!"

The reproachful cry came from Mrs. Murdock, who stood between the blue portieres, her face white, and enveloped with amazement.

"Mother!" and crossing the room with one bound Ralph caught his mother's hand, buried his face on her shoulder and sobbed aloud.

As Mrs. Murdock's arm encircled her boy, her eyes, still full of questioning surprise, rested upon the rigid face of her husband.

"Ralph, go to your room!" It was the father's voice, stern and unrelenting.

Ralph obeyed, springing up the stairs with long, hasty strides, which only permitted his feet to touch every other step, and having reached his room, he entered, closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

II.

"My son, may I come in?"

It was his mother's tremulous voice that Ralph heard an hour later, and at her gentle tap upon the door, he answered her request by turning the key and admitting her. There were traces of tears upon her grieved face which Ralph noticed at once, and throwing his arms around her he burst out:

"Mother, this is too much for you. I may deserve it all, and I could endure it all without a word of censure, because he is my father, but for your sorrow. Mother, that makes me rebellious! Why can't he be as generous and patient with me as you are? Your belief in the Bible and in God is as strong as father's; but you have never tried to compel me to believe what I cannot see for myself."

The face which Mrs. Murdock lifted to her son as he ceased speaking, seemed bereft of every vestige of happiness.

"Ralph, I do not know what to say to you. He is my husband! he is your father! and he thinks he is only doing his duty by you. His early training and mine were very different. Your father was never allowed to think for himself. He was told to believe, and he believed without asking why. I have done wrong and brought this trouble upon you, and upon myself, by listening to your doubts, and sympathizing with you."

"No, mother, you shall not blame yourself. If father would only be as patient with me as you are, and not insist upon my doing the things which would make me despise myself. Mother, I cannot be a hypocrite, and you do not wish me to! What shall I do? Do you think father will drive me from my home and from you, and break into my university work unless I obey him in this? I will do anything else he asks of me but violate my own conscience—that I cannot do even for him. Mother don't! I cannot endure your grief!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon his knees beside Mrs. Murdock, who, now wholly overcome, had leaned forward with her head resting on the writing desk and was sobbing aloud.

"Don't, don't, mother! I will do anything you tell me is right if you will only stop crying!"

Mrs. Murdock raised her head and made continual unsuccessful attempts to dry her eyes, while in a voice choked with sobs she said brokenly:

"I know I ought not to break down—in this way before—you—but—I am so troubled."

She paused a moment in order to steady her voice and then went on:

"I talked with your father until he was obliged to go to the church,

and I am sure he is sincere in his belief that you are in great spiritual danger. He is also firm in what he has already said, and his last charge to me as he left the room was—how can I repeat to you your father's terrible words!" and for a moment, she was again overwhelmed with grief. then controlling herself she went on:

"He said, 'Tell Ralph that unless he decides to do as I have commanded, I wish never to see his face again.'"

"Mother, he did not say that to you, did he? You cannot mean it! Am I to be driven from my home like a common cur because I will not act the part of a liar?"

"I am afraid he means it all, my child. He said, 'Not another dollar shall he spend of mine, not another night shall he sleep under my roof, unless he will obey me in this thing. I am responsible for his soul as well as for his body.'"

As Mrs. Murdock repeated her husband's words, Ralph's face became set and his lips closed tightly. At last he spoke, and in that moment he seemed to have grown from a boy to a man.

"Mother, first of all I must be true to myself. You will agree with me in that. If father does not see his mistake—" Ralph paused abruptly as if his last word was a surprise, then impulsively resumed: "It is a mistake, mother!"

"No one needs to serve an apprenticeship, Ralph, in order to be able to make a mistake," replied Mrs. Murdock sadly.

Ralph was sitting on a low stool at his mother's feet—the one he had taken as he rose from his knees when her grief had subsided a little. He leaned forward now with his head in his hands as he went on:

"It will break my heart to leave you, mother, but you see I cannot stay. I will write to you every day; and when I get a situation, and a comfortable place, you will come and see me, won't you?"

Mrs. Murdock rose to her feet as Ralph finished speaking and stood for a moment immovable above him, and when at last her voice was heard its tones showed so much determination that the boy also rose, his face a mirror of surprise at the words of his usually gentle voiced and mild mannered mother.

"I will not see you driven from your home out into the world alone! It is unnatural! I am your mother! God gave you to me as well as to him, and my duty is to my child as well as to my husband. If Ismael goes, Hager goes!"

"Mother, what are you saying?" and Ralph grasped her hands. "You cannot be happy away from father! He has always been kind to you!"

"He has always been kind to me, Ralph, but is it kindness to drive my only child from me? I almost gave my own life for yours, my son, when you were born. I would not let them take your life to save mine when it was thought necessary; and as I would have died for you then, so now I intend to live for you. I hear your father coming—I will go to him and see if his heart has been softened. Poor man! His religion is a hard taskmaster."

III.

Down the avenue came the cable train in its mad rush to keep pace with the busy, business life of the

great Metropolis of the West. It seemed itself a human thing with its cargo of men, women, and children, who filled every available inch of space in seat and aisle, on platform and step. It seemed related to the busy being who goes elbowing through the world, claiming for himself the right of way, and rudely pushing aside or trampling upon whatever dares to interfere in his progress; and unrelated it appeared, from the fact that it never neglected the courtesy due to its fellow-kind; appearing to doff its hat and salute its friends as they passed with the clang-clang of the bell. At the top of an incline it paused a moment to await its turn, then with a less rapid, and consequently more humane, movement, began the descent into the tunnel, keeping up the clang-clang, which might be interpreted "good-day," and gave to it a weird individuality.

"You are crossing the river now, Teddie!"

It was a girl's voice the passengers heard as the explanation was made in answer to the wandering brown eyes which looked up into hers from beneath the Turkish fez, which sat so jauntily upon the head of the little lad with the foreign air and dress beside her.

"I can't see a river, sister!" exclaimed the child as he leaned across her lap and looked down upon the brick floor with its steel rails upon which the car was moving.

"No, Teddie dear, you cannot see it—you are under the river," she said with a musical laugh, which was soon recalled, as the startled child sprang into her arms, hiding his face on her shoulder while he cried out:

"I don't want to be drownded, sister, I want to go back to mother!"

"Why, Teddie! sister did not intend to frighten you—listen. I have been under the river a great many times. This is the tunnel, and see, here is the tunnel-seat and the tunnel-man I told you about!"

The child was sufficiently diverted to turn his head and cautiously peep out from the folds of his sister's sleeve, just in time to see the stone seat in the little niche in the gray wall of the tunnel, and to meet the eyes of the young man who sat there contentedly leaning against two air pillows covered with bright plaid rubber cloth, his hands in his pockets, his hat pushed back from his brow, and an open book beside him. In the opposite corner of the seat which he was facing was a gorgeous red geranium plant in full bloom in a bright, red pot. As the car passed the eyes of the passengers were turned in his direction, and their ears caught the closing strain of the tune which had grown familiar to the travelers of the line as his shrill whistle was heard above the rattling and clanging of the cars.

"What is he whistling, sister?" inquired the child.

"His every-day tune, Teddie."

"And has he got a Sunday tune, too?" asked the little fellow, glancing down at himself and remembering that he had every-day clothes and Sunday clothes.

"I don't know. I never hear him whistle on Sunday.

"I want to get off the car and ask him."

"Not this time, Teddie; perhaps some day we will when Uncle Ned is with us."

"Does Uncle Ned know him?"

"Uncle Ned does not know his name, but everyone who goes through the tunnel knows his face and his whistle."

"What is his every-day tune, Elizabeth?"

"There 's No Place Like Home."

"Sing it to me! I want to know it."

As they emerged from the gloom and dampness of the tunnel, putting her mouth close to the ear of the child, Elizabeth hummed softly the tune which has helped to add so much pathos to the words:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There 's no place like home."

IV.

"Here I am again, mother! both legs, both feet, both arms, both hands, and my good-for-nothing head on my shoulders—intact from top to toe! see, Mopsey?"

"Yes, Ralph," replied Mrs. Murdock, as her tall boy stooped and kissed her. "I know you think I am foolish to worry about you, but Chicago is such a great, whirling, writhing, wriggling, restless city, and the cable cars so merciless, besides the tunnel is damp and chilly and the stone-seat hard and cold. I keep wishing, all day, I could see you again curled up on the soft, warm window-seat in—"

"There, Mopsey, we said we would not *reminis*, do n't you remember? Why, will you believe it? my tunnel begins to seem real homey, so much so that all day long, whenever the rush is on, and I have to be on the lookout for accidents, I entertain myself by whistling 'Home, Sweet Home.' Then, just recall my luxuries. I have my comfortable cushions or pillows—whatever they are, my book, an electric light, besides my flowers. Then you know the flowers indicate that I have a good fairy who replaces them as fast as they fade. I am trying to catch my fairy. I am on the lookout all the time to surprise some more than usually interested look on the faces of the people who pass through my domain, and waylay it, and get a confession from a pair of telltale eyes. Gad! if I did n't think I had almost done it to-day when a little chap with a foreign air and a Turkish fez tried to clamber off a pretty girl's lap just as the car was passing, and I heard him say "I want to get off, sister!" He was more than usually interested, and if I can get my hands on him won't I pump him though? Well, I guess so! I suppose there is no word from father yet?" he asked in a more subdued voice.

"No, not yet!" and the tears started in Mrs. Murdock's eyes, which seemed to have formed the habit of weeping, and had become as powerless to resist the opportunity as an April cloud to drop its moisture on unsuspecting humanity.

"What did you write to him, mother? I have not asked you to tell me before, because we agreed not to speak of our trouble when we can avoid it, but I would like to know."

"I only wrote a few lines, Ralph; you know I talked with him all night the night before we left home,

so it is useless to say more. I merely gave him our address, told him you had found employment—although I did not say how poor it is—and that we both love him, and shall welcome always any tidings from him. Ralph, when I think of what has come to us—to you, and to me, and to him, I feel—I don't know how I feel. I am afraid to think sometimes. When I am here alone the vivid pictures of your father sitting silent in our great house, thrust themselves before me until my brain seems a great canvas upon which hundreds of artists are at work with pencil and brush, painting an etching, producing and destroying great panoramic views which enroll themselves constantly before my eyes. If you could stay with me, or if I could go with you and sit beside you on your tunnel-seat, it would not be so; but there, my poor boy! I have made you unhappy," she continued as Ralph's face grew grave, and his eyes fixed themselves upon the patterns in the dingy, faded carpet which covered the floor of the little sitting-room in the eight-story flat where they had taken rooms.

"Mother, you must go home!" Ralph spoke with dismal intensity as he gave up trying to supply the worn out figures in the carpet which had seemed to be his sole thought for the past several minutes. "You cannot stay here with nothing to occupy you but your thoughts. I shall be all right. I live in such a whirl all day that my mind is well employed. It seems to me I have hosts of friends about me all the time. I get many a nod and smile from the people I am guarding, and do not feel at all like a friendless person in a great world of humanity, but it is different with you. Come, mother, go back to father! He needs you more than I do."

"Ralph, do you think my brain would cease to make pictures if I should go and leave you? The pictures would be there and they would lack the background of books and portieres, embracing couches and affectionate arm chairs, and the warm coloring of a blazing grate fire on damp, rainy days. No, Ralph, my place is here, at least, until you have found something to take you out of the darkness of that tunnel into the sunshine of daylight."

V.

"Oh! I wish you weren't just a girl, Elizabeth!" exclaimed Teddie dejectedly, as his sister entered the room.

"Why, Teddie! don't you like girls?" demanded Elizabeth, smiling slyly with her eyes only, as she paused before a row of chairs which were drawn up in front of the great bay-window like so many express wagons in the market place.

"Yes, I like girls," responded Teddie somewhat doubtfully with a furtive glance at his sister, "anyway I like you, Elizabeth," he hurried on impulsively, "but in Constant'nople I had a boy to play with, and I want a regular boy just now."

"What do you want to do with a boy?"

"I want to make a tunnel-man of him. See!" he exclaimed, his voice following imaginary crescendo lines and his tongue assuming the *allegro agitato* movement, "here is the tunnel-seat, and the pillows, and the red geranium plant, and his book, and

now I must have a boy for a tunnel-man and have him whistle."

"Well, Teddie, let me be your boy, you can forget that I wear dresses and have long hair—here, I will put on Uncle Ned's smoking jacket and one of his hats and—there—now!" she said, placing herself before him with her hands in the jacket pockets and the hat set jauntily on the back of her head, "don't I look like a man?"

"Y-e-s," drawled Teddie, looking at her quizzically, "a little, but you can't whistle!"

"Can't I! listen!" and from her saucy puckered lips the clear notes of "Home, Sweet Home" issued, while every vestige of Teddie's dubious expression was enlarged into one of amazed infatuation, and as she finished, almost breaking down with the impulse to laugh, Teddie's voice reached the *fortissimo* volume as he burst out joyously:

"Elizabeth, you'll do! If you had staid in Constant'nople with father, and mother, and me, I believe you would have been a boy. What made you come home and go to a girl's school? That's spoiled you!—almost—" he added quickly as he recalled the whistle. "Now, you must sit there,"—pointing to the window-seat,—"and read, except when the cars come by, and I ring the bell; then you must put your hands in your pockets and whistle: now get ready."

Elizabeth obediently took her place on the window-seat, took up the book, and with an amused expression playing about her mouth and eyes, pretended to be deeply absorbed in a Latin text-book of Cæsar.

"Teddie, give me something easier to read, won't you?" she said imploringly, as Teddie having arranged a table bell on the foremost chair, was about to mount a stool, which he condescendingly explained was the gripman's platform.

"You must not talk to the gripman, sister," reprovingly replied the child, "besides you have got to read a Latin book, 'cause Uncle Ned says the tunnel-man does. I asked him this morning."

"Oh! well, all right."

"Now," continued Teddie, "you must not whistle until I come to the tunnel and ring the bell a lot of times. Just when I cross streets you must keep on reading 'cause you are in the tunnel all the time and I am not."

"I think I am familiar with my lines now, Mr. Manager. Flash the lights, stop the orchestra, and draw up the curtain."

"No, don't put up the curtains! I pulled them down 'cause the tunnel has no windows."

A rippling laugh and an exclamation, "Teddie Lee! what a little greenhorn you are! What I mean is, go on with your play."

Clang-clang, clang-clang, clang-clang! and as Teddie struck the bell more vigorously, the lips of the girl formed themselves into shape and seemed to convey to the mind of the sensitive child the pathetic words:

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came to my call,—
Give me them! and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There 's no place like home."

The little lad's attention was drawn

from the improvised car. The bell ceased to ring, and as the closing note was reached he stepped from his mimic platform and climbed upon the window-seat beside his sister while he said pathetically:

"Elizabeth, I am afraid the tunnel-man is lonesome!"

"I have thought of that myself sometimes, little manikin."

"Why does he have flowers always beside him? and where does he get them?"

A grown person might have noticed the sudden deepening of the color on Elizabeth's face, but his young eyes failed to observe it as he listened to her reply.

"Perhaps some friend sends them to him."

"Why doesn't he buy them for himself?" still questioned the persistent child.

"Perhaps he has not enough money. He can't have much, or he would not be a watchman in a tunnel you know."

"Why does he always keep a book beside him?" continued the interlocutor.

"Well, Teddie, I don't know, but perhaps he is trying to get an education—perhaps he goes to a night school and must learn his lessons when he can."

"I don't like perhapses, sister," said Teddie, jumping down off the window-seat. "and there comes Uncle Ned and I am going to ask him. Oh, Uncle Ned!" he burst out, as a benevolent-faced man with gray hair and whiskers and twinkling, kind eyes entered the hall, "will you tell me why the tunnel-man reads a Latin book and will you take me to see him to-morrow? It's the Fourth of July you said, and you told me you would take me down town and show me what they do on the Fourth of July in Chicago. We never had a Fourth of July in Constant'nople! What makes them want one here?"

"Hold on my boy! what an avalanche of questions! Do you really wish to make the acquaintance of the tunnel-man?"

"Yes! Uncle Ned."

"Well, we will see if he will receive us to-morrow. But what is all this? Where am I to sit?"

"That's my cable car, and Elizabeth is my tunnel-man, and the window-seat is my tunnel-seat, and I make her read a Latin book and I think she does n't like to very well."

Elizabeth came out from behind the portieres with her hands in the pockets of the smoking jacket, the hat still resting on the back of her head, and posed before her admiring uncle, while she whistled a strain of the "every-day tune."

"Charming! charming!" heartily exclaimed Mr. Phelps, "I will put my window-seat lark up against the tunnel-seat whistler and we will see who will win. Why, Bess, you should have been a boy with that whistle!"

"She would if she had not gone to that old girls' school!" put in Teddie disgusted.

"Old girls' school! Oh, Teddie, now you have hurt my feelings," declared Elizabeth, as she sailed out of the room with an assumed injured expression.

"Teddie, my boy," put in Mr. Phelps, "let that be a lesson to you. Never say old to a woman, not even to your grandmother. You will always get yourself into trouble if you do."

Teddie's amazed, troubled eyes followed his sister until, as she turned her face toward him as she went up the long flight of stairs, he caught the reassuring smile sporting about her mouth and eyes, then thrusting his hands into the pockets of his rudimentary trowsers, and drawing a breath of relief, he turned triumphantly toward his uncle with "Elizabeth does n't care!"

VI.

Clang-clang, clang-clang, clang-clang!

"My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing."

The bells of the cable car seemed an accompaniment to the clear, pure notes of the patriotic song, as they issued from the niche in the wall of the electric-lighted tunnel on this glorious Fourth of July morning, and as the car approached the stone seat a great cheer drowned for the moment both clang of bell and musical whistle. The sight which greeted the eyes of the passengers and was the cause of the three times three, was the red, white, and blue of great America's stars and stripes as they fell in graceful folds from the back of the gray tunnel just over the seat of the whistling watchman. As the cheer rose, the young man suddenly ceased whistling, jumped to his feet, his face expressing the joyousness of appreciative boyhood, and impulsively jerking his hat from his head, joined so lustily in the hurrah, that his voice could be heard above the voices which were saluting him and the old flag. The car paused a moment to allow a middle aged man to step off and turn and lift from the platform the small boy who had attracted the attention of the watchman on a previous day by his red cap and his request to "get off."

"I hope we shall not disturb you," began Mr. Phelps, as he stepped nearer the stone seat as the car passed on. "We thought you might receive us to-day as it is a holiday, and this little man, who is a foreigner by birth, is very much interested in American ways. This particular spot has attracted his attention and admiration more than anything he has seen in our city. Are we interrupting you in any way?"

"No, sir!" was the unhesitating reply. "The pleasure will be largely on my side. Will you sit down on my window-seat minus the window?" he asked with a hospitable smile; "it is the best I can offer," he continued, as he arranged the cushions in a more convenient position.

"Thank you! Teddie accepts your invitation with cheerful promptitude you observe," nodding his head toward the child who was climbing upon the much-coveted seat. "This young imitator has tried to remodel the window-seat in my library by pulling down the shades and putting plants on it."

"Yes, and I had a tunnel-man too, and she can whistle your every-day tune as well as you can!" put in the animated child. "Why were n't you whistling your every-day tune to-day," he went on interestedly, "was it your Sunday tune? This is not Sunday, it is Fourth of July."

"Teddie! hold on, my boy, you you are too prodigal with your questions," interrupted Mr. Phelps, "you waste them."

"It is a Fourth of July tune I was whistling," explained the young man; "I want to celebrate, and as I can't get away from my place of business I must do the best I can here."

"Teddie is having his first Fourth of July celebration," remarked Mr. Phelps. "As I said, he is by birth a foreigner, and has just come to this country for the first time with his mother, who has spent very much of her time abroad during the last ten years."

"Now, Teddie," he continued, turning to the boy, "if you will promise not to ask too many questions, and if the gentleman is willing, I will leave you here for half an hour while I meet a friend down town."

"That 's good news, Teddie," exclaimed the young man. "It will be the most interesting half hour I have had since I came to the city. You are my first visitor."

"My name is Phelps," said the elder man, reaching out his hand, while interrogation signs were plainly visible in his eyes.

"Mr. Phelps, you are very kind!" heartily responded the young man, as he grasped in a hungry kind of way the hand held out to him. "My name is Ralph Murdock."

"Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, my mother and I are alone here. I came hoping to find employment that would furnish me my living, and give me a little time to go on with my university work which has been most unexpectedly interrupted. This is the first thing that offered, and I could not afford to wait for anything better to turn up."

Mr. Phelps still stood as Ralph ceased speaking with interested curiosity poorly concealed, but as the young man showed no willingness to reveal himself farther, remarked:

"I will not burden you too long with your caller."

"I assure you his companionship will be very agreeable, Mr. Phelps," replied Ralph, and he lifted his hat as Mr. Phelps boarded a down town car.

"Now little man," began Ralph, as he turned toward the child who was contentedly swinging his short legs from the stone seat, "you shall have this cushion, and I will take the other one, and if we could only roll up some shades and let in the sunlight, you would like my domicile much better."

"Oh, I like the glass light," replied the satisfied guest, pointing to the electric bulb above them. "I pull our shades down."

"The gentleman who brought you here is your uncle, I believe?"

"Yes, he is my uncle Ned, and when I get to be big like him, I shall be called Ned. I was named for him. I was born on his birthday, and sometimes he calls me his birthday present," laughed Teddie.

"Well that is fine!"

"Why do you read Latin books? Can 't you read English ones?" taking up the book which lay open on the seat between them.

"Yes, I can read English books, but I am trying to learn Latin so I can teach it. Perhaps you will come to school to me sometime, and let me teach you Latin."

"No, I won't like Latin. Sister does n't! She wanted me to give her something else to read yesterday, when I made her be my tunnel-man, but I did n't 'cause Uncle Ned said your book is Latin that you read. Where did you get those flowers?

Did you buy them? Sister bought some just like them the other day and had them sent some place, she would n't tell me where. She said they were to brighten up a dark place. This place is n't dark is it?" he went on, glancing up at the light again.

"N-o," answered Ralph absently, then in a more animated tone, "did you say your sister bought some flowers—just like these?"

"Yes, just exactly!"

"Oh, she must be the fairy," he murmured, unmindful of the small but receptive ears.

"No, she is n't a fairy! she is n't even a boy! she 's nothing but a girl!"

"I take it you are not fond of girls."

"Well, they are n't fun like boys, besides boys get to be men, and girls only get to be ladies and old maids, but Elizabeth won't get to be an old maid 'cause mother is a lady I know, for when agents come to my uncle Ned's they ask for the lady of the house, and mother always tells the maid she will be excused."

"Is n't your uncle Ned's wife the lady of his house?"

"Oh! uncle Ned has no wife! He never married a lady, not even an old maid. That 's why Elizabeth came here and lived with him and went to an old—to a girl's school, and now will always be a girl. I won't never go to a girl's school!" declared Teddie with vehemence.

Clang-clang, clang-clang, clang-clang, interrupted the bell of a passing car.

"Now you will have to whistle, won't you?" the boy went on with increasing fervor.

Ralph was too much amused to be able to whistle, so as the car went by, he sat quietly, with laughter in his eyes, and was greeted with words and smiles from the passengers as they observed the signs of his patriotic spirit.

"There is your uncle Ned, Teddie," said Ralph a half hour later as a car paused in front of the seat and Mr. Phelps reached out his hands to his nephew.

"What made you come back so soon, Uncle Ned?" reproachfully inquired the child. "I like this place, and when I am a man I want to be a tunnel-man."

"All right, Teddie, you shall have my place—come again!" called Ralph, as the car moved away.

VII.

The real facts which were causing the absence of Mrs. Murdock and her son had not become known to the inhabitants of the university town where they lived. They had departed rather suddenly near the beginning of the second semester. Their going had not occasioned much remark, but as the new semester began and Ralph was missed from his class, much curiosity was manifested. No one dared put the plain question to Doctor Murdock. He was a grave, reserved man whom people could not approach in too familiar a way.

The library in Doctor Murdock's home did not look so inviting on this hot July evening as on that other night in the early spring. It was much too warm for a grate fire, and even the lamp with its red shade would exaggerate the heat, so he sat in the twilight before the open win-

dow. His eyes were upon the window-seat just in front of him, but it was vacant this time. The bright-faced boy was not lounging in what had been his favorite corner. The leaves on the maple tree just outside the window were disturbed by a gentle breeze, and as they fluttered a ray of moonlight fell across the lonely man's face, and an observing eye might have caught the suggestion of a tear glistening in his cold gray eyes. At the moment there was a quick step upon the porch, a ring of the door-bell and Dr. Murdock, passing his hand across his eyes with a sudden impatient movement, rose to meet his guest.

"Good evening, doctor!"

"Oh, Professor Graham!" was the steady, dignified greeting. "Hannah, a light, please," to the housekeeper, as she was passing through the hall.

"This moonlight is charming, doctor, let me enjoy it with you."

"Very well! it will be cooler, at least, if not lighter."

"I dropped in on my way to the board meeting," began Professor Graham in an explanatory tone, "to see what your arrangements are for attending the conference. I thought it would be pleasant for us to go together."

"Yes, we must plan for that," was the quiet reply. "The conference really opens Sunday, but as I do not wish to be out of my pulpit I shall not go before Monday morning."

"That will suit me very well. By the way, I hear Ralph is in Chicago, in fact, that he spent the last of this college year in the university there. Was it his wish to make the change, or did you think the work there better suited to his requirements in spite of the difference in their theological views?"

"Ralph made his own choice," was the brief reply.

"Well, we are greatly surprised and disappointed to lose him, for he bid fair to carry off all the honors, and would have gained a scholarship."

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," Dr. Murdock repeated, then closed his lips together as if they were locked with a secret spring which no key would turn, unless it might be a skeleton key which Professor Graham fancied might be hanging in Dr. Murdock's closet. Feeling ill at ease he rose, and with a hurried good night went down the street muttering to himself:

"Some one ought to pick that man up, dust him off, turn him around, and set him on a new shelf. He needs warming too. He is as cold as an iceberg at the North Pole, though I do not suppose a North Pole iceberg is any colder than a South Pole one, but it sounds more frigid, and seems to compare with Dr. Murdock's frigidity more naturally.

"Whew! he gave me a chill."

[*To be concluded.*]

NECROLOGY

The death-roll for July bears the names of two remarkable men of the same name, Parker Pillsbury and George A. Pillsbury, who were closely connected with New Hampshire, and who, besides this and their name, had in common a love of their fellow-men which found potent expression in accordance with the dominant characteristic of the mentality of each.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Parker Pillsbury was the oldest of the eleven children of Deacon Oliver and Anna (Smith) Pillsbury, and was born at Hamilton, Mass., September 22, 1809, and died in Concord, July 7, 1898. In 1814, his family removed to Henniker, where he acquired such education in his boyhood as was afforded by the district schools of Henniker, and at an early age began to help in the work of the home farm. When about twenty years old he went to live in Lynn, Mass., and was for some time thereafter employed in driving an express wagon from Lynn to Boston. Returning to Henniker, he again devoted himself to farming. Uniting with the church a year or two later, he engaged zealously in religious work; and, being urged to prepare himself for the ministry, he pursued a course of study at Gilmanton and at the Andover Theological Seminary. "In less than four years from the reaper and the plough" he was licensed to preach, and for a year, 1839–'40, had charge of a parish at Loudon.

In the meantime his sympathies and his strong sense of justice had been aroused in behalf of the Southern slaves, and in the spring of 1839, undertaking a short lecturing and financial agency for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery society, he delivered his first lecture on the subject of slavery in Fitchburg, Mass. Leaving the Congregational church and pulpit in 1840, he began his "Anti-Slavery apostleship" in New Hampshire, his first work being to conduct the *Herald of Freedom* for a few months in the absence of its editor, Nathaniel P. Rogers. In the autumn he "entered the lecture field with the full resolve," as he once said, "to see the overthrow of the Southern slave system or perish in the conflict." An esteemed associate of Garrison and Phillips, of Rogers and Foster, of Douglass and others, he engaged heart and soul in the greatest missionary movement of the age, denouncing the "sum of all villainies," and fearlessly reasoning of truth, righteousness and judgment to come. A book written by Mr. Pillsbury and published in 1883, entitled "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," presents a graphic series of pen pictures of a character sufficiently indicated by its title and is a valuable contribution to the history of that thirty years of stress and storm.

Mr. Pillsbury was one of the trustees, with absolute discretion, to whom Charles

F. Hovey, a merchant of Boston, dying in 1859, left $40,000 to be used in behalf of anti-slavery, woman's rights and other reforms dear to his heart. Much to the regret of Mr. Pillsbury, owing to the exigencies of the Civil War and the pressing needs of the colored race during that period, the whole amount was expended before any of it could be devoted to the interests of international peace, of which he had long been a staunch advocate. Since the close of the war Mr. Pillsbury, by voice and pen, labored also in behalf of temperance and woman's suffrage, publishing and circulating over 15,000 tracts devoted to his favorite reforms. Disbelieving in government by force, he belonged to no political party, and never voted.

From his boyhood up the home life of Mr. Pillsbury was a happy one, the domestic atmosphere, cheerful and invigorating, of New England's best type. On January 1, 1840, he was united in marriage with Sarah H. Sargent, daughter of Dr. John L. and Sally (Wilkins) Sargent of Concord. Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury had always resided in this city. Their one child, a daughter, Helen Buffum, was born June 14, 1843. She married September 22, 1888, Parsons Brainard Cogswell, journalist and ex-mayor of Concord, who died October 28, 1895.

GEORGE ALFRED PILLSBURY.

George Alfred Pillsbury was born in Sutton, August 29, 1816, and died in Minneapolis, Minn., July 17, 1898. He received a thorough common school education, and at the age of eighteen obtained employment with a grocer and fruit dealer doing business under the Boylston market in Boston. After a little more than a year he retired to Sutton and engaged in the manufacture of stoves and sheet-iron ware with a cousin, John C. Pillsbury. On the first of February, 1840, he removed to Warner, becoming a clerk in the store of John W. Pearson, and soon afterwards purchased the business and continued it for nearly eight years. In the spring of 1848 he went into a wholesale dry goods house in Boston, but returned the following year to Warner, and continued the mercantile business until the spring of 1851, when he retired.

From 1844 to 1849 he held the office of postmaster at Warner. In 1847 he served the town as selectman and treasurer, and in 1850–'51 he was elected representative to the general court. Having been appointed upon a committee to purchase a site and build a new jail at Concord, he was made chairman of the committee, and gave his whole time the following year to the superintendence of the work. In November, 1851, Mr. Pillsbury received from the Concord railroad corporation an appointment as purchasing agent for the road, and removing to Concord entered upon his duties in December and continued in the same position for nearly twenty-four years.

In Concord he soon became known as one of the most useful of men. He assisted in the formation of the First National bank and was one of its first directors and its president until 1874. He was active in church and in benevolent work, and assisted in establishing the Home for the Aged and the Orphans' Home at Franklin and was a life-long friend to both institutions. He served in the city councils, was mayor for two terms, and served two years in the legislature. In 1878 he removed to Minneapolis, where his son was engaged in business,

and had established the great flouring mills which bear the Pillsbury name. In Minneapolis Mr. Pillsbury soon began to take a foremost part in developing that great city. He was chosen a member of the school board and also served as president of the city council. In 1884 he was elected mayor of Minneapolis. His benefactions increased with his years. The First Baptist church of Minneapolis and the First Baptist church of Concord were the recipients of large bounty from him, and Pillsbury academy at Owatonna, Minn., had more than $100,000 from his purse.

After leaving the East, Mr. Pillsbury did not forget the places of his early residence. The year 1890 was made memorable by three gifts of loving remembrance,—to Concord, a free hospital at a cost of $72,000, named in honor of the companion of his life, the Margaret Pillsbury hospital; to Warner, a free public library; to Sutton, a soldiers' monument. In erecting the hospital he brought his own architect, selected and purchased the lot and personally superintended the work.

In his many generous gifts he has gone far beyond the limits of ordinary benevolence, and in his furtherance of great enterprises for the support of religion and education he has attained the height of philanthropy.

JOHN HARPER BLAISDELL.

John H. Blaisdell, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Haverhill, Mass., died of old age on May 29. Mr. Blaisdell was born in Gilford, July 17, 1817, but removed at an early age to South Hampton, in which place he resided until he removed his business and residence to Haverhill, Mass., in 1858. He was engaged in the wholesale manufacture of shoes for many years but retired with a competency some twenty years ago. During his leisure Mr. Blaisdell devoted himself to genealogy, especially the histories of the old families of Amesbury and Salisbury. In this line of study he was well-known for his detailed knowledge and retentive memory. He left a widow and four children. Among the children are Dr. Albert F. Blaisdell of Winchester, Mass., Dartmouth, '69, and Dr. George W. Blaisdell of Winchester, Mass., Dartmouth, '78.

WOODSVILLE FROM MT. GARDNER.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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Central Street, looking West.

WOODSVILLE.

By William F. Whitcher.

IN the spring of 1830, John L. Woods of Newbury, Vt., an active, energetic business man of that town, at that time about forty years of age, and who by his marriage to Mary Ann, daughter of Obadiah Swasey, had become connected with one of the oldest and most influential families of Newbury and Haverhill, purchased of William Slyfield for the sum of one thousand dollars a dwelling house, sawmill, and water power in the extreme northwestern corner of the town of Haverhill, on and in the Ammonoosuc, near its junction with the Connecticut. This piece of property is thus described in the title deed:

"A certain piece or parcel of land in Haverhill and Bath containing 5½ acres and 29 rods with the appurtenances thereto belonging, containing a sawmill and privilege together with the mill irons in and about the same which properly appertain thereto, and the dwelling house standing thereon, said premises being bounded

Charles M. Weeks.

as follows: to wit: beginning at a Norway pine stump standing at the corner of said Haverhill and Bath on the Westerly bank of Ammonoosuc river, thence running East 15° north 18 rods and 18 links to a small red oak tree standing near the west bank of said Ammonoosuc river, thence up said river at the top of the bank 21 rods to a white pine stub, thence south 37° west, 29 rods across said river to a white pine stump standing in said Haverhill, thence west 25° south in said Haverhill 20 rods to a white pine stub, thence north 37° west 6 rods to a bass wood tree standing on the easterly bank of said river, thence to continue in the same course 12 rods further into said river, thence north 21° east 15 rods and 10 links to the bounds begun at."

This northwest section of the town of Haverhill was then virtually a wilderness. The tract which Woods purchased was that part of the present village of Woodsville lying between the tracks of the White Mountain division of the Boston & Maine and the Ammonoosuc for a distance of some twelve rods up the present Ammonoosuc street, and on which the plant of the Aqueduct Co., Legro's Carriage shop, and numerous residences now stand, including

Charles B. Smith.

the Woods family burial lot, containing the graves of Woods who died in 1855, and two of his children who died in infancy. This lot, now much neglected, is inclosed by a dilapidated iron fence, and is surrounded by buildings which have encroached up to its very limits. A solitary pine standing above the graves is a reminder of the heavy growth of white and Norway pine which, at the time of Woods's purchase, covered the promontory plain lying between the Ammonoosuc on the north and the Connecticut river intervales on the southwest, now the site of the growing, bustling, thriving village which

bears the name of the sawmill purchaser of 1830.

One difficulty in the way of writing an adequate historical sketch of Woodsville is found in the fact that those who are most thoroughly acquainted with its natural resources, believe that its development has only just begun. Its history as a summer resort is yet to be written, since it has not yet become a summer resort. The visitor, however, who notes its situation on the promontory-like peninsular formed by the junction of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut, with Mount Gardner rising abruptly and almost precipitously to the north,

Ira Whitcher.

the Vermont hills rising in their picturesque beauty just across the Connecticut in Newbury and Ryegate on the west, the broad, fertile intervales of the Connecticut, which, with its windings, forms the famous Ox-bow to the south,—there being an unobstructed view of this delightful valley for fifteen miles and more,—the hills and mountains on the southeast and east in Haverhill, Benton, and Landaff rising, one above another, until they end in Moosilauke, towering nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and the famous Franconia range on the horizon, with valley or hill drives of unsurpassed beauty in whichever direction one chooses or chances to take. Such visitor can understand why some of the Woodsville citizens claim that their village has in its situation, its natural surroundings, its splendid railroad facilities, the making of an ideal summer resort, but these citizens have thus far been exceedingly busy in attending to other features of the development of their village, and the summer resort waits.

Her history as the seat of manufacturing industries must also wait for its writing, since the factories have not yet been built. But the water power is here, only a small portion

Ezra B. Mann.

Residence of George E. Cummings.

of that furnished by the natural dam across the Ammonoosuc being required for the pumping of the village supply of water into the mains, and generating electricity for lighting purposes, while the splendid power of the Connecticut almost dammed by Nature at the Narrows, runs entirely to waste. This power, however, is now in the control of the Woodsville Manufacturing Co., which holds an ample charter, and its corporate members feel sure that this power is certain ere long to be used in turning the wheels of mills and factories, and they feel the more sure of this because coupled with this power are railroad transportation facilities unrivalled in all the northern section of New England.

Woods devoted himself with energy to the manufacture of lumber, finding for the first few years his material ready at hand, but the little settlement around his mill grew but slowly. Even when the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad was completed in 1853, and Woodsville was made its northern terminus, the boom which might have been expected did not come. Woodsville was the nominal terminus of the railroad, and also of the White Mountain road, which was built to Littleton two years later, but the track was carried on the roof of the toll bridge, newly constructed for that purpose, across the river to Wells River, which thus became the real junction, and the immediate benefit and advantages arising from the new railroad facilities were reaped by Wells River.

George E. Cummings.

Charles R. Gibson.

Boston & Maine Railroad Station and Offices.

Woods had erected a store near his

sawmill, and in this he was succeeded some years later by Edward Child, but the stores and shops, the grist-mill, and manufactories, patronized by the farmers of the surrounding country, the church, hotels, bank, post-office, in fact, nearly all the business was at Wells River, and there was no demand for anything on the Woodsville side but the one small country store near the sawmill. Bath village, four miles and a half to the north, was then flourishing, its decadence having hardly begun, while ten miles to the south was Haverhill Corner, with its stores, hotels, newspaper office, academy, court house, and county offices, with its manufactures on the Oliverian near by, the most important village, all things considered, in Grafton county, and there was no demand for the Woodsville of today in the northwest corner of the town.

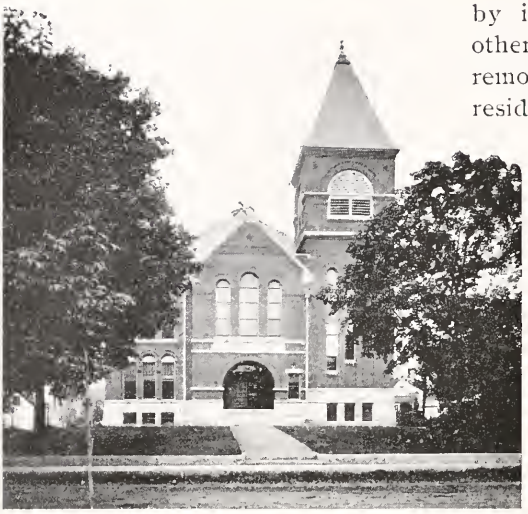
Residence of Frank W. Johnson.

Residence of F. W. Baird.

Some idea of the slowness of the growth of the village, if at that date it might properly be called a village, may be formed from a statement made to the writer by Ezra B. Mann.

He says: "For a few weeks in the spring of 1864, I performed the duties of station agent, postmaster, express agent, besides having the care of the round house, and attending to my work as conductor of the freight train which carried all the freight both ways between Woods-

Residence of W. F. Whitcher.



Grafton County Court House.

ville and Littleton, then the terminus of the White Mountain road."

In 1859, Charles M. Weeks, of Lyndonville, Vt., who had only a little before attained his majority, purchased the Woods store from Ezra S. Kimball, now a prosperous farmer a little to the south of the village, and threw himself with remarkable energy into the work of making his store a centre of general trade for the surrounding country. He erected a new store the next year on the site of what is now known as Weeks's block; secured the establishment of a post-office, began the finding of markets for the produce of the farmers, not only of the northern part of Haverhill, but of the surrounding towns; became during the war the purchasing agent of several large mills to secure the wool clip of the northern New Hampshire and Vermont towns, and interesting himself in starch and other manufactures, soon gave Woodsville something of a reputation as a centre for country trade. Until he met with business reverses by indorsement of the paper of others, which finally resulted in his removal to Lowell, Mass., where he resided until his death, some two years since, he was a leading spirit in business enterprises, and the business growth of the village as something apart from being an annex of Wells River may be said to have begun with his advent.

The sawmill with the grist-mill, which had been added later, passed, in 1864, into the hands of Charles B. Smith, a native of Belgrade, Me., who had been engaged in the manufacture of shovel handles in Maine and at Union Village, Vt., for a period of some twenty-five years. Mr. Smith immediately added to the mill machinery that for the manufacture of ax and shovel handles, and made the industry an important one until the mill and dam were carried away by a freshet in 1878. He was preparing to rebuild when he died quite suddenly in the summer of 1880, before his preparations were completed. Mr. Smith had marked business capacity, became quite an extensive owner of real estate, was a public spirited citizen who believed in the future of Woodsville. He encouraged building by selling build-

Russell T. Bartlett.

Charles B. Griswold.

Scott Sloane.

S. B. Page.

ing sites at a nominal price, and aided in building the first village church, St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal, by giving the lot for that purpose, valued at nearly one thousand dollars, though he was not himself a communicant.

Ira Whitcher, who had been for more than thirty years extensively engaged in the lumber business at Benton, removed to Woodsville in the spring of 1870, in order to avail himself of the railroad facilities which the location offered him, was from that time, perhaps, more than any other single individual identified with the growth and development of the village until his death in December, 1897, at the age of 82.

In 1872, he formed a copartnership with Lewis C. Pattee of Lebanon and erected the large steam sawmill plant now owned by the Woodsville Lumber Works, and of which he retained a half interest and the management until 1891. He built a large number of houses which he rented or sold, owning thirteen at the time of his death, besides his own substantial residence, and aided several others in erecting homes by loans. He was largely instrumental in securing the location of the county court house and offices in Woodsville, giving the lot of land on which it is located, and was one of the special commission elected to build it. He was one of the corporators of the Woodsville Aqueduct Co., and its first president; of the Guarantee Savings bank, and its first president; the largest subscriber to the stock of the Woodsville National bank. Indeed, there was no movement calculated to advance the prosperity of the village which did not find in him a

Residence of Scott Sloane.

liberal supporter. Of limited education he appreciated the value of books, and gave to the village its handsome brick and stone library building, costing upwards of seventy-five hundred dollars, and placed on its shelves ten hundred dollars' worth of well selected books as a nucleus of

Union High School.

a library. He was a liberal supporter of the church of his choice, the Methodist Episcopal, gave a fund of nearly twenty hundred dollars, the income to be used for pastoral support, and also a fine organ at a cost of twelve hundred dollars. Of the other churches of the village he was also a liberal supporter.

Ezra B. Mann, a nephew of Mr. Whitcher, was born in Benton in 1843, and in 1863, entered the employ of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, making Woodsville his home since 1864. He early became identified with its interests, and in 1872 left the employ of the road and entered into a partnership with George S. Cummings in the drug business under the firm name of E. B. Mann & Co. He has by no means confined his attention to this business but is extensively engaged in real estate transactions, is president of the Guarantee Savings bank, of the Aqueduct Co., of the Opera Block Association, in which he is the largest, if not, indeed, the controlling stockholder, and is interested in and a liberal supporter of every enterprise which promises to add to the prosperity of Woodsville.

If Mr. Mann has one leading characteristic above another, it is his unbounded faith in the future of Woodsville, of which he is himself no small part. There were others among the early promoters of Woodsville's growth, but it is not too much to say that the four names that stand out prominent are those of Charles M. Weeks, Charles B. Smith, Ira Whitcher, and Ezra B. Mann.

When there began, in 1868–'72, to be a growth and development of the railroad system, it was readily perceived that Woodsville would become the natural centre for an extended system. There was the

S. W. Robertson.

I. N. Eastman, M. D.

natural advantage of room not to be found at Wells River.

In 1873 the White Mountain road, which had previously been extended to Lancaster, became the property of the Boston, Concord & Montreal, and was extended to Groveton, making connection with the Grand Trunk. Branches were constructed from Wing Road to the base of Mount

Washington, and the construction of the Franconia Notch, the Pemigewasset Valley, the Whitefield & Jefferson, the Tilton & Belmont, the Franklin & Tilton, and the Lake Shore branches followed, making the old B., C. & M., an extensive system in itself. Then came also the

Benjamin Dow.

Rev. L. H. Merrill.

era of leases and consolidation. The road and its branches were leased to the Boston & Lowell, which in turn was leased to the Boston & Maine, then it was consolidated with the Concord under the name of Concord & Montreal, and lastly the consolidated road was leased to the Boston & Maine, of which road the old B., C. & M. system became the White Mountain division. Woodsville became the headquarters of this division with new and commodious buildings, engine house, and large, modern planned freight yard.

In 1868, only two engines remained at Woodsville over night, only one freight and two passenger trains passed through daily, and the work of the road north of Woodsville was performed with one twenty-five-ton locomotive. The White Mountain division of the Boston & Maine system now has 250 miles of track, employs 25 passenger conductors, 50 passenger brakemen and baggage masters, 25 freight conductors and 50 freight brakemen. A large proportion of these as well as of the numerous other employés of the road have their residence in Woodsville. From the office of the train despatcher, of which George E. Randall has been chief for the past fifteen years till succeeded by his brother, C. E. Randall, a few weeks since, the movement of 182 regular trains, besides extras, is ordered.

During the summer season 28 regular freight trains and 34 regular passenger trains, besides extras, run in and out of the Woodsville yard, and no less than 1,600 car loads of coal are annually consumed by the locomotives running from Woodsville.

A large freight yard has been constructed about one half mile south of the village with a capacity of 1,500

Residence of Benj. Dow and Evangelical Alliance Chapel.

cars, and the management of this yard and the making-up of the north and south bound freights, furnishes employment for from 20 to 30 men, who work in relays so that the work goes on during the entire 24 hours of each day. The new round house at the upper end of the new yard has a capacity of 15 engines, and is in the charge of W. D. Sargent, who

St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church.

has a force of from 20 to 25 men at work keeping the locomotives in order and making minor repairs.

The offices of the White Mountain division occupy the second story of the passenger station, and Supt. George Edgar Cummings, who has personal supervision of the entire division, has his home in a pleasant, modern constructed house, which he built on Central street. Mr. Cummings, who is now about forty-five years of age, has had the best of training as a practical railroad man, training which has come to him in thirty years of railroad experience. He began where the late James T. Furber of the Boston & Maine, that prince of railroad managers, used to claim every superintendent should begin—as engine cleaner. He took the graded course up through the positions of fireman, brakeman, baggage-master, freight conductor, passenger conductor, wood agent, manager of railroad logging, transfer agent at Concord, train-master at

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Woodsville, assistant superintendent, and in 1892 superintendent of the Concord & Montreal railroad north of Concord, now the White Mountain division of the Boston & Maine. His entire thirty years of railroad life has been spent on the same road under various managements, and he has the advantage of a thorough knowledge not only of the road, but also a personal acquaintance with its army of employés.

The chief executive in local railroad matters is naturally the station agent, and Frank W. Baird, who was born in Burlington, Vt., thirty-eight years ago, where he received an excellent public school education,

William Ricker.

Rev. G. N. Dorr.

has proved himself the man for the place. He was in the service of the Montpelier & Wells River railroad for several years as telegraph operator and relief agent and in 1883 entered the employ of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad in the same capacity. Ten years ago he was assigned to the Woodsville station, during which time the business of the office has more than trebled. The line billing of all offices north of Concord is done at the Woodsville office, where Mr. Baird has half a dozen assistants, including John S. Evans, billing clerk, and E. T. Gouyer night clerk. He has charge also of the coal sheds, where he has six

Universalist Church.

men under his supervision. Mr. Baird is a model official and is deservedly popular with railroad employés and the public with which he is brought constantly in contact. A large number of the railroad contractors and other employés have their homes in Woodsville, some of their residences, as for example those of

Rev. S. J. Cahill.

Rev. F. L. Carrier.

Mr. Baird, Conductors G. H. and M. J. Mann, Frank W. Johnson, and Division Road Master George Thornton furnishing fine examples of modern architecture.

Woodsville is, however, more than a railroad village. The erection of the county court house in 1889, and the removal of the courts and county offices from Haverhill Corner added to its business prosperity, and also to the charms of social life.

Charles B. Griswold, clerk of the supreme court from 1874 to 1893, and who had held previously various honorable official positions, removed

St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church.

Residence of James R. Lowe.

to Woodsville at that time, and has since made it his home. He resigned the office on account of ill health, but has since his resignation served as the librarian of the Woodsville Free library, rendering by his knowledge and intelligent appreciation of books invaluable service to the community, a service for which he accepts no compensation. He was succeeded in the clerk's office by Dexter D. Dow of Littleton, a Dartmouth alumnus and member of the county bar, whose official position makes him a resident of Woodsville, in the welfare of which he is greatly interested, promoting in many ways its social life. Mr. Dow is a trustee of the library, a director of the National bank, and could be in various other positions were it not for the fact that the retention of his voting residence in Littleton prevents it.

George H. Kendall of Bristol is register of deeds, and in addition to the regular duties of his office he is engaged in the important work of preparing a new index of the registry.

Russell T. Bartlett of Bath was elected register of probate in 1894, at the age of twenty-six, and still holds the office,—a painstaking official. He is also a devotee of the rod and gun, and reports captures now and then, which are the envy of less fortunate sportsmen.

The two leading members of the bar resident in Woodsville are both well known throughout the state. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to tell the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY of Samuel B. Page, lawyer, legislator, parliamentarian, reformer, lecturer, political stump speaker, legislative counsel, and political leader, who has been prominent in New Hampshire life for a period of nearly forty years, though he is yet but sixty years old. He practised his profession in Warren, Concord, and Plymouth, before removing to Woodsville in 1879, where he has since resided.

Scott Sloane, a member of the legal firm of Smith & Sloane, with offices at Wells River and Woodsville, came

Residence of Ezra B. Mann.

of a family of lawyers, was admitted to the bar in 1885, and at once entered into partnership with E. W. Smith of Wells River, one of the leaders of the Vermont bar. The firm has a large practice in both Vermont and New Hampshire, Mr. Sloane giving especial attention to the New Hampshire business, at the same time acting as regular counsel of the White Mountain division of the Boston & Maine railroad.

Woodsville Free Library.

Woodsville has an exceptionally healthy location, but there is a large surrounding country which keeps its three physicians busy, while the large drug establishment of E. B. Mann & Co., and the more recent store of C. W. Sawyer do a profitable business.

Dr. Charles R. Gibson began his practice in Woodsville in 1877, and while yet but forty-five years of age is reckoned among the old residents and citizens. He has an extensive practice, especially in surgery in both New Hampshire and Vermont, and is a member of the Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont Medical societies, secretary for twenty years of the White Mountain Medical society, and is identified with the financial and business interests of the village. He is a Republican in politics, and is one of Haverhill's two representatives in the state legislature.

Dr. Oliver D. Eastman settled in Woodsville in 1884, after completing his academic and medical studies at Dartmouth. Of a vigorous physique, with genial and engaging manners, he has vast powers of endurance, and his professional skill has won him a deservedly large practice.

Dr. I. N. Eastman, the youngest of Woodsville's medical trio, began practice in 1893, and has already come into an excellent practice. He is also physician for the Grafton County farm. He is but thirty-one years of age, and his success in his profession has exceeded his anticipations.

The union high school district is

independent of the Haverhill schools, having a separate board of education, and Woodsville cheerfully raises a handsome sum annually for its support, apart from its proportion of the sum raised by the town for school purposes. By act of the legislature a section of the town of Bath, which is really a part of the village, is made a part of the school district. Under the direction of the efficient principal, S. W. Robertson, A. M., a graduate of Dartmouth, 1883, and an enthusiastic, experienced educator, the schools, high, grammar, and primary, have attained a high degree of excellence. The one thing lacking is a new and adequate school building to replace the one built in 1872, which was then deemed large enough to meet the growth of the village for a century. The present board of education is Benjamin Dow, ex-county commissioner and retired farmer, and stock dealer, Postmaster F. P. Dearth, Scott Sloane, S. M. Chamberlain of Bath, H. W. Allen, cashier of Woodsville National bank, and Joseph M. Howe of the dry goods and grocery firm of Howe & Gordon.

Woodsville's first church—St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal—was consecrated in the spring of 1880, and has been a power for good in a rapidly growing community. Its present cultured and scholarly rector, the Rev. James C. Flanders, is to be congratulated on seeing a constant growth in the number of attendants and communicants. The parish has a property valued at about ten thousand dollars, and there are nearly a hundred communicants.

Bittinger Block.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1885, and its church building now located on Maple street was erected in 1886. Its present popular and efficient pastor, the Rev. George N. Dorr, was educated at Bowdoin college, entered the New Hampshire conference in 1884, and has since filled pastorates in Peter-

borough, Sunapee, Lebanon, Whitefield, Plymouth, Concord, and Lowell, Mass. The church and parsonage are free from debt, and under the ministrations of Mr. Dorr there is a constant increase of attendants and members.

A Universalist parish organization was effected in 1891, and the church edifice on Elm street was finished and dedicated in August, 1893. The first regular pastor, Rev. F. L. Carrier of Brimfield, O., came to the church in 1894, a young man of twenty-three, fresh from St. Lawrence Theological school, and marked prosperity has attended his administration. The Young People's Christian Union connected with the parish is the strongest in the state. Mr. Carrier enlisted but a few weeks ago as a private in the First New Hampshire regiment, and had hardly mastered the drill when he was commissioned chaplain of the regiment by Governor Ramsdell. He retains his pastorate, but is popular in his new field of patriotic and Christian service.

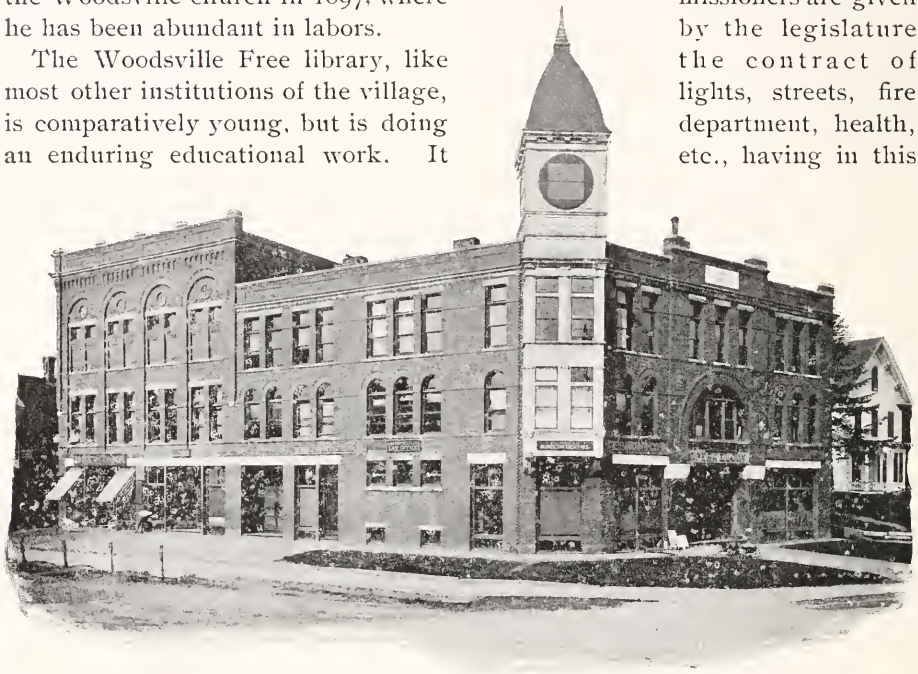
It hardly need be said that St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, almost the newest of the church edifices, is architecturally the finest. The first mass was said in Music hall, January 17, 1896, and in one year from that date the Woodsville Catholics were worshipping in their own church. It is a Gothic structure beautifully designed, and has a seating capacity of about four hundred. The parish priest, Rev. P. S. Cahill, came from St. Anne's church, Manchester, and has been indefatigable and wonderfully successful in his labors with this infant parish.

Tilton's Block.

The modest but tasteful chapel of the Evangelical association was dedicated in August, 1897, and is the only church of the denomination in the state. Its pastor, Rev. L. H. Merrill, was educated at Trinity and Bowdoin, studied theology with Dr. George P. Huntington at Malden,

Mass., took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church, was rector of churches for six years in Linden, Saugus, and East Cambridge, when he withdrew from that communion to enter on Evangelistic work in 1890. He was appointed to the pastorate of the Woodsville church in 1897, where he has been abundant in labors.

The Woodsville Free library, like most other institutions of the village, is comparatively young, but is doing an enduring educational work. It has now about twenty-five hundred volumes, and is gradually adding to their number. C. B. Griswold is the librarian, and the trustees, one of whom is elected annually by the school district, are C. R. Gibson, Dexter D. Dow, S. W. Robertson, S. M. Chamberlain, O. D. Eastman, W. F. Whitcher, Mrs. C. B. Griswold, Mrs. Scott Sloane, and Mrs. A. E. Davis.



Opera Block.

Woodsville has a district government of its own, apart from its connection with the town of Haverhill, in the affairs of which it takes an active interest, and many of the important town offices are filled by Woodsville citizens. Dexter L. Hawkins has served efficiently for several years as one of the selectmen, and is one of the board the present year.

The Woodsville Fire District commissioners are given by the legislature the contract of lights, streets, fire department, health, etc., having in this matter the same power as the mayor and aldermen of cities. The present board of commissioners consists of A. H. Leighton, proprietor of Hotel Wentworth and newsdealer, chairman, Ai Willoughby of E. B. Mann & Co., an extensive farmer in Bath; F. W. Baird, station agent; Sidney Tilton, contractor, and owner of Tilton block, and James A. Sawyer, railroad employé. The streets are well kept, sidewalks for the most part curbed and concreted, and the road bed of Central street is at the present time being concreted at a

Gen. Q. A. Scott.

Sidney Tilton.

cost of some twelve thousand dollars.

The water supply for domestic and business purposes, with ample number of hydrants for pumping and extinguishing fire, is supplied by the Woodsville Aqueduct Co., which also furnishes the streets, stores, offices, and many of the homes with electric lighting.

Odd Fellowship is strong in numbers and influence, Moosehillock Lodge, No. 25, being one of the strongest in the state, and her property and investments amounting to over ten thousand dollars. The Rebekah Lodge instituted in 1892, has also a large and enthusiastic membership. Grand Canton Albin, No. 4, Patriarchs Militant, which was mustered in 1887, is an influential body. Odd Fellowship has had an enthusiastic and untiring promoter in the person of Quincy A. Scott, one of the leading merchants and business men of the village, and who is at the present time the popular brigadier general of the New Hampshire brigade of Patriarchs Militant.

General Scott is the proprietor of the oldest business block in the village where he has a large store devoted to the clothing, crockery, boot and shoe, and carpet trade, and his office as agent of the American Express company. He is extensively interested also in real estate.

The other business blocks which merit more than passing notice are the Opera House building, containing stores, banks, post-office, offices, the John L. Woods club rooms, and the opera hall, costing upwards of forty thousand dollars; the Tilton and Bittinger buildings, and the so-called Brick Store block, occupied for the most part by the large, general store of Stickney Brothers.

The hotels are the Parker House, now under the efficient management of J. E. Hamilton, the Hotel Wentworth, and Hotel Johnson. The two former have a deservedly large patronage.

Arthur E. Davis has an excellent livery, and is also actively interested in other business, besides serving as deputy sheriff and special police justice.

Woodsville has a large, local trade, and is the natural centre for the trade of a large, surrounding territory. The firm of William Ricker & Son, dealers in live stock and farm produce, has, for example, the most extensive business in New England, with perhaps a single exception. Almost all lines of business are represented and its merchants, trades-

A. H. Leighton.

Arthur E. Davis.

men, contractors, are as a class, young, public-spirited, enterprising, and progressive with plenty of faith in themselves and each other.

The Woodsville banks have their rooms in Opera House block. The Guaranty Savings bank was organized in April, 1890, and has a guaranty fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, deposits of about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and loans amounting to about one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. E. B. Mann is president, H. W. Allen, treasurer, and W. F. Whitcher, clerk of the board of trustees.

H. W. Allen.

The Woodsville Loan and Banking Co. was organized in 1891 to meet a growing demand for a business banking institution, and was succeeded in business in October, 1897, by the Woodsville National bank with a capital of $50,000. This bank has had an almost phenomenal success during its brief existence as a banking institution, a success due to the conservative management of its directors and cashier. Henry W. Keyes is president, W. H. Gilchrist, vice-president, and H. W. Allen, cashier. Its deposits now amount to about one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Allen is a native of St. Johnsbury, Vt., thirty-four years of age, and has engaged in banking since 1884, when he became bookkeeper, and was successively promoted clerk, teller, assistant cashier, and cashier in the Merchants National bank at St. Johnsbury, holding the latter position eight years. He came to Woodsville, March 26, as treasurer of the savings and cashier of the loan bank, and was largely instrumental in organizing the National bank. He has already made a reputation as a courteous, prudent, accomplished cashier.

Woodsville is not a finished village. The sound of the hammer is always heard. It has no empty houses. The sign "To Let" is almost never seen. Tenements are in demand. It indulges little in reminiscence, it believes in its future. Its citizens, as a rule, are public-spirited and coöperate with each other in securing the material and social prosperity of the village. It is a village of pleasant homes, clean streets, which will be well shaded when the trees have time to grow. It is already the chief railroad centre of northern New Hampshire. It is expecting to become a manufacturing centre. Just at present it is a little hurried. It has not capital equal to its energy. It only asks for time.

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Sarah Fenton Sanborn.

CHAPTER VI.

LONG before the dawn Madame Vaughan was seated upon the upper veranda, a soft, white shawl about her shoulders, a pure white St. Joseph's lily in her corsage. She was soon joined by Victor in his father's arms.

"'The Lord is risen.' He is risen indeed. *Surrexit. Vere surrexit,*" were their salutations this Easter morning, after the manner of Oriental Christians.

"I wish our country had this custom, Papa," and the little red lips struggled with his first Latin words and wished he could say it in Greek, because his grandmother told him that was Christ's language.

But look! a tinge of white light glimmers over Tamalpais. Overhead the black dome shows the fading western stars. The forests on the foothills are an indistinguishable mass. Look! a faint pinkish hue is stealing up the mountain. Southward, northward, it bathes the eastern horizon in softness, and the foothills stand out in relief.

Aurora sent out arrow after arrow in brilliant prelude of his approach. The expectant group with fixed eyes and bated breath were hushed in overwrought excitement awaiting his approach.

Suddenly, with a flash like the lightning, the god of day sprang forth full-orbed, dazzling, glorious, so the eye could not rest upon his brightness.

The Easter morn was born anew. Victor was the first to speak,—"Papa, I had to hide my eyes when he flew out so gay, for he did dance for very joy."

"Very well," said his father, "now go with Dora and pick some red roses and get dressed."

"I did not care," he said to his mother, who had not

approved the child's fancy, "to disturb Victor. It is harmless, and full soon he will learn to con another part."

Sir Thomas Browne speaks of this fancy as "a vulgar error," meaning a common impression.

"How beautiful the child looked illumined by the sunrise," said his father.

"Like an angel," replied his mother, "but we must not idolize him."

"No, nor get him up at sunrise till another Easter. It is too exciting. Dr. Baird says that he requires a great deal of sleep while he is growing so rapidly."

"I think so, but you have always been an early riser, like Emerson. He says that he sees the sun rise from his hilltop with emotions that an angel might envy."

"And yet," said Mr. Vaughan, "how few men and women will forego a morning nap for such a spectacle."

"Don't you think it is because these bodies of ours imprison a willing spirit and hold it in bondage?"

"And yet," sighed Alfred, with trembling voice, "what angelic form can be lovelier than Victorine's? Why should I want it changed? And Victor's, why, his face was that of a seraph as the sun shone upon it this morning. And you, dear Mama, I want you forever just as you are."

> "This clay so strong of heart, in sense so fine,
> Truly such clay is more than half divine,
> 'T is only fools speak evil of the clay,
> The very stars are made of clay like mine."

And now the trees, the rocks, the forests, the hills, the ocean, Mount Tamalpais, the whole earth, and every created thing seemed to shout, and rejoice, and be glad, "Christ is risen to-day!" From bay, and shore, and encircling hills came back the glad refrain, "He is risen indeed!" From the topmost branches of the fragrant cedars sang, in sweetest notes, the white-throated warblers, and up sprang the meadow larks, skyward, prolonging in thrills of ecstacy the joy that "Christ is risen to-day, to-day!"

The tower-bell rang out its chimes for the breakfast hour.

Oh, that delicious Easter morning! The bees hummed, the birds sang, life was a luxury, God's smile a benison over all that He had made. Victor bathed hands and face in the dew resting on the gossamer webs on the lawn, and called them fairies' baths.

The Chinese servants had decorated steps, porches, vestibule, and hall leading to the breakfast room with the lovely narcissus, their sacred flower, and Jones had carried out the same idea through the appointments of the table. Callas and St. Joseph lilies adorned mantels and sideboards.

It was a white breakfast—white corn pone, white omelettes, white strawberries, white fish, white corn bread, everything served on white china. The honey was white, and the fricassee of only the pure white of the fowls, even the large lucious cherries were a pure white. Jones' immaculate linen, glass, and silver had never seemed to shine with such a lustre.

Breakfast over, Jones threw open the folding doors connecting with the little chapel. Mr. Vaughan was a veritable high priest in his own home, so far as outward rigid forms of strict Sabbath observance were concerned. The servants of the household were already seated, the maids in white caps and aprons, Japanese in tunics richly embroidered, the "Celestials," white linen blouses, white cotton hose, and pointed slippers. All rose and joined in singing an Easter hymn after Madame Vaughan had finished the organ prelude.

We rejoice O God and pray
To Thee, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
While our hearts and voices say,
Christ our Saviour 's ris'n to-day!

Please accept the praise we bring,
God our Father, God our King,
While our hearts and voices say,
Christ our Saviour 's ris'n to-day!

Glad the hills in echo ring,
Glad the birds at Easter sing,
While our hearts and voices say,
Christ our Saviour 's ris'n to-day!

Who shall say that Victorine's listening ear did not catch the sweet soprano of her darling's song?

Near the white, marble bust of Victorine was placed a delicate Sèvres cup, calla-shaped, in which the family dropped their Easter offerings for the poor. It was a pretty fancy to call it "The cup of the Holy Grail." And all around it there hovered the scent of the English violets.

"What a picture! if we could only catch it. He looks like Vögel's 'Kinderhoff.'"

Victor was standing on the carriage steps ready for church with Gratz, who was begging to be taken in. Victor's arm was around him, and the dog's paws rested upon the boy's shoulders.

"No, Gratz, do not make me sad to-day, because Christ is risen and everybody is glad."

Gratz moaned nevertheless and clung. The little, gloved hand held up the dog's paw and kissed the earnest eyes. His father gently disengaged the dog's affectionate grasp, and Ito led him mournfully away, no doubt, to get a big, savory bone.

Ernest Gray was a young theologue in junior year at the St. Anselmo seminary. He had brought letters of introduction to Mr. Vaughan, who had shown him various attentions in the way of books and dinners. Invited to dine this Easter Sunday, he had voluntered to attend church with his host and hostess. They found him ready at the gate to take the vacant seat in the carriage.

Mr. Gray was writing a book to be entitled "Why Am I a Presbyterian?" Here was a fine opportunity to inform himself as to the observance and customs of Easter, which he did zealously by plying Mr. Vaughan with questions during the long drive.

Mr. Vaughan told him that the early church celebrated Easter on the day of the feast of the Passover, which was the 14th of March, that the western branch of the church observed it the day after, which was much more appropriate.

"Then you do not look to the apostles for its observance," remarked Mr. Gray.

"No, we cannot, not even to the writings of the fathers. Some churchmen maintain that Paul's injunction to the Corinthians, chapter v, 7-8, refers to an established custom. This is not proven. It is, however, quite supposable that the Jews who became Christians should observe feast days, though under new names, to the honor of their new Master, the Risen Christ."

"How did our word Easter originate, sir?" enquired Mr. Gray.

It came out of old Teutonic mythology. Ostara had been worshipped as the goddess of the sun to whom April was dedicated. April, as you well know, is from the Latin, *aperiro*, to open. They called it *Estermonath*.

"This opening season for all Nature comes earlier in California than in colder climates and is not so marked, is it, sir?"

"It is not. Our spring begins in February, during the latter rains which moisten the ground enough to last six months. The foothills take on a vivid green, and wild flowers dot the plains with every color of the rainbow. This climate is much like that of Palestine."

"Is that so, sir? That must go into my book."

"How fortunate! You may add that in March our gardens are bursting with blossoms and beauty, and that April is high carnival month for our roses."

"I will, sir, and now may I ask how the present date was established?"

"The council of Nice, 325 A. D., decided to always hold it on Sunday, the first day of the week, but not until the Gregorian calendar was accepted in the sixth century did they declare on what Sunday. The moon decides the date. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon, in other words, the full moon which falls on or next after the 21st of March. Should the full moon fall on a Sunday, Easter is not

observed until the following Sunday. Good Friday is regulated by this rule, as are all of the feasts of the church."

"Is not Easter observed in the churches of other denominations more than formerly?" enquired Mr. Gray.

"It certainly is on this coast quite universal."

"But," said Madame Vaughan, "in New England my church, the Presbyterian, had never so much as a palm branch or lily at Christmas or Easter, and, as children, we never saw a Christmas tree."

"I doubt if in England Easter was much observed except in the established church."

"Of course in the Romish, sir, is it not?"

"Oh, that goes without saying. Until the time of George the Fourth the courts regulated their sessions by the date of Easter. Now 'Easter term' is fixed at April 15. Baptisms and marriages were solemnized at Easter. Now it is a festival season, and the whole world takes note of it."

CHAPTER VII.

THE church was of Gothic architecture, only needing age and denser ivy to give the *vraisemblance* of the Swantoun church so dear to Alfred and Victorine. It was often called the Vaughan church, so largely had they planned and endowed it.

The font was of Carrara marble carved by Italian skill. The figures of angels supported the bowl, a dove rested upon each handle; on the outer edge a wreath of violets mingled with forget-me-nots. By a touching coincidence, the first infant christened at the font (which was Victorine's gift) was her own. The pale, dying mother, the infant in his father's arms, the bishop in his robes, the east chamber beautified by the unclouded sunrise, glorified by the rapt expression on the fair brow of the dying mother, and sanctified by the presence of the messenger so soon to take her

to the upper mansion prepared for her. The husband pale with vigils of grief, the grandmother bowed in prayer, who can forget it?

Supported on pillows, Victorine took the holy sacrament, then the bishop taking the child from the father's arms held him close to the mother, who whispered, "I name him Victor," and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the child's brow was touched with the sacred waters and dedicated to heaven.

Great was the grief of the whole community when lovely Victorine had passed from sight.

In memoriam, her husband had given the rich, solid gold communion service. Madame Vaughan had wrought the beautiful altar cloths in lilies-of-the-valley around the name "Victorine." Victor had given, when old enough to understand its significance, a window in the chancel on which was represented the scene in the temple where Christ was reasoning with the doctors. All the figures in the picture were in comparative shadow except that of the boy Jesus which beamed with a light divine.

This window was in full view from the family pew. The original in the Dresden gallery had been a favorite with Victorine. She had replicas of it in the music-room and boudoir, and always a small engraving of it in her Bible.

The Vaughan family thought it a duty to be in their pews ready for the opening service.

Madame Vaughan's heart was in full sympathy with Milton's grand rhapsody:

* * * * * * * *

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In anthem loud and service clear
That shall with sweetness on mine ear
Dissolve my soul in ecstasy
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

The venerable preacher seemed as one inspired while he portrayed that sublimest of all scenes, the resurrection of

our Lord, the apotheosis of the three-years' life-work of the Saviour of men. His text was from the gospel of St. Luke, "And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."

Gone now! forever gone
(This glorious Easter morn)
The poverty, the scorn,
The taunt of base, low-born,
The thirst, the spear, the thorn
Gone now! forever gone!

Rolled away! rolled away!
In glorious array,
A King goes up to-day
To take His throne
And claim His own!
Rolled away! rolled away!

"Dear friends," said the preacher, pointing heavenward, "look up and see your Lord! Can any for a moment doubt that He is risen?"

As the rector paused, it seemed as the voice of an angel answering sweet and clear; it was Victor: "Oh, I know He is risen, my grandmother says He is, and my mama knows Him in heaven, and He is risen indeed."

The child was standing on the seat looking straight into the eyes of the amazed rector, unconscious that he seemed like a vision to the wondering congregation. It was as if he had come to them from the open heavens.

"I looked to see the dove descend and rest upon him," said Mr. Gray, when telling his classmates of the scene.

At last the preacher's trembling voice found utterance, "Blessed child, blessed faith, may it be ours through life, ours in death and till we reach the other shore. Let us pray!"

Mr. Gray had found a text for his first sermon, "And a little child shall lead them;" and yet another text, "And they were astonished at his doctrine."

The congregation as by one impulse remained standing while the unconscious boy was led out by his father.

"How like his sainted mother," said Deacon Ward.

"I saw a halo around his beautiful curls like that in the picture," said Miss Sinclair.

"He could have been the model St. John in Raphael's 'Holy Family.'" It was Dr. Gordon who spoke, a college classmate and especial friend of Mr. Vaughan's, who had just returned from a foreign tour.

The sexton's wife told her husband that she was sure that Victor would never live to grow up.

"Whom the gods love die young," thought Dr. Baird, the beloved physician, "but we can't spare that boy."

"Papa mine," Victor was the first to speak as the carriage moved away, "I was looking at the Little Christ all churchtime and He looked into my eyes. Do you believe He knows me, Grandmother?"

Mr. Vaughan's eyes met his mother's bathed in tears. Both strove against a foreboding of some invisible presence even then alluring their darling from their sight.

Conquering herself, his grandmother clasped the child's hands with a strong pressure, saying, "Now tell me what I was thinking of. Papa and Mr. Gray must guess too."

"I think it was about your Easter dinner," said Mr. Gray.

All laughed. "Why, are you hungry?" said Victor.

"Now it is my turn," said his father, "you were thinking of your new Easter bonnet."

His mother blushed at this unexpected sally.

"Hardly," she said, "for it had not arrived."

"Then were you thinking why," said Victor. Quick as thought the boy put up his lips for a kiss, adding, "No, Grandmother, you never care for new things, but love the dear old ones."

Mr. Gray was really curious. "May we have the thought now, Madame?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, but itself will demand another guess. I was wondering how many callas adorned the chancel this morning."

"Oh," said Victor, "Andrew told me that he picked three thousand, and sent them at six o'clock."

"Incredible," said Mr. Gray. "What would my sister in Maine say to that? She has been nursing five buds for weeks to get them ready for Easter morning."

"Yes," said Mr. Vaughan, "our New England friends think that we exaggerate till they come and see for themselves. Write to your sister that there were at least three thousand callas, five hundred St. Joseph lilies, and bushels of white roses."

"How beautiful is this custom of flowers *in memoriam*," said Mr. Gray.

"The violets around the font and about the picture of 'The Christ in the Temple,' especially attracted me."

"I think," said Victor, "some angel comes every Sunday and puts them there, and I don't know" (leaning towards Mr. Gray as he spoke) "but my mama sends the angel because she loved English violets so."

A sudden stopping of the carriage was a relief to the agitated father. James had driven to the Mersereau tract where whole fields of the blazing Eschscholtzia were in full sight.

"Oh, oh," cried Victor, "Solomon never knew this glory-flower."

"Whence its difficult botanical name?" said Mr. Gray. "I like Victor's 'glory-flower' better."

"It was named," replied Mr. Vaughan, for a Dr. Eschscholtz (or by him) of Sweden, who explored this region. It is not a native of any other climate, but will grow from its seeds under favorable circumstances. They showed some very sickly blossoms at the World's fair. It should be seen 'on its native heath' to be appreciated."

"Visitors at this season rave over it as do travelers among the rose and edelweiss of the Swiss Alps," said Madame Vaughan," and who can wonder?"

As the carriage moved on the ravishing beauty of the valley seemed the coronation of its Maker's handiwork.

"It is paradise, if there be a paradise upon earth," said Mr. Gray.

"If heaven is more beautiful, what must it be to be there?" said Mr. Vaughan.

The answer came from his mother's lips, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Victor's blue eyes upturned, reflected the soft radiance of the azure sky,—"I see angels' faces in that white cloud over Tamalpais," murmured the white-souled child. "I think one must be my mama."

The fair head nestled close on his grandmother's arm, her hand gently veiled the drowsy eyelids, and silence rested over the group.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE TOWNS IN MERRIMACK COUNTY, AND ALSO THE DATE OF THEIR SETTLEMENT AND INCORPORATION.

By Howard M. Cook.

NOT long since, while in charge of the New Hampshire Historical Society's rooms for a short time, I examined the history of Merrimack county, and also the histories that have been published of the towns in the county. I was interested in tracing the origin of the names of the twenty-five towns and the two cities that comprise it. Previous to this examination I was not very well informed in this matter. And I have no doubt that many of the scholars in our public schools could give a correct reason for the naming of the states in the Union, while they might be at a loss to know why their own town or the towns about them in the county were so named.

Of a few of the towns in Merrimack county I find no information as to the origin of their names, and all the reason that can be given will be in the nature of an inference. With the largest number, however, there is no doubt as to the reason, and taking the towns in their alphabetical order it appears to be as follows:

Allenstown was granted to the children of Gov. Samuel Allen, May 11, 1722, and was incorporated July 2, 1731. It was named in honor of Governor Allen. The first settlers were John Wolcott, Andrew Smith, Daniel Evans, and Robert Buntin.

Andover was granted to Edmund Brown and others in 1746. It was first known by the name of New Breton, in honor of the brave men who achieved the capture of Cape Breton in 1745. It was incorporated June 25, 1779. It was probably named for Andover, Mass.

Boscawen was granted to John Coffin and eighty others, June 6, 1733, and was first known by the name of Contoocook. It was incorporated April 22, 1760. It was named in honor of Admiral Edward Boscawen of the English navy, who was then on duty in American waters. The first settlement was made in 1734. Before this time, in the spring of 1698, the island, known as Dustin's island, lying at the mouth of the Contoocook river, and within the limits of the town, was the scene of the heroic deeds of Mrs. Hannah Dustin.

Bow was granted by Gov. John Wentworth, May 20, 1727, to Jonathan Wiggin and others, and included a large portion of the territory that now belongs to Concord and Pembroke. The date of its incorporation is not given nor the reason for its name. An old resident of the town, however, thinks that it was

so named on account of a bow or bend in the Merrimack river, which forms its eastern boundary.

Bradford was first settled in 1771, by Dea. William Presby and his family. It was first known as New Bradford. It was incorporated September 27, 1787, and then included a part of the town of Washington. It was probably named for Bradford, Mass.

Canterbury was granted to Richard Waldron and others May 20, 1727. It was incorporated March 19, 1741. It was named for the Lord of Canterbury.

Concord was granted January 17, 1725, under the name of the "Plantation of Penacook," to Benjamin Stevens, Ebenezer Stevens, and others. It was incorporated February 27, 1733, by the general court of Massachusetts, by the name of Rumford, from the parish of Rumford in England. It was known by this name till June 7, 1765, when coming under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire it was incorporated by the name of Concord, and on the adoption of the city charter, in 1853, it became the first city in the county. It is said that this last name was given to the town either to express the unanimity in purpose and action that characterized the inhabitants of Rumford in their contention with the proprietors of Bow, or else it was an expression of a hope that thereafter the inhabitants of the newly named town might live in peace and concord with their Bow neighbors. Perhaps both reasons may be correct.

Chichester was granted by Governor Wentworth to Nathaniel Gookin and others, May 20, 1727, but was not settled till 1758, Paul Morrill being the first settler. It probably takes it name from Chichester, England.

Danbury was first settled in 1771, and incorporated in 1795. It was formerly in Grafton county but was taken from that county in 1874 and annexed to Merrimack county. The reason for its name is not given.

Dunbarton was first known by the name of Stark's town, in honor of Archibald Stark, the principal proprietor and one of the grantees. It was granted in 1751, and incorporated August 10, 1765. The first settlers were of Scotch descent, and the town was named for Dunbarton in Scotland.

Epsom was granted by Gov. John Wentworth, May 13, 1727. It received its name from Epsom, in the county of Surrey in England.

Franklin was formerly a part of the towns of Andover, Northfield, Sanbornton, and Salisbury, and was incorporated December 24, 1828, and in 1895 adopted a city charter, thus becoming the second city in Merrimack county. It was named for the famous Boston boy, Benjamin Franklin.

Hill was granted September 14, 1753, to eighty-seven proprietors, the greater part of whom were from Chester. The first settlement was made in 1768, and the town was incorporated November 20, 1778. It was first named New Chester and continued by that name till January 14, 1837, when it received its present name in honor of Gov. Isaac Hill, who was governor of the state at that time. It was formerly in Grafton county, but was taken from that county in 1868, and annexed to Merrimack county.

Henniker, formerly known as "Number Six," was granted July 16, 1752, to James Wallace, Robert Wallace, and others, and settled in 1760. It was incorporated November 10, 1768. It was named by Gov. John Wentworth in honor of John Henniker, Esq., a wealthy merchant of London.

Hooksett was formerly a part of the towns of Goffstown, Dunbarton, and Chester, and was incorporated July 3, 1822. The origin of the name is not definitely known but probably has reference to the fishing customs of the Indians.

Hopkinton was granted under the name of "Number Five," by Massachusetts, January 15, 1736. It was incorporated January 10, 1765, and was named for Hopkinton, Mass. Previous to the formation of Merrimack county, in 1823, it was one of the shire towns of Hillsborough county, Amherst being the other shire town.

Loudon was incorporated January 22, 1773. It was formerly a part of Canterbury. The first settlement was made in 1760. The name is of Scottish origin, and means "Low hills."

Newbury, formerly known by the name of Fisherfield, from John Fisher, one of the original proprietors, was incorporated November 27, 1778. In 1836 its name was changed to Newbury, and probably so named from Newbury, Mass.

New London was first known by the name of Heidleburg, and settled in 1775. It was incorporated July 24, 1779. If it was named New London in contradistinction to Old London, in England, there could not be a better illustration of the oft quoted saying of Cowper that "God made the country and man made the town."

Northfield was formerly a part of Canterbury and was incorporated in 1780. The origin of the name is not given, and is probably named for a field within its limits.

Pembroke was at first known by the name of Suncook and was granted in May, 1727, by the general court of Massachusetts to Capt. John Lovewell and his comrades in consideration of their services against the Indians. It was incorporated under its present name November 1, 1759. It was named by Gov. Benning Wentworth, in honor of the Earl of Pembroke, who was a prominent member of the court of St. James.

Pittsfield was first settled by John Cram in 1768, and was incorporated March 27, 1782. It was formerly a part of Chichester. Like Northfield, the origin of the name is not given, and it probably describes a field within its limits.

Salisbury was originally granted by Massachusetts, and was known as Bakerstown. It was afterwards granted October 25, 1749, by the Masonian proprietors and called Stevenstown. It was incorporated under its present name March 1, 1768. It was first settled in 1750. It was the native town of Daniel Webster. It probably takes its name from Salisbury, Mass.

Sutton was granted by the Masonian proprietors in 1749. It was first called Perrystown, from Obadiah Perry, one of the original proprietors. It was first settled in 1767 and was incorporated April 9, 1784. It was named by Baruch Chase of Hopkinton, for Sutton, Mass., his native place.

Warner was granted in 1735 by Massachusetts under the name of Number One, and first settled in 1762. It was afterwards known as New Amesbury and was incorporated September 3, 1774. One historian says it was named by Governor Wentworth, in honor of Jonathan Warner, a member of his council, and another historian that it was named for Col. Seth Warner, who championed the cause of New Hampshire in the contest between that province and New York. Whichever way is right there is no dispute about the name.

Wilmot, formerly known by the name of Kearsarge, was incorporated June 18, 1807. It is said that it was named for Dr. Wilmot, an Englishman, who, at one time, was supposed to be the author of the famous "Junius" letters.

Webster, the youngest town in the county, was formerly the west half of the town of Boscawen. Against the wishes of a majority of its voters it was set off from Boscawen and was incorporated by the general court of New Hampshire, July 4, 1860. It was named in honor of Daniel Webster.

Of these towns it may be stated that Allenstown, Bow, Canterbury, Concord, Chichester, Epsom, Loudon, Northfield, Pembroke, and Pittsfield were formerly in Rockingham county, while Andover, Boscawen, Bradford, Dunbarton, Henniker, Hooksett, Hopkinton, Newbury, New London, Sutton, Warner, and Wilmot were formerly in Hillsborough county, but were all taken from these two counties in 1823 to form the county of Merrimack.

One thing in connection with the naming of the towns in Merrimack county is worth noting and strikes one as a little strange at first, and that is the absence of any Indian names, though Boscawen, Concord, and Pembroke were known in their early days by the names respectively of Contoocook, Penacook, and Suncook. But this absence and the change in names even may possibly be accounted for by the fact the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack had rather a rough time with the Indians,—the Bradley monument out on the Hopkinton road, erected to commemorate the Penacook massacre, is a grim, silent witness to that fact,—and doubtless they came to the conclusion of General Sherman that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian." And so it may be that the sturdy pioneers did not care to honor any of the towns with names that were reminders of their cruel foes.

The same may be said to a great extent of the counties of New Hampshire. The names of only two of them are of Indian origin,—Merrimack, which means "crooked river," and Coös, one of the Indian names of the Connecticut, and which also means "crooked." And these two counties were formed long after the red men had passed away from this section of the country. The earliest formed counties in the state have English names. Rockingham county was named for the Marquis of Rockingham; Strafford, for the Earl of Strafford; Hillsborough, for the Earl of Hillsborough; Grafton, for the Duke of Grafton; Cheshire, for a county of that name in England; while Sullivan county was named for

John Sullivan; Belknap, for Dr. Belknap, the historian, and Carroll for Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The historians tell us that New Hampshire was named for the county of Hampshire, England. If it was named so on account of any resemblance, it must have been a fancied one. How much more appropriate in every way if our state had been named after the Merrimack, which runs down its backbone to the sea and lends of its power for the upbuilding of the manufacturing interests of the state, and of which Whittier has sung its praises in his poem entitled, "Our River,"

"We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human lore and glory;
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayer,
Go singing down the meadows.

"But while unpictured and unsung,
By painters or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

"No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping,
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping;
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of maids boast,
But ours of man and woman.

"The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to home-sick ears
Around the settler's clearing;
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
On Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

* * * * * * * *

"And thou, O mountain-born! no more
We ask the wise Alloter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that over-lay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty."

THE TUNNEL-SEAT AND THE WINDOW-SEAT.

By Helen Soule Stuart.

VIII.

"ELIZABETH, I noticed as I passed through the tunnel this evening that the plant has lost its blossoms. You must not neglect my commission or I shall have to employ another agent. I suspect you may be out of money, little girl. Here!" and Mr. Phelps drew from his vest pocket a roll of bills and handed his niece five dollars. "What will you get this time?"

"I think a bright carnation would be a pleasant change, Uncle Ned. They are more fragrant, and last quite as long as a geranium."

"Carnation sounds cheerful, I am sure. See that some fresh growing thing is kept beside that young man continually. He interests me. He is too bright a fellow to be shut away underground, buried alive, by Jove! I must get hold of him and drag him out into the daylight if I can do so gracefully. I wish there was a sunny corner somewhere in the bank where I could put him. I must try to make one even if I have to build on an addition so to speak. Well, good-bye Bess, I am late this morning."

"Uncle Ned!" called Elizabeth, as her uncle was hurrying out.

"Yes! what is the matter now?"

"Are-you-sure," she began in a hesitating way, "that it is all right for me to buy flowers and have them sent to the Washington-street tunnel? Do you think mother would approve of it?"

"Why not!" impulsively asked Mr. Phelps, then, as a light of sudden intelligence broke over his face, "well, what a hot-headed old blunderer I am. He isn't an old man is he, Bess?" he went on meditatively as he drew his gloves through the palm of his left hand, "and the chap who delivers the plants might notice that he is young and good looking, and report it to the party who sells them to you. Humph!" he ended, nodding his head.

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled as she watched the perplexity photographing itself upon her bachelor uncle's face, and was herself more amused at the moment than troubled.

"Look here, Bessica, we will fix this up in good shape," and his face began to untangle itself. "You come down to the bank and I will go with you to the shop where you have been buying these confounded plants, and you shall give another order while I stand by and look approving, then they will know this is no sly game. How's that?" he asked exultantly.

"Well, Uncle Teddie, that will do for one place, but I have not purchased the flowers twice from the same house."

"Oh, well, 'that's a horse of another color!'" and the triumphant

expression was suddenly pushed out of his face as the look of perplexity swept back. "Well, by heavens, Elizabeth, I must attend to this before that conventional sister of mine, your blessed mother, comes back, or I shall not dare look her in the face. You come down town, as I told you, and we will deal at every place where you have left an order if it costs me a hundred dollars and blocks that tunnel. We will have that boy watchman sit and stand on roses, and carnations, and tulips, and poppies for once in his life."

The girl laughed a provokingly merry laugh as she kissed her uncle Ned, and he went out shaking his finger at her as a warning not to revel too much in his chagrin.

IX.

Ralph Murdock sat glancing up and down the columns of *The Record* which a thoughtful passenger of a down town car had tossed to him, when suddenly his face blanched, his lips parted, while his eyes moved rapidly back and forth over the paragraph which had interrupted their downward glance. The item which was absorbing his attention was as follows:

"Among the delegates attending the Methodist Conference, we notice the name of the Reverend Harvey Murdock, D. D., who is a great grandson of the eminent Bishop Murdock, and could be rightly named Doctor Murdock, the Fourth, as he represents the fourth generation of a family of Doctors of Divinity. We are officially informed that the Divine will speak in some one of the prominent churches during the Conference, and that his voice will be heard on important questions at the business meetings. He is at present pastor of a large and influential church in a well-known University town of the State, but it is rumored that he will be wanted in our own City when his time expires at his present Charge."

Having read and re-read this item, Ralph settled back against the bright pillows and fastened his eyes upon the electric light just above his head. There was an injured expression on his face as if from this artificial spark had come to him a shock which for the moment dazed him.

The passengers on the passing cars listened in vain for the familiar whistle in "Music Hall," as the tunnel was now called. It had received its name from a mischievous, college fellow who passed back and forth daily, and the name had been quickly adopted by the traveling public.

For a whole day no sound of the well-known tune was heard issuing from the niche in the wall where the watchman sat, and the eager face which greeted the occupants of the cars as the hungry brown eyes scanned each passing train caused much comment. The following day, however, the whistling was resumed, but yet the eyes made rapid flights through the loaded cars.

X.

"This is not the same line we have been using," asserted Dr. Murdock to his host, as they emerged from the palatial home where the delegate was being entertained, and boarded a down-town train.

"No! I usually go down on this line, but the one a block away is a little more convenient to the Central church, so I have been taking you around that way. I thought you might like a change, and this will give you a little different view of the city and take you through 'Music Hall.'"

"Music Hall? Music Hall?" queried Dr. Murdock, while he

deepened the furrows in his forehead.

"Not the Music Hall you have in mind, Doctor, but a name-sake of it," smilingly replied the host. "We have a unique tunnel watchman on this line, and if he is on duty to-day and in his usually cheerful mood, you will readily see how the tunnel has gained its name."

The afternoon was oppressively hot, the heat making itself visible in incessantly moving waves, in a most tantalizingly reminding manner. The car they had taken was crowded to its utmost capacity not many blocks beyond where they had boarded it. Dr. Murdock and his host had found a seat on the grip-man's platform, yet, even when the car was in motion, the air which met them seemed to issue from the mouth of a furnace. As the train entered the tunnel, Dr. Murdock took his high silk hat from his head, remarking to his companion:

"This is refreshing. There has been an uncomfortable pressure on my brain all day which this extreme heat seems to aggravate. I am afraid my talk this afternoon will be necessarily dull."

As he ceased speaking his ear caught the notes of a familiar air, and just ahead he saw some bright blossoms which surely could not have opened in so dismal a place as a tunnel. Turning so as to face the spot from which the brightness and music were issuing, his gaze of curiosity was suddenly changed into one of amazement. The face he had vowed never to look upon again was before him, and the plaintive notes of the tune were interrupted by the cry:

"Father!"

The occupants of the car looked from one to another as they issued from the tunnel, but fortunately for Dr. Murdock, his position on the front seat kept his white face unrevealed. Not even his companion, in his surprise over the episode, noticed the pallor in his guest's face, nor the trembling hands which replaced the hat, but remarked, glancing over his shoulder into the faces behind:

"There is something unusual in that boy's life, some distressing tragedy I fear. I have suspected it before. I must look into this matter. He is too bright a fellow to live in this underground place."

Dr. Murdock sat silent for the rest of the trip, and his friend judging he might be preparing his mind for the address he was to make, left him undisturbed.

As Dr. Murdock rose from his seat on the platform later that afternoon and stepped to the front, the eyes of the vast audience were caught and held by the painfully livid expression.

For a moment he stood, while his sad eyes wandered over the congregation and when, at last, the silence was broken, the words he uttered seemed forced from between his thin lips:

"I entreat your earnest prayers that I may be sustained in the effort I am about to make. The subject of the afternoon is one that lies nearest my heart, 'The Religious Training of the Young.'" Here Dr. Murdock paused while he pressed his hand first to his head, then to his heart, then continuing:

"As ministers of the gospel and teachers of the word of God—"

The dull, heavy thud which ended the sentence brought every one in

the great church to his feet. The men on the platform gathered around the prostrate form, lifted it, and as they bore it into a side room, the presiding bishop raised his hand as a sign of silence, and stood awaiting the message which was soon brought from the quiet room where Dr. Murdock had been carried. As the word was received, the gray haired bishop turned again toward the almost breathless audience, while in a voice full of emotion he began:

"The hand of Providence has dealt us a most severe blow. Our loved Dr. Murdock has been suddenly summoned from our midst to join the great congregation that ne'er breaks up. With God's blessing I dismiss you, and may He uphold and sustain us all in this great trial."

XI.

The snow was falling in thick, heavy flakes outside as Elizabeth Lee drew down the light shades in the bay window of her uncle Ned's inviting library. As her eyes fell upon the broad window-seat, a smile played over her face as if she had suddenly recalled a pleasing circumstance, then her pretty mouth assumed a lady-like pucker, and in clear notes she began to whistle softly a familiar, old tune. Before the melody was finished the door opened and Mr. Phelps entered the room, coming suddenly to a standstill as he heard the well-known air, and as it ceased he jocularly remarked:

"Hello! she whistles yet, in spite of the added four years of womanhood and foreign travel. Celebrating your home coming with the old tune, Elizabeth?"

"No, Uncle Ned," she replied, as she walked beside him to the bright, grate fire, "I was just thinking how I played boy one day to please Teddie, and that, and another thought, made me whistle the 'every day' tune quite unconsciously."

"Yes, yes! I remember," replied Mr. Phelps, rubbing his hands comfortably and looking thoughtfully into the fire. All at once as if rousing himself and returning from the past, he enquired:

"How has your grandmother been feeling to-day?"

"Grandmother," replied Elizabeth confidentially, "has been somewhat disturbed all day because she has no cough medicine, but as she has no cough, I think the rest of us may feel resigned, don't you?" she asked, turning toward him.

"Elizabeth, you are a heartless rogue!" laughed Mr. Phelps. "Sit down here now beside me for punishment."

"Oh, Uncle Ned, don't be so severe! Send me supperless to bed or give me ten chapters to read of 'Cosmic Philosophy,'—anything but compelling me to sit beside you, and hear you talk for half an hour. Please, Uncle, be a trifle more lenient with me," and she patted his cheek caressingly, as she took the chair he had drawn up beside his own.

"Elizabeth, you are a saucy girl; but now, without any more nonsense, have you forgotten the young watchman in the Washington street tunnel whom we almost smothered with flowers one day just to save your reputation, and how the very next day he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come?"

"Now that you mention him, I do

recall him," she replied, smiling up into his eyes.

"Well, I must say," replied Mr. Phelps, turning upon her with a belligerent tone, "you look exceedingly amused over the recollection. Unless my memory is failing, you were anything but pleased at the time of the disappearance and tormented me for weeks with speculations concerning him."

"Well, Uncle, that was a long time ago; I was a mere child then. I have traveled since then," she added in a blasé tone.

"Traveled! well, that need not necessarily cause you to lose interest in your friends."

"Friends!" repeated Elizabeth, "why, he was nothing but a tunnel watchman."

"He was n't, was n't he? I could give you some information concerning him which might change your opinion, something I learned during your absence, but—Elizabeth, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, Uncle Ned, never mind me; I am silly to-night."

"Your sense of humor is certainly unusually remarkable!"

"Do n't you care, Uncle! Tell me what you have learned about him. Did you build a nice little conservatory on the bank for him where he could get plenty of sunlight?"

"No, I did n't! I have never seen him since you left."

"Why, you do n't think I carried him off, do you?"

Elizabeth saw her uncle was thinking entirely different things, as he sat watching the bright flames as they curled around the great lumps of coal like alluring arms. Finally, drawing a long breath which closely resembled a sigh, he spoke, turning upon her a pair of wistful eyes:

"Elizabeth, I wish I could find that young man. He had a sad history and I cannot keep him out of my mind."

Elizabeth sat with averted face as she asked:

"What caused you to become so interested in him, Uncle Ned?"

"His face, Bess. I watched him as I passed through the tunnel to and from the bank and there was often such a sad yet courageous look in his eyes as he whistled 'Home, Sweet Home,' that I felt sure he must have, sometime, had a different life."

"You have not told me yet what you know of him, and I am longing to know."

"No, I have n't!" then a moment later, "do you remember the sudden death of a prominent delegate to the Methodist conference the year you and your mother and Teddie went back to Constantinople?"

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, and her voice was very gentle.

"Do you remember his name?"

"Was it Reverend Harvey Murdock?"

"Yes, and do you remember the name of the young watchman?"

"You never told me his name, Uncle Ned," answered Elizabeth evasively.

"I believe that is so! Well, his name was Ralph Murdock, and he was a son of that man, and had been driven from home because he could not believe all of the doctrines of the Methodist church. I tell you, Elizabeth, it makes me almost hate churches, and preachers, and the whole business when I think of that

boy! I would give half my fortune to know what became of him!"

"And did you never hear?"

"Nothing satisfactory. Why, Bess, I can hear that boy's whistle yet, and whenever I pass through the tunnel, I look for him instinctively. I have, in fact, almost stopped going down that way, it haunts me so."

He ceased speaking, and the room was silent except when the wind outside blew the great flakes of snow against the window or roared around the chimney as if trying to penetrate into the warm, bright room.

The faces of the two, as they sat side by side, were in the full glow of the grate fire and seemed each an illustration of what was passing in the mind. The corners of Mr. Phelps' mouth were a little drawn down, and the eye-brows sufficiently lifted to bring into prominence the horizontal lines in his forehead, and in spite of the brightness, there was plainly discernible a shadow of regret.

In the face that was giving him sidewise glances, no shadow of any sort was found. About the mouth still lingered traces of the fugitive smile Mr. Phelps had objected to, and her soft, brown eyes as they turned toward him would have been telltale eyes to anyone but a contented bachelor.

"Uncle Ned!"

"Yes?" was the preoccupied reply given with the rising inflection.

"Are you so interested in the recollection of a tunnel-watchman that you do not care to hear a word about—about—"

As she hesitated, Mr. Phelps moved about in his chair as if trying to pull himself together, hid the wrinkles in his forehead by dropping his eye-brows, turned squarely toward his niece, and took her hand which was lying temptingly near, and finished the troublesome sentence for her:

"About the lucky man to whom you have promised this hand? Bessica," he went on, smiling, "now, since you remind me of it, I am curious to hear about him."

"Curious! Oh, Uncle Ned!"

"Well, curiosity is legitimate in men sometimes. You ladies lay claim to a right to the most of that commodity I believe but—"

"Now, sir," she interrupted, while her whole face broke into smiles, "I shall punish you. You shall sit here while I tell you a long, long story about my sweetheart, and then, I shall make you guess his name."

"Elizabeth, you will tell it to me before five minutes pass by my watch," he said banteringly, as he drew an open-faced watch from his pocket, "you can't keep it."

"We will see if I can't; let me hold the watch though, I won't trust you," she declared, taking the timepiece from his hand. "The large hand is exactly at the figure eight and I begin. You know last summer mother and I traveled a great deal," she said, as she leaned her head lightly against her uncle's shoulder.

"Yes," assented Mr. Phelps.

"Very soon after our journey began, we fell in with one of the professors of the American college at Athens, and his wife and daughter, who, with several fellows, were taking about the same tour we were. We found them delightful company, and at their invitation attached ourselves to their party."

"I see," interrupted Mr. Phelps.

"What do you see?"

"That you attached yourself to the party."

"Don't interrupt me, you foolish man, two of the young men were Americans; and naturally they seemed more interesting to Miss Wescott and myself than the other men, who were Englishmen. They had both finished their course at Athens, so were in good spirits, and we had very jolly times at first as a 'mixed quartette,' but before many days Phillip Raymond began to show a most decided preference for Pauline Wescott, and poor Ralph was obliged to—Uncle Ned, what are you laughing at?"

"Let me see the watch, Bess," he replied, taking it from her, "the large hand will not reach the figure nine for a whole minute," and he put his great, generous hand under her chin and lifted her face and kissed her, then whispered in her ear:

"Ralph Murdock."

THE DAYS THAT HAVE GONE.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

I will sing you a song of the days that have gone,
  And full of their glory have fled,
With their music and rhymes,
And the jingle-bell chimes,
  In the halls where our light feet have tread.

I will sing you a song of the days that have gone,
  When this world was a marvelous sphere,
When our faces were glad,
And our hearts never sad
  At the ebb and the flow of the year.

I will sing you a song of the days that have gone,
  When life was a sweet holiday,
With the birds and the bees
In the meadows and trees,
  Ah, how happy and joyous were they.

I will sing you a song of the days that have gone,
  Like a mystical tale that is told,
With its banners of light,
And its jewels by night,
  That gleamed from the city of gold.

I will sing you a song of the days that have gone,
  In the beautiful long ago,
With its roses and dreams,
And the silvery streams,
  Where the breezes from fairyland blow.

THE MILITIA THE SAFEGUARD OF THE STATE.[1]

By Charles N. Kent.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
No; men, high-minded men."

IT is essential to the stability of every form and denomination of government, that a well-organized military body be provided, both to maintain order within and to repel aggression from without. In a republic like our own, this body is composed chiefly of the militia of the states, which constitutes its armies in time of war and upholds its integrity in time of peace. Recognizing this principle, our forefathers early decreed that "A well organized militia is the sure and natural defence of the state," and guaranteed to the people the right to bear arms. The wisdom of this decree has ever been verified when occasion required and the guarantee thus given has never been abused.

When Napoleon, defeated and a captive, was restricted to the scant limits of Elba, the veterans of the peninsular campaigns—his conquerors—landed on our shores, anticipating from the nature and habits of our people an easy victory. But, met by men warlike as themselves, they retired after a brief contest, bearing with them as their only trophies the plunder of some few villages, and recollections of Queenstown and Lundy's Lane, of Forts Stephenson and Erie, of Baltimore and New Orleans.

The first gun fired on Sumter awoke the loyal states as if by magic. The president's memorable call for troops was followed by an uprising of the people that would at once have filled the army it was then supposed would be required, ten times over. "Have we a country to save, and shall we save it?" he asked, and not only thousands, but hundreds of thousands, responded quickly to his summons. "Surely," says Townsend, in his "Honors of the Empire State," "surely, if the voice of the people can ever be accounted as the inspiration of God, that which came to us in the united tones of the great mass of statesmen and jurists, historians and scholars, philosophers and poets, warriors and spiritual guides, must be so accepted. By the side of the Union stood Bancroft and Motley, Sparks and Palfrey, who had made the history of its free institutions their peculiar study. The harps of Bryant and Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, were strung to the music of the Union, to inspire the hearts of the people, and nerve their arms." But more significant than

[1] From the forthcoming "History of the Seventeenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers."

all else, more indicative of that love for the flag which inspires every American citizen, most conclusive of the wisdom of our forefathers, when they decreed the militia to be the sure and natural defence of the state, was that uprising of the sturdy yeomanry of the nation in answer to the calls of the president for troops—more troops, until an army of two millions and a half, from first to last, and with apparent ease, was sent to the front.

The total enrolled militia, North and South, at the breaking out of the war was more than three and one-half millions, while the total quotas furnished on both sides were over three millions. The war involved the loss of over five hundred thousand lives, the wounding and premature death of probably as many more, and cost the government over eight billion dollars. But it settled for all time the position of the citizen militia and the impregnable position of the army, so organized, as the natural and effective safeguard of the state. It was not as major-generals, or even as colonels, captains, or lieutenants, that these men volunteered. It was better still, they did it as men,—men who loved their country, and were willing, in the ranks, to show their loyalty, and, if necessary, give their lives for its maintenance. All honor to the privates who did the fighting, as well as to the officers who led them into battle. Their patriotism was as great, perhaps in many cases greater: their lives were as dear to them and their services, under more trying circumstances, were as cheerfully given. "The Privates' Song," as printed in a Southern newspaper, tells the pathetic story:

It 's nothin' more or less than the old, old story—
The private does the fightin' an' the general gets the glory!
But away
To the fray
For we' re in it to obey—
The private does the fightin' an' the general draws the pay!

It 's nothin' more or less than the old, old story—
The private makes the harvest an' the general reaps the glory!
But I say,
Boys, away!
For we 're in it to obey,
And we 'll climb through twenty battles to the epaulettes some day!

Nothin' more or less than the old, old story—
The cap'ns an' the colonels an' the generals gets the glory!
But we 'll fight
All in sight;
For we' re in it for the right;
God keep the generals hearty till the bugles blow "Good-night!"

It is a significant fact, that search history as we may, the standing army is never to be found fighting for liberty's sake. The Swiss at Mogarten and Sempach; the Scots under Bruce and Wallace; the English under Cromwell and Hampden; the French in the Revolution; the Hungarians and Italians under Kossuth and Garibaldi, the great army which swept Napoleon from Germany in 1813; our own honored forefathers in the War of the Revolution, and the Cubans in their struggle for life and liberty, these, all these, were nothing but militia. Who dares say the militia has not accomplished great results? Let standing armies show their record and a righteous judge award the palm.

While we, as a republic, rely upon our militia, and while a large standing army would be the sure forerunner of despotism, an adequate regular force should, nevertheless, be al-

ways ready for emergencies. And so with us, the two systems of militia and regular troops are judiciously combined. The regulars, comparatively few in number, are yet sufficient for the duties imposed upon them in times of peace; and when danger comes, or the war cloud settles over the country, they form a nucleus around which an army, drawn from the militia of the states, quickly gathers, being rendered doubly effective by the combination. The militia is always ready. As quickly as the army of Cadmus sprang from the teeth of the slaughtered dragon, so quickly our countrymen, with sharp bayonets and resolute hearts, rush to the conflict when the call is sounded, eager to serve that country, whose laws they make as well as enforce.

They have proved beyond dispute, the strength of the foundation upon which our institutions rest, and the fitness and will of the American people as a reliable and successful soldiery. In their ready patriotism we can always trust, firm in the belief that the genius of our institutions has indicated the true line of military policy, and that we may safely rely, under God, for the protection of the best and wisest government ever devised by man, upon the loyal devotion of the American militia.

THE SONG SPARROW.

By Clara B. Heath.

A tiny gem in setting brown,
  Of the All-Father's love a token;
A rest from cares that weigh us down,
  And many a lesser grief unspoken.

A fairy swayed by every breeze,
  Upon the tallest tree-tops showing,—
A charm that never fails to please,
  A fount of sweetest song o'er-flowing.

ARTER DAVID.

By Mary J. Richardson.

A POOR little bit of a barren farm in northern New Hampshire, and on its western edge, facing the grassy road that runs north and south, a poor little bit of an unpainted, weather-beaten house. That is where David Ellis and his two motherless children with their grandfather, his own father, lived. Perhaps I should say tried to live, for since the wife and mother left them, two years before, they had had a sorry time of it, with only a good turn now and then from their far-apart neighbors, who were quite as poor as they. Yet, such an earnest effort as those two men made for the small people whom they loved! Alice of five and Robbie of nearly three years. Pretty children they were, too.

To-day, David meant to go to the village. He had some errands there and was anxious, moreover, as to the Salvation Army he had heard vaguely about being encamped in the place. He thought how he would like to take the children along, but he had no horse and carriage and it was too far for them to walk. They followed him, however, begging so pitifully to go, he could not, or thought he could not, refuse them, and this is the outcome:

Sadie Webster felt that her work was good. She had felt for the last three years that she was doing all in her power for humanity, all in her power to keep herself firm, and strong, and pure, that her work might be blessed, and had received through it all encomiums from the higher officers, and real love, free from all jealousy, from her sister workers, but during the half hour of rest this summer afternoon as she sat alone by the river side and threw in pebbles and bits of leaves, a feeling of half-recognized uneasiness that had hung over her for weeks seemed culminating. What did it mean? Was it possible that she could do more and better work in some other field? Surely something seemed to be whispering to her to this effect. There were so many workers here, such a need of them in the world about. Ah, well! she would let it rest awhile!

The bugle was sounding for the afternoon service.

Was this slender army worker longing only for the larger liberty of the outside world? Judge for yourself!

Half an hour later, clad in her regular lieutenant's uniform, she was passing in front of the crowded benches in the large board building of the barracks, saying a few fitting words here and there, and occasionally joining with clear, trained voice in the singing. As she came to those nearer the door, she heard a child's voice—

"Pitty 'ady, pitty 'ady, Papa!"

"Hush!" said a man's voice.

She looked at this man and noticed that, though poorly clad, he was respectable looking, and had with him two children, a girl of five or so and a boy of about three, who, looking straight at her, had lisped the words she had heard. A strange feeling came over her as she looked at the curly-haired little fellow.

"Can I serve you in any way, sir?" she said, but she was looking at the little boy.

"Pitty 'ady, want water, Wobby do."

"Will you trust them to me a few moments, sir?" she said, "I belong here, and will bring them back very soon."

The few words she exchanged with this stranger as she led the little ones safely back to him, made happy in the possession of cakes and oranges, made her acquainted with his situation. Then came to her the thought, —here, perhaps, I am needed; here, possibly, called. Her decision was soon made.

"I will go with you and your children, if you wish," she said, "and try to serve you all. My mission is to do good. I am not needed here at present, and have leave to go if I wish."

"But—I—could not pay you," he stammered.

"God will pay me all I ask," she made answer.

So she trudged back with them, the weary two miles to their poor home, taking her turn in carrying the little boy, saying pleasant things and singing little bits to make the way seem shorter.

The half abashed man was silent and abstracted most of the way. After the last two years' struggle with poverty he had grown almost hopeless of anything better. He could not understand it! This helper by his side—would she vanish presently? That anything really helpful had come to him and his, he found it hard to believe. If he only dared to believe it he would. His children were very dear to him. Yes, if he only dared!

Grandfather Ellis had stayed at home since David and the children went in the early forenoon; had sat on the wheelbarrow back of the house and talked to himself, and meditated, and whittled the time away, but for the last half hour he had grown nervous and uneasy.

"What does make 'em stay so!" he ejaculated.

At last, hearing voices, he rose and hurried forward a few steps; then, as he saw the stranger with them, stood stalk still, filled with surprise and dismay.

"She 's arter David! She means to marry him!" then retreating to the wheel-barrow:—"O Lord! whatever 'l I do now, I wonder? The bold, brazen hussy, to follow David home! 'n them poor little childern, they 're all took up with her! Do n't know no better! Whatever did take David 'n them innercent creertus traiposin' off down ter that miserble Salvation place fer 's more 'n I c'n tell! More like a circus ner anythin else, cordin ter what I 've hurd!"

Sadie Webster was shown into the house and this is what she saw,—a small, front room, a kitchen a little larger, from which opened, on different sides, a bed-room and a pantry. Of this pantry, knowing so well the

necessities of the time, she made a hasty examination. She found only a small piece of salt pork, a plate of cold potatoes, and a part loaf of stale bread. She had not been a member of the Salvation Army, so often on short rations, to no good purpose, however.

Of this pork and potato, with a few onions she begged from the garden where she had seen them growing, she made a most appetizing dish, hardly believable to the two hungry men who helped to eat it. The bread was nicely toasted and buttered, David having brought a half pat of butter from the cellar. The little cakes and the oranges she had brought for the children were, the one placed prettily on a glass dish, the oranges cut fine, sugared, and put in a deeper dish, and last of all the tea steeped. Then came from the doorway, in a pleasant, cheerful voice, to the grandfather outside,—"Supper is ready, sir!"

"What 's she mean, I wonder? Ain't ser much 's a bite ner a sup in this miserable house 's I knows on!"

But the very word supper seemed to have a persuasive power over the gaunt, large-framed, old man, and wiping, surreptitiously, the moisture from his eyes with a much-faded bandanna handkerchief, he rose slowly, and as much from curiosity as hunger, followed the voice of the young woman into the back door. What he saw there filled him with wonder.

The small table was placed in the middle of the room, covered with only a piece of unhemmed cotton cloth, it is true, but it was clean and white, with squares of the same pinned on the fronts of the children's frocks. On this table was neatly placed the supper she had so quickly prepared. The children were seated in their places, David and the young woman standing by, waiting, apparently, for him. In a hesitating sort of way he took his seat and was helped, deferentially and kindly, to all on the table.

What did it all mean? Had they brought these things with them? or —perhaps—was it some kind of a delusion, the outcome of reading that fairy tale in Robbie's primer that afternoon when they were all away? God knew, he said, for he did n't! and again he betook himself to the wheel-barrow.

It was all so new and wonderful, especially to the children, who seemed to think it connected someway with Robbie's "pitty 'ady," and more than once during the meal, as he sat beside her, he reached up and put his small fingers softly on her cheek, looking brightly and lovingly into her eyes as he did so.

David went on an errand to the nearest neighbor. The children came and played around their grandfather awhile, then, at a call, went into the house. Robbie had prattled of what was nearest his heart—"Pitty 'ady, dranpa, Wobby 'ove pitty 'ady." But no response, save a weakly spoken "yes," came from the bewildered man.

Half an hour later, when he went into the house, Robbie and Alice were abed, and Sadie sat by the newly trimmed little lamp mending Robbie's hat.

All through the bright, autumn days following, this true disciple of the Master was busy, the children innocently happy. Of the elder peo-

ple the father gained confidence daily and seemed disposed to accept, in his quiet way, the good that had so strangely come to him, but a current of distrust permeated and clung tenaciously to the grandfather. That this girl had attached herself to them with some sinister design, he could but believe, despite her quiet, staid demeanor, her real love for the children, and untiring care of them all.

Winter with its cold and snow was not two months away. If all in this desolate little home were to be made comfortable, Sadie Webster knew that no time must be lost.

David and his father were busy gathering in such small crops as the place produced. Little Alice was too young and untrained to help much, so most of the labor fell upon herself. She felt if her work was good she must succeed, and went bravely about it.

First, she made the front room comfortable for the children and herself. For herself, that she might be near to give them her entire care. The two men were to occupy the small bed-room just across the kitchen.

Next, with Alice and Robbie she visited some of the nearer neighbors. The nearest neighbors of all were a widow, her daughter, and a brother much older than herself.

This woman she found owned and used a hand-loom for weaving carpets. Here seemed an opening for her—a possibility. Could she beg of her brother and other army acquaintances enough cast-off clothing to make a carpet for that poorly-laid kitchen floor at home? Oh! could she? What a blessing to them all it must prove!

A visit to the barracks was auspicious. She was mistress now of ample means. According to the directions of the weaver she cut, and tore, and sewed. Even Alice with a little showing proved here a real assistant in the cause, and Robbie—how nicely the small hands learned to wind the balls! and how proud he was of his success!

David, after the greater part of the outdoor work was over, encouraged by Sadie's example, grew as enthusiastic as his nature would permit, and with her assistance tore up and relaid the old, broken, one-sided hearth. Six added weeks found the old floor evened up, well padded with paper and old cloth, and the wonderful striped carpet, thick and warm, laid over it all.

The new hearth had been a secret satisfaction to grandfather Ellis, but when he came in for a drink of water one day and found the new carpet all down, snug and nice, he actually hurried out for fear he might show some outward sign of his pleasure, actually came so near smiling openly that nothing short of a forced cough hindered his betrayal.

"Ain't cost a cent nuther!" he muttered, chuckling, as he betook himself to the corn field.

Poor old "dranpa" really was getting enthused himself, but never mistrusted it, and once at work, bound more sheaves in a given time than he had thought possible for many a day. Yes, he was actually forgetting, sometimes for a whole day at a time, to cherish his old animosity toward "that pesky army gal," as he had so often called her.

These changes, though the most important, the foundation, as it were,

were only the beginning of all that were to come.

Sadie had let no day go by without feeling sure that her little charges were, at least, a trifle wiser than before. She read simple stories to them. She sang to them and taught them to sing with her, as well as by themselves, adapting the natural capacity of their small powers adroitly, on all occasions.

One day proud little Robbie plead, "Dranpa, hear Wobby sing, pretty 'ady, Dranpa hear Wobby sing."

Permission was given, and a few moments after the little fellow came dragging in by the hand his half bewildered old grandfather.

Selecting such simple pieces as were best calculated to show off Robbie's strong points, a wee-bit concert came off, in deference to the sole auditor. His head sank lower and lower at last, and when it was over he shuffled out without a word. Once outside he steered half blindly to his usual seat and sank thereon in speechless amazement. It was simply unbelievable. "For all he knew," he thought, "all the stories in Robbie's primer, yes, all the tales in the 'Arabian Nights' might be true, too. He would n't be the one to dispute it after this."

Now the minor improvements began. Two barrels were made by Sadie into comfortable chairs. From stowed away pieces of board a lounge was improvised, and all covered with pieces of dresses given by her army friends and herself. Best of all, if possible, the children were prettily and comfortably clothed from the best parts of the garments.

No, not one cent had she asked from David's scantily furnished pocket-book, and only the greatest necessity should make her do so.

A time came now when little Robbie seemed ailing. He wished to be held oftener. His bits of palms were sometimes hot, and Sadie Webster saw plainly that the dreaded time of sickness was upon them. She was well inured to the nature and use of herbs, and gave him her tenderest care night and day.

Grandfather Ellis grew too anxious to accomplish anything on his outdoor work. Robbie was his especial pet and pride. He told David he thought he had better go to the village for a physician. David repeated this to Sadie.

"The symptoms are already better," she said, "I think you have no cause to fear."

That evening as Grandfather Ellis passed through the unlighted kitchen, unseen and unheard, he stayed his steps to look into the partially lighted room beyond. Sadie sat in a low chair rocking slowly back and forth, with Robbie fast asleep in her arms. How lovingly she looked down upon him! How softly and touchingly her sweet voice rose and fell, singing the song Robbie loved best! At length, raising and kissing the small hand that lay in her own, she carefully gathered him up and laid him in his own little bed.

"God bless her! God bless her!" whispered "dranpa," feeling his way out, with the tears running slowly down his weather-beaten old face. "She loves Robbie, that 's sure! 'n' she 's nothin' short of 'His angel,' I guess!"

The next day Robbie's improvement was plainly seen, and a few weeks from that time found him the

same active little fellow he had been before his sickness.

These were busy times, indeed! Every available thing the place afforded was utilized. The apples on the two knarly old trees back of the house were gathered, sliced, and dried. All the late blackberries David had brought from the upland pasture, by the belt of woods there, were canned. Nothing of any value escaped her notice, and she smiled as she thought of it all—thought how like to another "Robinson Crusoe" she felt.

After a few weeks more Grandfather Ellis began to be ailing also. He was loth to admit it, but soon the invader grew too powerful for him, and he came meekly to submit to Sadie's sway. David and herself united their forces. For weeks the fever made havoc with his strength until he, indeed in physical force, became as a little child, obedient to every suggestion of his kind nurse.

When a little better he would lie weakly by the half hour and watch her moving about until he fell asleep. Had he been her own father she could not have bathed his face and smoothed back his scant locks more tenderly. Tears would gather in his tired eyes as he looked his appreciation, but he said no word.

All through these times of trial the widow and her daughter had come and gone almost daily and David had often been sent to their home on errands.

Sadie had made herself acquainted with this maiden of twenty-three, had been favorably impressed with her from the first, and since had found much of true worth in her character, had noticed her real interest in the children, their growing fondness for her, and when she saw that their father was interested also, it met her full approval.

Grandfather Ellis had not been able to sit wrapped up in the big chair but a few times when he, too, began to have suspicions, and in a few weeks more the new fact had come to be common property among the elder people in both homes.

"Yes, yes," said this astute old man, "I guess she's one of 'His angels' sure enough! What a old fool I must be not to ha' seen it afore!"

Absenting herself at times, as circumstances permitted, Sadie found that another place was not only waiting for her, but sadly needing her. Just over the hills, near the next little village, a young woman was struggling with the triple misfortune of a sick husband, a teething child, and direst poverty. A number of half days and a few nights she had been to her relief, and there she knew her next opportunity lay to do the Master's bidding,—"Care for my lambs!"

The children being thus gradually prepared consented to let her go, if, as Robbie sagely said, "she comed home evly sin'le day."

A quiet wedding ceremony was performed at the widow's house, the bride at her new home, then Sadie Webster bade them, brightly, good bye. "I shall come to see you often," she said, "I have been with you nearly a year and we can never be strangers again."

As for "dranpa," poor, mistaken old man, there was not money enough on the continent to hire, coax, or drive him to leave his seat on the much mended wheelbarrow and go

into the house to bid Sadie Webster good bye. She knew well, however, where he was to be found.

"Now, dear old friend," she said, "I am going to say good bye to you, just for a little while. I shall come back to see you all often and always, I hope, if you need me."

"Dranpa" did not look at her but rose slowly from his seat and gasped —fairly gasped, in his effort to speak, if only one word.

"So good bye, dear friend, just for now," and she slid her slender fingers into the toil-worn hand that hung by his side. She had not read him like a book all these months to misunderstand him now, and gently patting the hand she held to tell him so, she left him.

He sank slowly and limply back into his seat, "Good Lord! Why could n't I ha' spoke ter that angel?" Then after a pause, "A-r-t-e-r D-a-v-id! She 's arter the Lord hisself! that 's who she 's arter! 'n' if she ain't e'enabout entering His blessed presence, then I 'm terribly mistaken."

A SONG.

By C. C. Lord.

You lent your ear to list my song:
The air with music rippled then,
The hill, the wold, the wood, the glen,
In time and tune made merry when
You lent your ear to list my song.

You smiled the while to hear my song:
There beamed a gladness at the sight
From verdure rich and blossoms bright,
Earth smiled when once, for rare delight,
You smiled the while to hear my song.

The song you heard was not my song:
A thrill of rapture bounded then
O'er hill and wold, through wood and glen,
For your blest heart was singing when
The song you heard was not my song.

A COMPROMISE WITH A SPECTRE.

By Clarence H. Pearson.

BYRON LONGFELLOW RAYNE, the tinsmith poet of Punkville, sat in the mellow twilight that heralded the approach of a perfect October evening, wrapped in tobacco smoke and reflection. As he was a widower about to make his second matrimonial venture in three days the subject of his meditations is not hard to surmise. As he sat in one chair with his feet resting upon another, his ruddy, jovial face glowing with moon-like radiance through the rifts in the fleecy clouds of smoke, he seemed the personification of good humor and contentment.

"I feel sure," he said aloud, "that she has a pleasant disposition, and that," he added emphatically, "is everything."

"Ahem!"

Mr. Rayne's feet came to the floor with a bang as he swung around in his seat and stared in open-eyed astonishment at the corner of the room from which the sound proceeded. There, sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair was a prim looking little woman clad in a gray travelling suit and closely veiled. As the atmosphere cleared he gazed long and searchingly at the trim figure which had a strangely familiar look. Presently he noticed that the form of his visitor appeared to interpose no obstacle to his sight. While everything about her from the gray plume on her hat to the tip of her neatly buttoned boot was clearly and sharply defined, all objects beyond her seemed as distinctly visible as though nothing intervened. The rounds in the chair in which she was sitting, the low stand in the corner behind her upon which were a brush and comb and a copy of "Pennib's Rhyming Dictionary," and the figure of the wall paper beyond, were all as plainly to be seen as anything in the room. While Mr. Rayne was revolving this somewhat remarkable circumstance in his mind, the lady raised her veil revealing a piquant face, with a particularly sharp nose and chin, a pair of snapping, black eyes, and a rather firmly set jaw, with a nameless something about it that suggested that it was so adjusted at the socket as to work with great ease and rapidity. The face of the man which had up to this time expressed nothing but surprise and bewilderment now became ashy pale, and the cigar fell from his nerveless fingers to the floor.

"The devil!" he ejaculated.

"No," said his caller, speaking in a voice which had a singularly explosive quality, "you are mistaken, I assure you. It is none of your blood relations. It is merely your wife."

Mr. Rayne furtively pinched himself to ascertain whether or not he was awake and finally decided the question in the affirmative. He passed his hand across his brow as

though trying to clear the cobwebs from his intellect. Then he took another look at his visitor and heaved a dejected sigh.

"You don't seem really overjoyed to see me," remarked the woman with a queer and decidedly unpleasant little smile.

"I don't understand," began Mr. Rayne, in a voice which he vainly strove to make steady, "how it is that you—that you"—and here something seemed to choke him and he coughed two or three times and subsided.

"I suppose you are trying to say that you do not understand how I got here," said she.

He nodded.

"Well, I don't suppose I could make you understand even if you possessed the sense of ordinary men which you don't. There are many things which people never can understand while they remain in the flesh and in fact there are lots of things which they have no business to understand. However, I don't mind telling you that ever since I departed from the body I have been trying to find some way in which I could hold communication with you. I could see you going right on in your natural idiotic way and acting more like a consummate donkey than any other human being ever could, and I was powerless to prevent it or even tell you what I thought about it. It was simply maddening. I ascertained that there were those among us who possessed the power of revealing themselves to their friends in the flesh, although most of them could do so only under certain favorable psychological conditions and then generally in an imperfect manner. I determined I would learn their secret. You have perhaps noticed that when I make up my mind to do a thing I generally succeed in the end. I sought out the wisest of those who had this wonderful power and they became my teachers. To make a long story short I succeeded beyond all expectation, and here I am very much at your service."

Mr. Rayne groaned.

"Were you wanting anything in particular, Phœbe?" he asked presently, in a spiritless tone.

"Yes, Byron Rayne, I am wanting several things in particular," said she whom he addressed as Phœbe, "and first and foremost I want to know what you meant by beginning to cast sheep's eyes at that tow-headed, doll-faced Widow Snow before I was fairly cold in my grave. To see you mooning around that ridiculous thing in your demented way and grinning like a Cheshire cat every time she looked at you was enough to make every man, woman and child in town sick. If it had been any other woman on earth I would n't have cared so much, but I always hated that simpering little idiot and you knew it. And now you are engaged to marry her next Wednesday, and your first wife buried only a little over a year ago. I tell you I won't stand it. Do you hear me? That wedding must not come off."

"Now see here, Phœbe," said Mr. Rayne in a tone of remonstrance, "you are not giving me a square deal. We always differed in our ideas, and nineteen times out of twenty, yes ninety-nine times out of a hundred, I gave in and let you have your way. You can't say that I was n't a good husband to you, and

now that you are dead it seems to me that the only graceful thing for you to do is to stay dead, and let me take some comfort during the rest of my life."

The fire fairly flew from the snapping black eyes as Mr. Rayne made this rather impolitic remark, and no pen is capable of doing justice to the tirade that followed. The late Mrs. Rayne denounced her erstwhile lord as a wretch, a brute, a monster, a jabbering idiot, a bewhiskered ape, and an unmitigated donkey, and pleasantly alluded to Mrs. Snow as "a broad grin in a dough setting."

"If you were not the biggest lunatic on the American continent," she said by way of conclusion, "you never would think of marrying again anyhow."

"When I consider the success of my first matrimonial experiment," said Mr. Rayne, with a dryness quite unusual to him, "I am forced to admit the wisdom of your last observation."

The little woman made a swift dash for the book on the stand near her, and her quondam husband threw up his arm to shield his face from the expected missile. There was no danger, however, for the tiny hand seemed to sweep harmlessly through book, stand, and all, and a moment later its owner resumed her former position with a look of intense annoyance on her face.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "it aggravates me so to talk with you that I forget the changed conditions under which I exist. If I could come back to you in the flesh," she added spitefully, "I would make that bald spot on your crown grow like a church scandal."

Byron looked at her thoughtfully. Her recent futile attempt to inflict physical violence upon him had given him courage. The creepy feeling that he experienced when he first realized that his companion was a being not of earth had passed away and he was more inclined to look upon the situation with the eye of a philosopher. After all, it was not so bad as it might be. She could hurt his feelings, it was true, but she could not injure his skin. It was clear that the spectre was not nearly so formidable as had been the woman.

"Suppose, Phœbe," he said, presently, "I conclude to let this wedding go right on as though nothing had happened—what will you do about it?"

"Do!" she hissed, "I will become your shadow. No eye but yours will see me, no ear but yours will hear me, but I will never leave you. I will stand beside you at the altar and tell you what a bald-headed old imbecile you are. I will accompany you on your wedding trip, and for every word your bride says I will say ten. I will return with you to your home and whether you are working or resting my voice shall ring in your ears during every waking moment. I am not limited by physical weakness now," she added ominously, "and I never get out of breath."

Mr. Rayne contemplated for a moment the picture that arose before his mind's eye at her words and his heart sank like lead. The Widow Snow was demure, dainty, and altogether desirable, but what a price to pay for her! Truly, his was a most woeful predicament.

"Any decent man," said his visitor, suddenly breaking out in a new spot,

"would show some respect for his wife's memory. Here you are planning to marry again and my grave still unmarked. It 's a shame, a burning shame!"

"Now there, Phœbe, you do me great injustice," said he warmly. "You ought to know that I am never mean or close in money matters. I ordered a monument for you the week after you died,—no cheap affair but one that even you would be proud of. It was all completed within a month except a large space below your name and age which I had left blank until I could write some verses to have inscribed there. What I wrote did n't exactly suit me, and I could n't get anything quite satisfactory until about a week ago when I rewrote and revised the whole thing. I intend to carry the poem over to the marble works to-morrow and have the work completed right away."

"Verses, eh?" sniffed the late Mrs. Rayne, contemptuously. "Do you suppose I want any of your abominable doggerel on my tombstone? Verses indeed!"

"But it is not doggerel, Phœbe," said Byron remonstratingly. "It is full of the spirit of true poetry. It is the crowning effort of my life."

"Is, eh?" she said with another sniff, "well let 's hear it."

He took a carefully folded paper from his pocket-book, and clearing his throat read as follows:

"She found this world too cold and drear,
And so her soul took flight,
And in a more congenial sphere
She basks in blazing light."

"Look here, Byron Rayne," broke in his auditor excitedly, "do you mean to insult me? What do you mean by blazing light?"

"Does n't sound just right does it?" said the author meditatively. "Perhaps dazzling would be a better word—or radiant. But do n't be so suspicious and touchy, Phœbe, the next stanza locates you all right. Just hear this?"

"On snowy pinions she was borne
To happier realms above,
And I am left forlorn to mourn
My first and only love."

"First and only love!" snapped the subject of these touching lines. "First and only indeed, and you gallivanting with that odious widow all the time."

"That stanza was written the week after you died, and before I thought of Mrs. Snow. It 's too good to leave out and I can 't see any way to change it to fit the facts," and before she could make reply he went on with his reading:

"Breathing sweet anthems she doth roam
Where angel hosts rejoice;
But all is silence in my home,
I miss her gentle voice."

"Well, you 're not going to miss my gentle voice very much from this time out," cried the irrepressible lady in gray. "There, stop right where you are for I won't hear another word—not a syllable. Such drivel as that on a tombstone would make any self respecting corpse turn in its grave. Do you think I am going to have the stone that marks the last resting place of my mortal remains read like a page from a comic almanac? Not much. I tell you, Byron Rayne, I won't have it."

"Phœbe," said Byron calmly but firmly, "you 've got to have it."

She looked at him curiously. There was an expression on his face such as she had seen but half a

dozen times during the whole period of their wedded life. Before that look of adamantine firmness she had always been powerless. Threats, tears, blows, vituperation, persuasion—she had tried them all and all had proved unavailing. Byron Rayne seldom made up his mind to anything but when once he did so no power save the Omnipotent could move him. Nevertheless she made one feeble attempt.

"If you persist in this I 'll make you sorry," she warned.

"Phœbe," he answered, "you have gone to the end of your rope. You have already threatened to do everything in your power to make me miserable and I expect you to do it, anyhow. I 'm sorry you do n't like the verses, but I have spent a great deal of time on them and they will have to go. I have been trying for years to get my productions before the public, but the magazine editors will not allow new writers to get a foothold. I have been discouraged and sat upon by editors all my life, Phœbe, but I 'm going to edit this tombstone myself and do n't you forget it."

She glared at him for a long time in silence. This new and unexpected turn of affairs evidently disconcerted her.

"Byron," she said at last, speaking in a changed tone, "can 't we arrange this matter?"

"I do n't see how we can under existing circumstances," he replied.

"If I were to withdraw my objection to this marriage," she asked with a tremor in her voice as though suppressing some strong emotion, "would it make any difference?"

"Do you mean to say that you will let me—" and Byron hesitated for a word.

"I mean to say," she said explosively, "that if you will agree to leave that balderdash off my monument I will let you go to Beelzebub in your own fool way and never interfere with you in any way, shape, or manner."

"Phœbe," said Mr. Rayne, after a moment's reflection, "it 's a trade."

The little woman arose and gave him a long, steady look in which rage, scorn, contempt, and mortification were strangely blended! Presently her form began to grow indistinct and shadowy, but her eyes seemed to gleam more brightly each moment. Soon she faded away until there was nothing to be seen but two shining orbs which glowed in the semi-darkness like coals of fire. These, after a time, came together and united in a single globule of flame which floated very slowly across the room, gradually growing smaller but brighter and more intense until it threw a weird and ghostly light over the whole apartment. At last it paused in front of the door, emitted a shower of tiny sparks, and then disappeared, seeming to pass out through the key-hole.

Among the marriage notices in the next number of Punkville *Pioneer* was the following:

"RAYNE-SNOW.—At the residence of the bride, October 11, 1897, by Rev. Elisha Q. Hall, Mr. Byron Longfellow Rayne to Mrs. Barbara Snow, both of this village.

"Though vernal Spring fled long ago,
Her teachings were not vain,
For lo, we see the genial glow
Of love turn Snow to Rayne.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST.

By Pauline G. Swain.

I mounted my wheel and I left the hot street,
For a spot where the sky and the meadow lands meet,
Where the bobolinks rock on the billows of grass,
And the buttercups bow as I cycle past.

Ah me! how I sped on my wonderful ride
Till I reached the old home where my grandmother died.
'T is a sweet, sacred spot, where no feet ever pass,
To bend the long blade of the beautiful grass,
Its windows are curtained with clambering vines
And through the dark, empty rooms, the sun never shines.

I drank from the well, then I wheeled round the house
And gathered red roses to wear in my blouse,
When hush! in an instant the door opened wide,
And grandmother's ghost appeared at my side,
Her white finger up, and a frown on her brow,
And she said to me coldly, "Don't go away now;
That 's a curious old wheel, I wish you 'd come in
And show the web that you 're weaving
And the yarn that you spin."

"T 'is 'street yarn' that I 'm spinning, ten knots every hour,
And each skein is tied up with the stem of a flower.
And the web that I 'm weaving (now grandma don't start),
The web that I 'm weaving is round Donald's heart.
If folks will come back from that evergreen shore
They must see funny things never dreamed of before."

"Ah Phyllis, I knew you were spinning in vain,
With no thought of the morrow, the clouds, and the rain,
But when your tresses are faded, and your face has grown old,
The web that you 're weaving won't keep out the cold."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Well at last I have taken my grandmother's wheel,
Her card, and her loom, and her funny old reel.
I spin, and I weave all the long summer day
While the bobolinks laugh, and the bobolinks play.
My wool lies in drifts on the old attic floor,
My yarn hangs in skeins by the side of the door,
My web 's bleaching white neath the tamarack tree,
And grandmother's ghost is smiling on me.

NECROLOGY

HON. MOODY CURRIER.

A splendid and impressive example of the possibilities for the American youth is taught by the career of Hon. Moody Currier, who died in Manchester, August 23, and who had attained to eminence in many fields of lofty endeavor. Born in humble circumstances in Boscawen, April 22, 1806, he early manifested those qualities of genius which paved the way to the greatest honors within the gift of the state. Although limited to six weeks of schooling per year, his application was such that he mastered the English studies, and was enabled, when not at work upon the farm, to take up teaching. He graduated from Dartmouth college, class of 1834, with the distinguished honor of having the Greek oration. His subsequent rise was rapid. He was principal of the Hopkinton academy one year, and of the Lowell high school five years.

In the meantime he found time to study law, and, removing to Manchester in 1841, was admitted to the bar and practised in the state and United States courts with conspicuous ability. As time went on, he became identified with the organization and management of nearly all of the prosperous financial and industrial institutions of the city, filled all of the intermediate offices leading up to governorship, and was governor in 1885–'86.

Distinguished for what he accomplished in public life, and in the building up of large financial and industrial interests, he was also a remarkable man in scholarship, easily ranking first in the state in literature. He had fluent command of many languages, was versed in the sciences, and was a poet of recognized ability, who gave to the world many beautiful productions.

IRA N. BLAKE.

Ira N. Blake, who died in Northwood, August 5, was born in Kensington, October 11, 1832. He attained his education in the common schools of Kensington, and has been engaged in the shoe business during the entire course of his commercial life, beginning as a manufacturer at Seabrook, removing thence to Hampton Falls, thence successively to Pittsfield and Northwood.

Mr. Blake, aside from his honors in business circles, achieved some measure of fame in political life. He was a member of the legislature in 1881, and ten years later sat once more in the same body. In 1892, he was elected a delegate to the Republican national convention at Minneapolis. In financial circles he always stood high in the community, and was president of the Farmers' Savings bank for four years.

HON. DEXTER RICHARDS.

Hon. Dexter Richards died at Newport, August 7. He was born in Newport, September 5, 1818. His schooling was very limited, the old district school in No. 2 affording him the only opportunity of acquiring an education, with a term or two in the high school at Ludlow, Vt. The most important part of his education was acquired outside of the schools, in active life, and the most practical.

During his minority he was a faithful assistant of his father, particularly so when his father engaged in the mercantile business, where he was a most important factor. On becoming of age he became a partner with his father, and the business was well managed and prosperous from that time on.

About 1853 the father and son became interested in the manufacture of flannel. The Sugar River mills, built in 1847 by Perley S. Coffin and John Puffer came into the possession of the Richardses and Perley S. Coffin. On the retirement of the senior Richards, in 1857, changes were made by which the entire establishment came into the possession of Dexter Richards, who in 1872 admitted his sons to partnership with him.

Besides his manufacturing career Mr. Richards was connected with many enterprises in this and other states. In railroad matters he took a prominent part, being a director of several important roads, and owning large blocks of stock in many.

He was principally instrumental in securing the building of the railroad to Newport from Bradford, and its extension to Claremont, in 1872, and it was also through his influence that the wires of the Western Union Telegraph company were extended.

Mr. Richards always identified himself with the friends of education and Kimball Union academy and Dartmouth college in particular. To the former he always contributed liberally, the beautiful Richards hall standing as a fitting monument to his generosity. At Dartmouth he endowed a scholarship to that venerable and favorite institution of learning. He was also one of the founders and benefactors of the Orphans' Home in Franklin. To numerous other institutions he gave financial aid in a generous manner. To the town of Newport he gave a public library and a public school building, and to the Congregational church at that place he was a liberal friend.

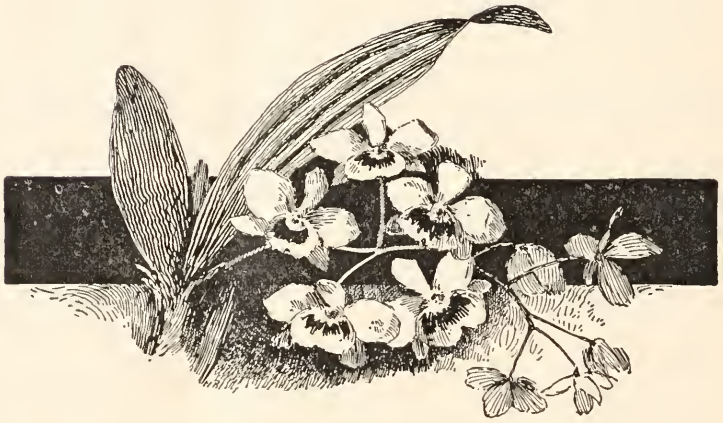
In politics he had many honors, serving in both branches of the legislature and in the governor's council, and as delegate to the national convention of his party. He was often named for the governorship, but he declined to contest for the office.

ENOCH G. WOOD.

Enoch G. Wood died at Quechee, Vt., June 5, of apoplexy, aged 78 years, 11 months. He was born in Lebanon, and spent his early years in that town, except when at school or teaching. In 1844, he married Mrs. Martha A. Gerrish, and removed to Boscawen, where he resided until the death of his wife, forty-six years later, after which, though still retaining his farm in Boscawen, he spent most of his time with his daughter, Mrs. Harvey Thomas, at Quechee, Vt.

In his early life he was an active member of the New Hampshire state militia, in which he held the rank first of colonel and afterwards of general. In middle life he held various offices of trust in his town and county, and always with honor.

He was a man of fine appearance and great intelligence. An active mind coupled with a strong sense of humor, made him a most interesting conversationalist, and his genial manner won him friends wherever he went. He had a large and generous nature which scorned an act of meanness, and wherever known, he will be remembered as an honest and true-hearted man.



SEVEN SISTERS, GEIRANGER FJORD.

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A NORWEGIAN ROAD.[1]

By Samuel C. Eastman.

THE physical characteristics of Norway present a series of surprises to a citizen of our own state. Yet a general description may be given in terms that would seem applicable to New Hampshire. The north and west parts of it are mountainous and rocky, while the southeast is comparatively flat and contains much excellent arable land. But when we leave this general description and enter upon details, the necessary exaggeration of the general terms brings out the difference in strong relief.

The northern and southern boundaries of Norway are in very nearly the same degrees of latitude as Alaska. The influence of the Gulf of Mexico, diffusing upon its shores its stores of tropical heat, by the spreading out of the Gulf stream, gives it a more equable and moderate climate than is to be found in some parts of New Hampshire. It is true that the summers are shorter, and the midday heat is always followed by a midnight coolness, notwithstanding the long day, but the winters, though very long, are less intense than our own in the region bordering on the Atlantic.

It has a seacoast of over 2,000 miles, bordered on the west by a line of islands so continuous that, in a sail of 1,100 or 1,200 miles from Stavanger to the North Cape, it is the rare exception when for more than an hour or two at a time the vessel is not sailing in smooth water. The immediate shore on the southern half of Norway is not very high and consists of generally rounded, solid, obstinate looking, barren ledges, on which are a few fishermen's huts, and little or no vegetation. As you go inland the land rises often very abruptly, so that you have precipitous, almost perpendicular, cliffs of 2,000 or 3,000 feet elevation and beyond the ridges a general tableland of large extent, with mountain peaks averaging about the height of our Mt. Washington range, but with many higher elevations, the highest of which is 8,400 feet above sea level. This tableland, *fjeld* as it is called in Norway, contains the largest icefields in Europe, feeding numerous

[1] An address delivered before the State Board of Agriculture, Hampton Beach, August 10, 1898.

glaciers of great beauty and grandeur. The limit of perpetual ice is little over 3,000 feet above the sea, and this creates a condition which makes the mountains of Norway entirely different from the mountains of our own state.

There is another feature of the physical condition of Norway which must not be forgotten. The whole of the west coast, in addition to its remarkable guard of islands, is broken by inlets from the sea extending from 50 to 100 miles into the interior, each with numerous branches or ramifications. On the shore the water is not very deep, 600 feet and upwards; but, as these inlets, which are called *fjords*, penetrate the interior, the water deepens to an extreme of 4,000 feet. It is also a curious fact that as the water deepens the land rises, and often the width of the *fjord* diminishes so that it is not infrequent that the mountains rise from the *fjords* to an elevation of 3,000, and in a few cases to 5,000, feet. These *fjords* are all navigable and constitute the principal highways for a large part of western Norway. In fact, they cut up the land so much that continuous roads of any kind near the Atlantic, north and south, for any great distance, are impossible.

From the ends of these *fjords*, as a rule, there are valleys which lead to the elevated tablelands and are the passes, or notches as we call them in New Hampshire, which render it possible to build highways. The ascent by these valleys is generally very steep. The descent towards the east and southeast is less steep. The west contains little arable land, while the eastern slopes are more fertile. What land there is that is suitable for cultivation on the Atlantic slope is generally to be found at the end of one of the valleys, where a glacier has gradually receded, leaving a comparatively level patch of land, with a stream from the icefields flowing through it. These rivers have their high water in the summer months, the heat of the sun melting the ice.

These characteristics, coupled with long days and unending twilight in the southern, and the midnight sun in the northern, part, have created a land of wonderfully grand and sublime mountain views of great beauty. The mountains are studded with picturesque waterfalls of 1,000 to 3,000 feet in height, pouring down from the snow and icefields. In one case, in the Geiranger Fjord, the river is divided into seven streams of different volume and falls by a descent of 2,000 feet into the salt water of the *fjord* below. On the cliff opposite, which is not quite so precipitous, you see a little farmhouse and a cow feeding on a little green spot, 1,500 feet above the sea, and it looks as if they would all slide off down the cliff. You follow with your eye the path that leads to the house and you wonder how that cow ever reached the little farm and are sure that she can never come down alive. In many places you see these green spots on high places, which look inaccessible and yet are plainly cultivated. It is impossible for a horse to bring down the crops, and it does not seem as if even a sure footed mountaineer could carry enough on his back to make the cultivation pay. Nor does he. Your hardy Norwegian knows a trick worth several of

MEROK AND THE GEIRANGER FJORD, FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

SECTIONS OF THE ROAD FROM MEROK.

that. When you least expect it, a large body apparently jumps out from the side of the mountain, flies swiftly through the air and come to a sudden stop by the roadside. Then you learn the meaning of the wires that are stretched from various places to the mountains above. They are trolley wires by which the hay and wood are carried to the farmer's barn.

The attractions which I have mentioned, and the trout and salmon fishing in the streams and in the mountain lakes, have made Norway a summer resort for the English for many years, and the fondness of the present German emperor for its scenery, which leads him to visit it in his yacht every summer, has set the fashion for the Germans also; so that there are now nearly as many Germans as English among the summer visitors. The annual crop of summer travel has become as important a feature in this part of Norway as it has in our White Mountain region, and the people get more money from that than from their fisheries or their farming.

It is this crop, more than anything else, which has led to the development of their main highways, and this hasty description seemed to me to be a necessary introduction to one of the Norwegian roads.

Merok is at the end of the Geiranger Fjord, nearly a hundred miles from the coast, but still on salt water. Excepting the narrow pass through which the steamer sails, which from its windings can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding heights, the Fjord is a small basin, wholly surrounded by mountains 5,000 feet high, the upper parts of which, where they were not too steep, covered with snow. Along the shore line for half a mile, are little sheds, boat houses, and small dwellings. A road can be seen creeping up the side of the slope obliquely for a short distance till it reaches a little church, and then turning abruptly in the opposite incline to a hotel. All the buildings are of wood, built of squared pieces of timber, six or eight inches square, placed one upon the other.

Our immediate destination is Grotli, a station, not a village, on the mountain plateau. Our conveyance is a small wagon on two wheels, drawn by a single horse. Formerly this wagon, or cart, had no springs except what came from the two elastic arms on which the seat rested, one end of which was fastened to the front of the wagon, while the other supported the seat. Now the presence of the summer guest has secured the modification of steel springs under the wagon body. Behind the seat, which holds two, and with separate adjustment, is a single seat, on which the owner sits and drives. Your baggage is placed under his feet and must be moderate in size. The owner will allow you to drive going up hill or on level ground. In fact, he is generally walking on all ascending ground. Down hill he won't trust you. He is apt to reach over and take the reins and say, as he did to my companion, who was fond of driving, "The young lady cannot drive."

The road before us is as hard and smooth as a floor. We shall find it so for the whole twenty-five miles that is to be our day's journey. Not a long day's ride for such a road,

but unfortunately there is no hotel beyond for another twenty-five miles. The road is narrow, wide enough for two ordinary carriages to pass each other in most places, and where by reason of expense in construction it is made only wide enough for one, turning out places are provided at reasonable intervals. The road in places has a little loose dirt on the surface from the wear of the material, which in sunny weather, in the middle of the day, supplies more dust than is always agreeable. The surface is higher in the centre than on the sides, just enough to keep the rain water out of the road. On each side, unless there is a sheer descent, are ditches at least a foot deep, with frequent culverts, which are not at all noticeable on the roadbed, to carry the accumulations to the lower side. On the outside large blocks of stone are placed at intervals of about three feet to keep you on the road, and, in very exposed places, an iron rail in addition. As we begin to ascend, it is noticeable that there is a standard of grade that is never exceeded, though there may be places where it is not reached. When any elevation is gained, it is not lost by any slight depression in the surface. The grade is maintained by filling in with more uniformity than in most of our older railroads.

The mountain we are climbing is very steep. We find that by taking short cuts and going up places like climbing stairs, we can save by a foot path quite long distances traveled by the horse. This we do occasionally for variety and amusement. The highway goes quite a long distance on the mountainside in one direction, then it turns and doubles on its track, always gaining in elevation, so that you presently look down on three or four roads below you at different intervals. After ten miles on the highway in which your horse has never gone faster than a walk, you have reached the highest point on the road, 3,400 feet above the sea, and you are then three and a half miles from the point at which you started. The steepest grade is about 400 feet to the mile.

For a part of the distance the road literally clings to the side of a precipitous cliff. You look down hundreds of feet to the valley below you, and only as a curve brings portions of the wall in sight can you see how it is that a support is obtained. In some places it is blasted out of the solid rock, with the cliff overhanging the road. On many of the roads, though not on this particular one, there are tunnels, which are generally short. Here and there where the cliff is very steep, the side of the road goes down 100 feet in solid masonry before it finds a sure foundation. In another place, it was found to be the easiest way of surmounting a particularly difficult climb for the road to describe a circle and pass over itself by a bridge to a new elevation.

At regular intervals stones are placed stating exact distance from the sea, and other tablets commemorate the progress made during each of the seven years, during which it was constructed. Other stones note the elevation above the sea level, each hundred metres, or about 325 feet, having its mark.

The twenty-five miles covered by the day's journey was finished in

ROAD ON BREDHEIM LAKE

ROAD CROSSING ITSELF, WITH ZIG-ZAGS IN THE DISTANCE.

1889. It is a masterpiece of engineering. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of its beauty, its solidity, its perfect condition, and its fitness for the work for which it was designed. Before the road was built no tourist made the attempt to surmount the pass. Now the glorious scenery is enjoyed by hundreds. The fjord lies at the bottom of the basin formed by the steep sides of the enclosing mountains, which tower above you in all directions. On the higher slopes are large fields of snow, from which flow the streams that feed the cascades, visible in every direction, now what seems to be a tiny thread of silver, and again the large stream that divides into the falls of the "Seven sisters." By the side of the road flows a turbulent mountain stream, breaking now and anon into cascades of entrancing beauty.

When the summit is reached, the road skirts a large mountain lake, still surrounded by the higher peaks. On its shores is a little mountain inn, where dinner is served, and which offers a primitive shelter to those whom nightfall surprises in the vicinity.

Grotli, where we stop for the night, is a mountain inn, belonging to the government, in a typical *fjeld* solitude. We left summer at the sea level in the morning. We pass the night on a treeless plain, surrounded though at some little distance by mountain peaks, from whose snowy summits, crowned with rosy tints from the setting sun, which long lingers on the horizon to display the glories of the Norwegian hills, chilly breezes at length drive us to seek shelter.

These distant peaks possess a strange fascination. A party is to start the next day for Jotunheim, a large tract of the country nearly up to the snow line, with mountain lakes and lofty peaks, where the only shelter is afforded by the huts of the Norwegian Tourist Clubs. A young gentleman and his sister from Holland are of the number, and they anticipate great pleasure from the trip. It must be a strange contrast to the level monotony of their native land.

This road continues on down the gentle eastern slope for a hundred miles to Lake Mjoesen, a lake with scenery much like Winnipesaukee. The next day, however, we start for the sea level by the Stryn road, a little longer than, but very like the one by which we ascended. We were warned by a Norwegian friend to make the journey in this direction for the sake of the views of wonderful beauty and grandeur, which the descent afforded. I cannot imagine anything that could surpass it. This road was completed in 1895 and has the same series of windings as the one from Merok. In one place the road crosses a narrow ravine, 300 feet deep, on a curved stone-arch bridge. It seemed safe, but the idea of building it caused a shudder.

I might tell you of other roads,—of one along the shores of a lake, where till about ten years ago, the only way of getting from one village to another was by boat in summer and on the ice in winter, and where now a road has been almost hewn out of the rock walls which surround it, four miles of which cost $32,000; or of another where the old road, which still was passable, and would

be called a good road here and was about two miles long, was replaced by a new one nearly twice as long at a cost of $20,000, simply to secure a more practicable grade.

Enterprises such as these, in regions where the population is sparse and the country is poor, cannot be carried on locally. It is only by the state that such highways can be constructed, and it requires a broadness of view on the part of the people to submit to raise money by taxation to be expended far from home. Norway, with its two millions of inhabitants, is now expending annually nearly $500,000 on the construction of these highways, requiring a local addition of about $100,000 from the districts where the money is expended.

When you remember that a day's wages for the men employed upon these works is less than one fourth what it is with us, and the sum expended must be correspondingly increased if compared with our own standards, you will have a better comprehension of the practical application of their belief in good roads. Yet they do this because they believe it pays. The visitors from richer countries—the summer travel, which leaves gold behind—has increased to an incredible degree since the building of good highways was begun. Fifty years ago there were few decently passable roads, except in and near the cities and in the southern and eastern parts of Norway. The tourist visited the coast, sailed on the *fjords* and went away when he could no longer enjoy a life on board ship. The steamers were small and inconvenient. Now Norway is thronged with visitors, new hotels are springing up on all the main highways and the best of them are sure to be crowded. To be sure, the old travelers shake their heads and long for the good old days when the charge was fifty cents a day, even if it was doubtful if you got your money's worth at that. But the people are reaping the harvest. They are better clothed, live in more comfortable houses, have better food, better schools, and are no longer so isolated and shut out from contact with the world. It is true they still dry their hay on racks, but that is because the climate is such that you cannot cure it on the ground. The women and girls work in the fields, partly because the season is so short in which the work must be done, and partly, no doubt, because our labor saving tools are not available on their small, rough, and often inaccessible fields.

How are these roads built? Down to 1860, the construction of the state roads was in the hands of the army officers, who are stationed all over the country and have charge of the drilling of the militia. They were all university graduates and had had special instruction in engineering. Since then the construction of highways has been a separate civil department, with engineers who have been through one of the Norwegian technical schools, and had a subsequent year's study in similar, more advanced institutions in Germany. There is a head of the department and five engineers in the office in Christiania, and forty-four engineers in the field. The pay of the engineers ranges from $260 for the first year's service of engineers on probation, of whom there are six and

Lake and Inn on Geiranger Road.

whose pay is $325 the second year and $400 the third, to $1,400 for the chief of staff in the central office. In spite of the very moderate scale of salaries, these men do excellent work and the engineering of the roads excites universal admiration.

As a result of many year's experience, a manual, or perhaps I should say specifications have been prepared for the construction of highways under the various conditions to be found in Norway. Carefully drawn plans are also printed showing how the road beds are to be made. For instance, in all places where the road does not rest upon solid rock, the bed, unless it is to be made higher than the natural level, is excavated for three feet. The bottom is paved with round or square stones, as may be more available, of about the size of a man's head, of substantially uniform size, with no attempt, however, to make close joints. The object is to secure a solid foundation for what comes above. If the ground is very soft the depth of this layer is increased. This and the next layer constitute what the English call the metal. On this foundation is placed a thick layer of stone, broken into rather large pieces. It is well compacted together and forms a stratum of the road from which any water that may penetrate the surface will readily drain away. There are two or three layers of stone of different sizes, and the last layer consists of the hardest stone available in the vicinity, which can be broken into irregular pieces, somewhat globular in form, and from which all small pieces and dust are excluded, as well as all pieces that will not go through a circular ring a little more than two inches in diameter. This last point is strenuously insisted on. All the

different layers or strata should be composed of material of uniform size, but this is especially important in the last stone layer. Stones of a size larger than the average have a very provoking way of creeping to the surface where they are not wanted,

Gallery, with Wagon.

another instance of the total depravity of inanimate things.

These layers are now made thoroughly solid and smooth by rolling and a top coating of screened gravel, from which all stones of an appreciable size have been removed, completes the process. The road is slightly convex so that the rain water flows to the sides and not down the road. No doubt I have omitted some details that are important, as I am not an engineer. But the process is substantially as indicated. The plans also show the ditches on the side, which are so essential in the preservation of the road bed; the manner in which the culverts are to be built and how both are to be paved, the culverts always and the ditches generally; the construction of the bridges, of iron or of stone, with arches, which is the general way, where the width is not too great. The contrast between the old and the new methods was strikingly presented to my mind in one case where the old bridge was still standing close by where the new bridge on the new highway crossed the same stream. The old one was still sound and served the purpose of a bridge, but it was rough and awkwardly built and badly placed. The new one was built to last forever, and just the right place was chosen for it, and without any attempt at decoration the perfection of the work

made it a thing of beauty. As we passed over it, I regretted that we could not photograph them for the sake of the contrast.

In driving through the notch on which this contrast was seen, one of the most picturesque in the whole country, we saw a characteristic feature of agricultural life in the mountain parts of Norway. As I have already said, the permanent homes of the farmers are necessarily placed near the sea level. Yet at many places of greater elevation there are often quite large tracts of comparatively level land, which, though not fit for cultivation, are covered in the summer months with a grass which makes excellent pasturage. The plats are too remote from the dwellings to drive the cows to and fro daily. Small huts are built in such places and the girls go to them and live for the month or two during which the pasturage is available, milking the cows, converting the milk into butter and cheese. These huts so used are called *sæters*. In this notch, which is perhaps ten miles long, the old road lies in the bottom of the valley, or on one side. The new road climbs up on a uniform grade, necessarily leaving the bottom of the valley in its more level spots. We passed one of these *sæters* in the valley below us, near the shore of a little pond, caused by a natural barrier in the stream flowing towards the salt-water fjord which we had left an hour before. We should hardly have distinguished the

Tunnel on Road.

sæter from the rocks, with which it was surrounded, had it not been for the smoke, which was lazily curling up from a fire by its side. On the valley or mountain side, which was absolutely bare of trees, and on the old road opposite to, and below, us, was a procession of cows, grazing as they walked and extending a long

BRIDGE OVER RAVINE 300 FEET DEEP, ON THE STYN ROAD.

distance up the valley. Their number attracted our attention and in answer to inquiry our driver said that they belonged to several owners, who supported the *saeters* in common. We counted over ninety cows in line and were not sure that we got them all. The only dwellings for many miles were in the hamlet we had just left.

The specifications for the construction of highways of which I have spoken, also contain full directions for the placing of the large blocks of stone, which come at regular intervals of four or five feet on that side of the road which is exposed to the danger of running off. Even these blocks, however, did not prevent the death last year of a young German naval officer, who was descending the road to Odde on the Hardanger Fjord. He was riding alone on his bicycle and is supposed to have lost control of the wheel and to have dashed into the rocky bed of the mountain torrent, flowing one or two hundred feet below him. It was several days before any trace of his body was discovered. The English papers connected his disappearance with the black eye of the Emperor, and more than hint that the death was a suicide, and not an accident, to avoid the scandal of an investigation.

Snow falls in the mountains in September and does not disappear from the roads till June. In fact, as the result of a slide from the mountain, on the road I have just spoken of, in the latter part of July we rode over solid snow for several rods. The time for which such of the highways as lead over the high land are available is less than half the year. By the side of these roads, when you get out of the valleys, are placed poles twenty feet high, not so far apart that one cannot be easily seen from the other. Their use is to enable the traveler to keep in the general line of the highway. It would be impossible, I was told, to keep the roads open for horses and sleds. The only traveler is the peasant on his skis. The ski is a wooden skate, such as Nansen used in his journey across Greenland, which first made him known to the world ten years ago, and also in his trip over the ice after leaving the Fram. They are strips of wood about four inches wide and six feet long fastened to the foot in the middle. Great skill is acquired in the use of these, and they are to the Norwegian in the winter what the bicycle is to us in the summer.

I have not brought these Norwegian roads to your attention because they are better than roads in other parts of Europe, or in England or in some of our own cities, or in Massachusetts in the park system about Boston. They are not better, nor are they constructed on any different rules, except where the natural features of difficult mountain passes call for special engineering skill.

The special point of contrast is that Norway with its two million inhabitants and limited opportunities for the acquisition of wealth is now doing what England has done with its larger population, its great wealth, and it is doing it under conditions of incredibly greater difficulty. The reasons in both cases are the same, —to make life easier and more comfortable. England builds its roads to facilitate transportation for its own

LAKE LOEN AND GLACIER.

people. Norway builds its roads for the benefit of the local population coupled with a belief founded on experience that it will bring an additional profit by attracting the summer guest, and many of the roads are built almost wholly for the latter reason.

There is a great resemblance between Norway and New Hampshire. To be sure, our state is only a miniature reproduction so far as extent of territory and population are concerned. Both countries possess mountains and lowlands and both have a large increase of summer population to the great profit of the permanent residents of the state. When it comes to ability to meet a public or private expenditure the advantage is wholly on our side. The Norwegian supports himself and his family only by economies and frugalities that would dismay even the careful and parsimonious Yankee. When he comes here, and there are almost as many Norwegians in the United States, including those born here of Norwegian parents, as in his fatherland, he does not go home again.

If then the Norwegian can build such roads why cannot New Hampshire? To those who use bicycles, there is no need to enlarge upon the economy in the use of good roads for business purposes. The difference between riding on a smooth, hard road and on a stony, rough or sandy one is so great as to at once suggest what it must be to the beast of burden in the transportation of merchandise. To go up a moderate hill requires an increase of energy that is very marked. To go up a very steep one of any considerable length is impracticable. Without any regard to the selfish demands of the bicycler for a good road for his own use, the advent of the wheel is a great educator for the benefit of our dumb four-footed servants as well as for the material profit of their owners.

We have in this state no such difficulties to overcome as in Norway. Rarely ever among our mountains would the building of a highway on a grade require any very marked prolongations of the distance. The old carriage road up Mt. Washington from the Glen House was only about twice the air line.

Our summer travel is a large and important feature in the business of the state. If you can induce each visitor to remain twice as long as he now does or if you can bring in an additional number you increase the profitable business of the state, securing a home market for all farm products. Good and attractive roads for walking, driving, and bicycling will contribute more than many are aware of to this result.

We spend money enough on highways but do we always spend it judiciously? We are attempting to build McAdam roads. Do we secure the best results? So far as I have observed we want to produce the most show for our expenditure, and do not lay good foundations which are out of sight and have no apparent influence on the immediate result. On the ultimate result such neglect counts for a great deal. It is better to build a mile a year as it should be built, than to build two miles so that it will have to be done all over at the end of five years.

Then again one secret of having

good roads is in the constant repair. Nowhere is it more evident that a stitch in time saves nine than in the supervision of a well-built highway. By a little attention, the addition of proper material at the proper time in the proper manner, a road once properly built is always good.

We cannot have such main arteries as we need in New Hampshire by independent action by towns on our present system. There must be some comprehensive plan prepared looking to several years of continued execution. It may or may not be well to have a state appropriation aided by local assessments. A system or standard of excellence should be adopted, with variations suited to the local conditions. Local jealousies must be disregarded, as the work is for the common benefit of all, even if some sections will inevitably be more benefited than others.

The work has been going on in Norway on an organized plan for about fifty years, but it is only for forty that it has been conducted on any large scale. Since that time, about $15,000,000 have been expended on the state roads, besides the local contributions. It is now possible to travel through the greater part of the country and to visit the most attractive scenery without leaving the smooth, solid road. The annual appropriation is still about $500,000. Not one dollar of this is expended except on roads that are built up to the established standard. What is done is sure to be well done.

We in New Hampshire are not so far advanced in the pursuit of knowledge that we may not learn from the experience of others. Many of our roads are now fairly good roads. If they were as good in all parts of the state as some of them are in this part of Rockingham county, the expense of completing them would be comparatively small. But, as a whole, we lack system in the expenditure of our highway money. It is, I think, the general belief that the abolition of the highway districts has helped us greatly. There is still much to be done. Our College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts is doing what it can to diffuse a knowledge of good road building, and, to that institution, and to the aid which the members of the Grange are in a position to give, we must all look for the bringing our at least main highways up to as high a standard as is demanded by true economy.

A STORY OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.

By Alice Eveleth Minot.

A HEAVY wagon came slowly down the forest road at the close of a warm, April day. A young man drove the chestnut horse, and by his side sat a girl of eighteen, whose pretty, rosy face with its roguish dimples and soft, gray eyes was half concealed by the huge bonnet which she wore. Ever since noon they had traveled, their wedding journey to their future home.

Theirs had been a simple courtship. John Buckstone, a prosperous farmer, had met Eunice Newell two autumns before at a husking, and had fallen in love with the sweet maiden.

Eunice was an orphan and worked in one of the well-to-do-farmhouses, so when John asked her to become his wife she gladly consented.

Not many young women would have been willing to leave their friends to live in an almost unknown town, but Eunice loved her John.

"You will be lonely, my Eunice, in almost a forest," said John doubtfully, when he told her of her future home.

"Never fear, John, I shall have you, dear, and ought that not to content me? You know I am only a poor orphan and have not known a real home for five years," answered Eunice, thinking if John had asked her to live in an entire wilderness she would gladly have followed him.

They soon turned from the forest road upon a level tract of land and came to a tiny, unpainted house.

"Well, little wifie, do you think you will like your home?" asked John, when he had helped her down from the high wagon-seat, and stood proudly surveying his work.

"Like it, oh John! It is beautiful."

This was to be their home. The tiny, white-washed house, the green yard neatly fenced around, with a merry brook rippling near by. Then there was the barn where John was to keep his horse, his pair of oxen, his sheep, and his two cows.

Eunice ran gayly into the house and looked about her with eager eyes. In the pleasant kitchen was a huge fireplace with the wood all ready to kindle. The bedroom faced the south and across the narrow entry was a larger, unfurnished room.

"This room is to be our parlor. It looks pretty empty now, but I guess by the time we have many visitors we will have it furnished," said John, and added with a laugh, "I do hope our neighbors will not be troublesome. But, wife, you must be careful and not quarrel with them."

"Never fear," laughed Eunice, "everything is nice as can be. I am longing to commence my housekeeping at once."

John soon had a blazing fire and a kettle of water hanging in the fireplace.

Eunice drew the table to the center of the kitchen and placed upon it the white, homespun tablecloth and the new blue and white dishes.

By the time the tea was steeped the young people sat down to an inviting supper. John asked the blessing, and soon both were chatting merrily over their first meal in their new home.

The summer days passed quickly. The young wife had many lonely days but she kept busy with her household affairs, and several times she accompanied her husband to the nearest village.

At length the cold winter came and at one time they were almost buried in drifts of snow. In the evenings they drew near the huge fireplace where the chestnut logs crackled merrily on the hearth and sent the bright sparks dancing up the chimney.

While John roasted apples and popped corn and told Eunice stories which his grandfather had related to him in his boyhood, she sat at her spinning-wheel, making a charming picture in her short-waisted, homespun gown with a neat, white cap, half concealing her glossy, brown hair parted so demurely, with her cheeks as round and rosy as baldwin apples. Those were happy evenings indeed for the young people.

In the spring John fashioned a pine cradle, and one June day a baby boy came to bear them good cheer.

So the years rolled away, and Eunice was now a plump matron, with three sturdy sons and a little daughter, a tiny elf of three years with chestnut curls and deep, brown eyes. She came in a November gale.

There was not a name good enough for the little queen, and at last the father said playfully,

"Why not call her Gale? she came on such a windy day."

And Gale she was always called. Never was there such a remarkable baby! At ten months she could run alone, and on her first birthday she could say many words.

"Boys," said the mother one frosty day, "I wish you would cut some hemlock for a broom. This one is of no use at all."

"Can we take Gale with us, Ma? It is such a fine day," asked the oldest boy. "She can ride on our sled."

"If you like, dears, only be careful and not hurt her. Remember she is not strong like you, and boys must not treat their sisters roughly."

"Me doin, Mammie? Gale is so glad," cried the little one, clapping her dimpled hands in glee for she was very fond of her brothers.

Mrs. Buckstone tied on the child's red flannel hood and wrapped her in a thick woolen shawl, smiling when the boys drew her over the crusty snow.

They did not return until dinner time and the mother began to grow anxious.

"Oh, Mother," they cried, "see what a lot of hemlock we have brought you, and we have had such fun."

"Yes, Mammie, dey buried Gale all up, an' Gale had a lubely house," lisped Gale. "My finners is drefful told."

"Yes, Ma," explained five years-old Ezra, "John and William built a big house of boughs and we had such a nice time."

"Well, dears, but now get ready for dinner, father is coming from the barn. I hope Gale has n't caught cold. I am sorry you buried her in the damp boughs."

At midnight the mother was awakened by the difficult breathing of Gale. She hastened at once to the trundle bed.

"What is it, darling?" she asked.

"Gale all tould n't breeze," whispered the little one trying to cough.

The alarmed mother aroused her husband, and all night long they worked over the croupy child, but in the early gray dawn God had taken little Gale to Himself.

The grief was terrible in the household. The mother lived like one in a dream, while the boys refused to be comforted, saying they had killed their baby sister.

Mr. Buckstone made a tiny grave, and beautiful Gale was buried beneath the snow.

Many a winter's night the mother would creep to the window and watch the snowflakes as they fell on the mound where her darling lay.

In time her heart was comforted, for two years later a new baby daughter was born.

"We will call her Comfort," said the mother, her tears falling fast upon the soft baby face, as she thought of another little form which had once nestled so sweetly in her arms.

How fondly the parents cared for her, fearing she, too, might be taken from them.

"Eunice," said her husband, one fine July morning, "I wish you would go to church with me. Johnnie will look after Comfort, and it is many months since you have been."

"So it has been, dear John, but I am afraid to leave her at home. If anything should happen to her!" answered Mrs. Buckstone.

"Why, Ma, I 'm 'leven years old, and I will watch her ever so carefully. Won't I, sweetie?" said young John, kissing her rosy mouth.

Finally the mother consented to accompany her husband and two youngest sons to the church, four miles distant.

"Well, Eunice, how did you like the sermon?" asked Mr. Buckstone, when they drove homeward beneath the shady trees.

"Very much, John; it made me very happy to hear the good man preach once more. But part of the sermon was spoiled for me, as I could not help worrying about Comfort. I shall not come again until she is old enough to come with us, and it will not be many months."

So the following Sabbath Eunice remained at home with little Comfort. The morning was calm and the bees and butterflies flitted in and out the pretty blossoms, while in the topmost branches of the trees the birds seemed to bid all the world come into the open air and worship the beauties of Nature.

Mrs. Buckstone completed her household duties, and with baby Comfort sat under the trees to read her Bible. Many times she lifted her eyes from her reading and watched the little one filling her apron with daisies, and trying with eager hands to catch the sunbeams which fell on the soft grass.

Eunice's mind wandered from her reading as she looked at the peaceful scene around her. The sheep feeding in the distant pasture and the cows contentedly resting beneath the apple trees, while overhead the sky was blue and tranquil, flecked with fleecy clouds of white. And she fell to musing on the goodness and power of God in creating such a beautiful world with its fragrant flowers, and birds, for the dwelling-place of His children.

In the deep stillness she grew drowsy and the Bible slipped from her hand. When she awakened her first thought was of Comfort, but the child was not to be seen; she called her name but no baby voice responded to her anxious cry.

A terrible thought came to her. Frantically she made her way to the tiny brook, rippling only a few rods away. With a piercing cry she threw herself upon her knees. Too late! her darling lay face downward in the water.

When Mr. Buckstone returned from church he found his wife on the bank of the brook, her face like one carved in stone, and in her arms lay the drowned child.

In vain he tried to arouse his wife. Her brain and vocal powers were paralyzed. Physicians for miles around were consulted but failed in their efforts to arouse the stricken woman.

Over a century ago this little story happened. Last summer in one of my rambles I came upon the ruined house. By the low, flat door-stone grew a profusion of white roses whose fragrance filled the air.

I seated myself on the moss-grown stone and looked about me. A feeling of awe stole over me there in the stillness. I gathered a handful of the sweet rosebuds and wended my way through the overgrown garden to two tiny grass-grown mounds.

Two rude stones marked the spot, bearing the simple words, Gale and Comfort. I turned to a larger mound, the mother's, and dropped my roses reverently on the green grave, and with eyes filled with tears walked away.

I learned from the farm-house where I boarded that after the death of little Comfort the mother survived only through the winter.

Mr. Buckstone remained in the home until his sons grew to be tall and sturdy youths, when they emigrated to the West, never returning or sending news to their eastern home.

THE CAUSES OF THE DECREASE OF BIRDS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

OUT of all the recent discussion regarding birds the fact seems well established that birds as a class are now less numerous in the United States than they were a century or more ago. While some species have doubtless become more abundant under the changed conditions of modern civilization, others are very much rarer, and a few appear to be approaching extinction. It, of course, was inevitable that the changes produced by man's interference with natural conditions should exert a tremendous influence upon the native fauna: some birds have found the new dispensation better suited to their wants than the old; others have changed their habits and made the best of it; while others have been so relentlessly persecuted that their only hope of survival lay in retreating to inaccessible swamps or cliffs. The wholesale destruction of primeval nesting sites has been a potent factor in the changes produced, but fortunately many of the most useful birds have found substitutes that answered the purpose very well: the swallows, for example, have gone from hollow trees to the eaves and rafters of barns, and the swifts from trees to chimneys. The great increase of meadow land has encouraged the development and distribution of birds like the meadow lark, originally confined to the prairies, while the decrease of forests has tended to the suppression of species like the passenger pigeon that lived largely on acorns, beech nuts, or other forest products.

But besides the natural and inevitable results of the white man's occupation of the American continent, certain causes have been and still are at work which tend greatly to decrease the number of birds possible under existing conditions. To a large extent these agencies are the result of human greed, cruelty, and ignorance, and the havoc they cause may be greatly checked by proper laws based upon and supported by the opinion of an enlightened public.

Perhaps one of the most constant and serious of these agencies is the egg-collecting or nest-destroying boy. In almost every town and village there may be found a dozen or more youths who have frequent attacks of the collecting fever. Unfortunately the fever is often of the intermittent type, and the season's collections are allowed to go to ruin before the advent of another spring. Every nook and cranny for miles around the headquarters of such a coterie is examined by sharp eyes, and the great majority of birds' eggs are gathered in. Probably with ninety-nine boys out of a hundred these egg collections are soon forgotten, while the hundredth boy is too likely to become a mere collector who strives to see how many varieties of eggs he can get together without reference to the natural history of the subject. To this class of collectors we owe the existence of the egg-dealers who collect eggs in large numbers to sell. The latter are the mercenary collectors, while the intermittent types are the aimless ones—a classification suggested by Col. W. H. M. Duthie, a Scottish ornithologist who well defines "the true collector" as "a naturalist acquainting himself with birds, their habits, flight, migration, and breeding haunts, his egg collecting being only one of the means of acquiring knowledge."

Birds' eggs are sometimes collected by children to serve as Easter gifts the following season,—a sacrilege to which attention need scarcely be called to reveal its inappropriateness. Such an Easter present is a sacrifice of innocence rather than a thank-offering.

Unfortunately the boy of the period does not limit his destructive powers to the gathering of eggs. The recent increase in cheap firearms has placed within his reach the means of killing feathered "game" at all seasons of the year. To this fact is due much of the diminution in the numbers of small birds in the vicinity of towns and cities. Dr. R. W. Schufeldt thinks that the wholesale destruction carried on by the army of unscrupulous small boys is a reason for bird decrease, before which other reasons "stand aghast." He reports meeting near Washington, D. C., "one such youngster, and upon examining his game bag found it absolutely crammed full of dead bodies which he had killed since starting out in the morning. One item alone consisted of seventy-two ruby and golden-crowned kinglets. The fellow boasted of having slain over one hundred cat-birds that season."

That the small boy is recognized in other countries as a prime factor in the decrease of birds is shown by the recent recommendation of a committee of the British association for the advancement of science that particular pains should be taken to in-

struct the youth concerning the birds that should be protected.

Enormous numbers of birds are sacrificed annually for millinery purposes. There is an opinion prevalent that the birds worn on women's hats in America are largely derived from the faunas of tropical regions. Some justification of this is to be found in the impossible colors of all sorts assumed by the plainest songsters when they have passed through the dye-pot of the preparator. But there can be no question that an immense quantity of bird-life is annually destroyed in the United States to gratify the caprice of fashion, the birds thus killed being very largely used within our own borders, while many are exported to Paris and other European cities. The evidence on this point is abundantly sufficient; some of it may properly be introduced here as the subject is one which is greatly in need of more general knowledge on the part of the public.

An editorial article in *Forest and Stream* a few years ago (March 6, 1884) mentions a dealer, who, during a three-months' trip to the coast of South Carolina last spring, prepared no less than 11,018 bird skins. A considerable number of the birds killed were, of course, too much mutilated for preparation, so that the total number slain would be much greater than the number given. The person referred to states that he handles, on an average, 30,000 bird skins a year, of which the greater part are cut up for millinery purposes.

About the same time, according to a writer in the *Baltimore Sun*, a New York milliner visited Cobb's island, off the coast of Virginia, to get material to fill a foreign order for 40,000 bird skins. She hired people to kill the victims, paying ten cents apiece for the latter. "The birds comprised in this wholesale slaughter are mainly the different species of gulls and terns, or sea swallows, of which many species in large numbers could formerly be found upon this island. But now only a few of these graceful birds remain, and the pot-hunters, or rather skin hunters, have to go some distance to carry out their cruel scheme. If we consider that with each old bird killed,—and only old birds have a suitable plumage,—also many of the young birds, still unable to take care of themselves, are doomed to starvation, this wholesale slaughter becomes still more infamous and criminal."

Further south, in Florida and along the gulf coast, the herons and egrets have been ruthlessly persecuted for their plumage. The heronries, where enormous numbers of graceful birds formerly bred unmolested, have been largely broken up, and only the shyness of those remaining enables them to survive. It is said that a milliner's agent recently visited Texas in the hope of procuring the plumes of 10,000 white egrets. One trusts that it was "a hope deferred."

This slaughter of the innocents is by no means confined to our Southern states. During four months 70,000 bird skins were supplied to the New York trade by one Long Island village. "On the coast line of Long Island," wrote Mr. Wm. Dutcher, a few years ago, "the slaughter has been carried on to such a degree that where a few years since thousands and thousands of terns were gracefully sailing over the

surf-beaten shore and the wind-rippled bays, now one is rarely to be seen." Land birds of all sorts have also suffered in a similar way, both on Long Island and in adjacent localities in New Jersey. Nor have the interior regions of the United States escaped the visits of the milliner's agent. An Indianapolis taxidermist is on record with the statement that in 1885 there were shipped from that city 5,000 bird-skins, collected in the Ohio valley. He adds that "no county in the state is free from the ornithological murderer," and prophsies that the birds will soon become very scarce in the state.

These isolated examples can only suggest the enormous numbers of birds that are sacrificed on the altar of fashion. The universal use of birds for millinery purposes bears sufficient testimony to the fact. Yet it is probable that most women who follow the fashion seldom appreciate the suffering and economic losses which it involves. A few years ago the committee on Bird Protection of the American Ornithologists' union, issued an appeal in which occurs this paragraph:

"So long as the demand continues the supply will come. Law of itself can be of little, perhaps of no ultimate, avail. It may give check, but this tide of destruction it is powerless to stay. The demand will be met; the offenders will find it worth while to dare the law. One thing only will stop this cruelty,—the disapprobation of fashion. It is our women who hold the great power. Let our women say the word and hundreds of thousands of bird lives every year will be preserved. And until woman does use her influence it is vain to hope that this nameless sacrifice will cease until it has worked out its own end and the birds are gone."

The destruction of the smaller birds for food is much greater than is commonly supposed. It is due not so much to the demand created by native, white Americans as by the foreigners in the North and the negroes in the South. During the migrations to and from the Southern regions enormous numbers of birds which are commonly considered non-edible are killed for food. In the larger cities hundreds of such victims are displayed in the markets daily. Besides the reed birds, robins, meadow-larks, and black-birds that one would naturally expect might be found, there occur wood-peckers, thrushes, sparrows, warblers, wax-wings, and vireos.

An instructive example has been reported (Zoe, II, 142) by Mr. Walter E. Bryant in the case of reed birds of the San Francisco markets. For years there have been exposed for sale small, Californian birds, picked, and six of them ranged side by side, with a skewer running through them. These are sold as reed birds, though of course they are not the Eastern bobolink which does not occur in California. They are most commonly the horned lark *(Otocoris)*, but there may often be found on the skewers house-finches, gold-finches, various sparrows (except the English variety), black-birds and sand-pipers. Many thousands of birds are thus destroyed annually; the tendency, as Mr. Bryant says, is steadily "to increase in severity, and it has long since arrived at that stage of importance which should bring it to the notice of the

authorities interested in bird destruction."

In England, according to Richard Jefferies, pheasant preserves have led to the partial or total extinction of eagles, ravens, the larger hawks, and buzzards, and the horned owls, as well as, to a less extent, the barn owl and the wood owl. The kestrel and sparrow hawk have survived without great diminution in numbers notwithstanding the constant persecution to which they have been subjected since the invention of the percussion cap. The sacrifice to trout has been equally great. Jefferies records how largely the birds that feed on fish or their eggs have been persecuted; "herons much reduced in numbers; owls, reduced; kingfishers growing scarce; coots much less numerous because not permitted to nest; grebes, reduced; wild duck, seldom seen in summer because not permitted to rest; teal, same; swans not permitted on fisheries unless ancient rites protect it; divers never numerous, now scarcer; moorhens still fairly plentiful because their ranks are constantly supplied from moats and ponds where they breed under semi-domestic conditions." These causes of bird decrease have had little influence in America and are never likely to be as important as they have been in Europe.

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Sarah Fenton Sanborn.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Easter Sunday dinner in the Vaughan home was a feast for the appetite as well as "a feast of reason and flow of soul."

Not many mighty were chosen as guests, nor was the number limited to the epicurean's dictum. Twice the number of the muses that hospitable board was sure to entertain. There you would find gathered Christ's "little ones," some unfortunates, the widow, perhaps the struggling artist, the poor curate, the unknown poet, the school teacher, a poor collegian or divinity student, and many who had been reduced from better days.

"*Noblesse oblige*" was a maxim in the life of Madame Vaughan.

Good talk there was. The society columns did not chronicle those dinners but they were cordials to the hungry, oases to the hopes and memories of many a life.

When Victor was summoned to dinner he was feeding his pet canaries, Gratz keeping up a prodigious tail-wagging over his savory bone. Victor was coaxing,

> "Sing now birdies, sing and say,
> Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
> Let your little voices ring,
> Sing sweet birdies, sing, oh sing."

Reluctantly the child left his birds for the dinner table, where he was seated by his grandmother. His father noticed his downcast look, and that he left his soup untasted.

"Are you ill, my child?" he enquired, anxiously.

"No, Papa."

"Are you not hungry?"

"Yes, Papa, almost as hungry as Gratz, but I did not keep the fast, so I ought not to have the feast."

The fair head was lowered in blushes and confusion. All eyes were upon him.

"You were too young, my child. Next year you may make up for it. Now take your dinner."

The Rev. Mr. Dole remarked that he feared many others had been negligent of this duty.

"But, sir," replied Mr. Vaughan, "your arduous duties as a missionary among our poor Indians should exempt you from conscientious scruples."

"But the disciples of Christ were poor."

"Did Christ ever tell them to fast, if so, where?"

Rector Dole was puzzled.

Mr. Vaughan: "Did He not say, 'When ye fast anoint the head, wash the face (I do not quote literally) that thou appear not unto men to fast'? They, as Jews, had the custom, and adhered to it in a measure. Turn, my dear sir, to the gospel of St. Matthew, the fourteenth verse of the tenth chapter, 'Then came to Him the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not.'"

Rector Dole was startled. "But, sir, Christ surely fasted forty days and forty nights!"

"Yes, by a special temptation of the devil. Do you desire to be led into the wilderness alone? and did Christ ask any one to follow Him? My dear sir, the fasts of the church are instituted by the church, not by Christ. In how many instances did he give the hungry ones to eat? It was 'come and dine,' after the great draught of fishes. To prove His veritable presence after His resurrection, 'while they believed not for joy and wondered.' He said unto them, 'Have ye here any meat?' And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb. And He took it and did eat before them."

"And what is the prayer?"

"Give us this day our daily bread."

"You surely remember that it was the publican in the parable whom Christ justified, not the Pharisee who boasted of his fasting. And you cannot forget Isaiah's words from the mouth of the Lord. 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness. . . . Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry.'"

Mr. Dole was silent. Then Mr. Reid took the parole and asked Dr. Buckler if in a sanitary point of view it was not wise to abstain from animal food occasionally.

"It may be, sir, but in California the constant supply of fresh fruits and vegetables preserves a happy equilibrium. The diet is not so concentrated as in colder climates."

"Do you not think, sir, that the colder climates strengthen the body and give more vigorous constitutions to those races who inhabit them?"

"No, sir, statistics do not prove this."

"Well as to intellect, does not the cold stimulate the brain and quicken intellect?"

The doctor replied wearily: "As one of the great Anglo-Saxon family, I glory in it. To quote the words of a college professor, 'The Saxon branch of the Gothic race has ever been famous for their progressive character. They have appropriated all the good things in law, morality, government, and religion, and by their innate love of excellence, have grown wiser than their teachers. They have been the inventors, discoverers, reformers, and law-givers for a great portion of the civilized world.'"

Mr. Reid thought that he had gained his point, but the doctor added,

"And are we not of the same good old stock in this fair land of the lotus where it is 'always afternoon'?"

Miss Fitch and Mr. Raymond were discussing the fine olives as they plentifully helped themselves.

"Are these grown on your ranch, Mr. Vaughan?" enquired Miss Fitch.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it is a pretty sight."

"I am told," said Mr. Raymond, "that an olive orchard

in good bearing was a better investment than a gold mine!"

"That depends on the mine!" chimed in several voices at once.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Vaughan, "in both conclusions. A mine may give fabulous wealth, or bankrupt its owner. An olive orchard, if good, is a most profitable investment. This state does not half supply the demand for the fruit or for the oil. Give us the expert labor of the old country at their prices, and we could surpass Italy in its growth and show the world our hillsides 'smoky with olives,' as Lowell has it. The olive must be handled with the same care that the orange and lemon require, picked by hand. You see what immense labor it involves. They will mature without artificial irrigation during our dry season, as they do in Sicily, if well planted on the hillsides."

Madame Vaughan had noticed a shade of sadness over Mrs. Dudley's face as the gentlemen spoke of olives and gold mines, and quickly divined the cause, remembering that Colonel Dudley had invested all of his wife's fortune in an unproductive mine in New Mexico. With her never-failing tact she diverted her attention by asking if she had a preference for a national flower."

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "the rose forever, there is none to compare, so sweet and so fair, the rose is my love, all others above."

"But begging your pardon," said Professor Heine, "has not England appropriated the rose both white and red?"

"Where is the flower that she has not appropriated? Pray, Herr Professor, what is your preference?"

"I can think of none more lovely, pure, or of good report, madame, than that fair lily-of-the-valley in the crystal vase by your side."

"It is perfection, but I seem to recall the lily of France and the lily of the Arno!"

At which repartee a general smile pervaded the table.

"You are right, madame, two to one," was the gallant reply.

Madame Vaughan's ready tact (worth more than talent on such an occasion) came to the rescue.

"I love that lily as you do, Herr Professor, and have the dearest associations with it. How I should enjoy showing it to you as it grows under the shade, half-hidden, of an old ancestral apple tree in far away New England."

A far away look was in the professor's eyes, as he lowered them to his plate, seeming intent on cracking an English walnut, but his heart beat heavily against the miniature likeness of his fair, flaxen-haired young frau, sleeping now her last sleep down by the willows in his Vaterland, and the little grave by her side! Oh, the dream, the dream that the new country would bring him wealth, and all for her sake and the baby's!

Victor had slipped down from his seat and gently laying his little hand on the professor's brown coat sleeve, looking up into his eyes, he said, "I know where that lily grows; it is in a picture where an angel is giving it to Christ's mother, so, of course, it grows in heaven, and don't you know about Solomon and the lilies?"

Mr. Gray had found another text, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

Mrs. Meredith claimed the wild violet as the sweetest thing that blows, even if Tennyson had preëmpted a claim to it under the cliffs of his sea-girt home. "It makes the whole world kin," she said.

Mr. Tracey was from the land of Burns, and no flower for him could equal the daisy, "Child of the year" and "Nature's favorite," as Wordsworth calls it.

Madame Vaughan, when asked for her own choice said, "The flower I love best might not be available for a national symbol. It is the trailing arbutus, sometimes called the Mayflower of New England. It blossoms under the snows in the ravines where it is sheltered, nestling among the pines and maturing luxuriantly unseen. Only its lover

knows where and just when to uncover it. The first blue-bird heralds its pink clustered fragrant, oh, how fragrant, blossoms, and whispers it to the initiated."

"Does it grow only in New England?" enquired Dr. Evans.

"I think it is found in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is not very abundant even in New England. In my young days the college students knew just when and where to get them for me, and I wanted no richer adorning for my centre-table, or corsage, or dining-table than a bunch of the winsome things. Its lovers knew the very day of its full fruition. I would, oh, I would give all of these jacqueminots, and even this glory-flower for one cluster of arbutus!"

Her eye moistened at the remembrance.

Victor stole his little hand into hers and whispered, "Grandmother dear, you will have them again, for every beautiful thing grows in heaven, and the tears will all be gone too."

Mr. Jarvis, a journalist and a tender poet, advocated the claims of the golden rod for its ubiquitiveness, cheerfulness, sturdiness, living by the roadside through dust and grim, braving the frosts of autumn, adorning crannies of rocks, hedges, and lonely alleys with its strong yellow, the color in which Nature designs most of its wild flowers, at least on the California coast, and, too, he urged its graceful adaptation to art and decoration.

Mr. Davis, a theologue, had not shown much interest in the matter of a national emblem, but had kept his host by the ear on more serious subjects. Mr. Vaughan bore his questioner's eager talk very patiently till startled by his solemnly enquiring if he did not think the world was deteriorating.

"Why, my young friend? I hope you are not becoming a pessimist so early in life."

"Not exactly, sir, but there is so much crime. Were the 'good old times,' that I hear of so often, one half as bad?"

"Remember there was no 'Associated Press' in those days."

"Do you forget," said Miss Seabury, who was just from the Normal school, "the times of Nero and Pharaoh and Sodom and Gomorrah?"

She could have gone on *ad infinitum* if Victor had not been aroused. Looking steadily into Mr. Davis's eyes, he said earnestly,—

"Why, didn't anybody ever tell you about Herod, who killed all the babies and couldn't find little Jesus? And that was old times, and now it 's Easter and new times because Christ is risen."

"He *is* risen indeed," responded Mr. Davis, awestruck with the child's earnest, soulful expression, his big eyes looking so calmly into his own.

"But," said Mr. Vaughan, "apropos of our national emblem, what could be finer than our golden maize, the Indian corn? Does it not combine all attractions except, perhaps, a perfume? It has a supreme nationality, indigenous to this country centuries ago, welcomed our ancestors on their landing in 1620, saved their lives from famine, is a *native of no other country*, is now the staple food for the Southern negro, the Western farmer, and is used in countless forms on the breakfast tables, North, South, East, and West, not only of our own country but of all lands beyond the seas. Nothing can be more graceful than the 'asselled corn. It is a subject for the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. Its broad leaves vie with the acanthus, lotus, or olive as architectural decorations. The maize is representative; it is *utile cum dulci*. Past and present meet in this distinctive emblem. We could not ignore it if we would.

"It is beautiful, it is useful. Let France have her lily; England may fight, or not, over her roses, white and red; Scotland and Ireland may boast of their thistle and shamrock; for us the *golden maize—the tasselled corn*."

"I drink to the praise of the tasselled corn!" sang

Colonel Taylor, and all lifted their glasses in glad response.

"Mr. Vaughan has converted me," cried Miss Seymour. "I shall make a study of the tasselled corn for my art class."

"I always thought it beautiful on my Kentucky farm, but," said Mr. Fayweather, "I never saw the poetic side of it till now."

Mrs. Brooks remembered some columns in the capitol at Washington with carvings upon their capitals of ears of corn, but without leaves or tassels. She thought they were suggested by Thomas Jefferson when president.

"May it be our nation's emblem," said one.

"I vote for it," cried another.

"And I," "And I," came from all parts of the table.

"Then let us put it to vote."

All agreed by raising the right hand. Unanimous. Mr. Thayer got some points for his evening journal.

"I, too," holding up both hands, "for I like the popcorn!" Victor was the hero of the hour.

"This Easter feast," remarked ex-Judge Clinton, "will mark a red-letter day in my prosaic, lonely life."

"May you have many happy returns of the feast day in future years," said Madame Vaughan.

[*To be continued.*]

THOMAS LEAVITT, ESQ.

HANNAH (MELCHER) LEAVITT.

THOMAS LEAVITT AND HIS ARTIST FRIEND, JAMES AKIN.

By F. B. Sanborn.

AMONG the early settlers of Hampton, though he first appears as a follower of Rev. John Wheelwright in his Exeter plantation, was one Thomas Leavitt, probably from that part of England where Wheelwright himself lived (Lincolnshire), or farther north,—from whom are descended some thousands of the name now residing in the United States, as well as many of other names,—particularly Sanborns,—of whom the present writer is one. A descendant of this Thomas and of his wife, Isabella Bland, whose father, James Bland, was a resident of Martha's Vineyard, was Benjamin Leavitt, a land-surveyor, living in Hampton Falls, but married to Esther Towle of Hampton, a descendant of Anthony Brackett, a famous Indian fighter.

Their youngest son, Thomas Leavitt, born in 1774, and commonly called "Squire Leavitt," or "Squire Tom" (from his long holding the commission of justice of the peace, first given him in 1805, by John Langdon, when governor of New Hampshire) is the subject of this sketch, and portraits of him and his wife appear on the opposite page, drawn by his South Carolina friend, James Akin, 1808. A daguerreotype, taken in Boston about 1850, is so unlike that they would hardly be supposed to represent the same person. Yet both were good likenesses,—the first at the age of thirty-four, the other when he must have been seventy-four, or older. I remember him well in his later years, and can vouch for its accuracy at the later date,—cane, snuff-box, and all,—and my mother, his eldest daughter, assured me that the portraits of 1808, both of her father and mother, were then true to life, in feature and dress.

The artist, James Akin, to whom they sat, was then resident at Newburyport, and drew these heads when on a summer visit at my grandfather's house in Hampton Falls, but he was a native of Charleston, S. C., and a contemporary of that better Carolinian artist, Washington Allston. Akin had been a clerk in the state department at Philadelphia, in the presidency of John Adams, and when Timothy Pickering was secretary of state. After the retirement of Pickering, in consequence of his quarrel with Adams, Akin seems to have followed his chief to New England, where he established himself as artist and engraver at Newburyport. He had practised in this way at Philadelphia, and continued to send out numerous engravings for many years, both from Newburyport and Philadelphia,—to which city he returned about 1811, and there spent the rest of his days.

The earliest of his caricatures which my grandfather had preserved

was of Jefferson's administration,—the last that I remember was of the Oregon dispute with England in 1846,—so that he must have been a caricaturist, more or less active, for forty years and upward. It seems to have been his amusement rather than his occupation, and in his life at Newburyport it was also his way of punishing personal enemies.

Among his acquaintances there were Jacob Perkins, the engraver and inventor (born 1766, died 1849), and Edmund Blunt, a mathematician

The Skillet Thrower.

of some celebrity. A dispute arose between Blunt and Akin, in course of which Blunt threw at Akin's head a heavy iron "skillet,"—the scene of the quarrel being a hardware shop. Akin revenged himself by drawing Blunt in a comic attitude, hurling the impromptu weapon; engraved it on copper, entitled it "Infuriated Despondency," and not only circulated this as an engraving, with some doggerel rhymes annexed, but sent his caricature to England, and had it painted on earthern pitchers and vessels of less esteem, which came over in large numbers to Newburyport, and were mainly bought up and broken by Mr. Blunt and his friends. Among my grandfather's papers which came to me some years ago, I found a copy of the verses, of no great merit, but worth quoting in part, as an indication of the spirit of the times, early in this century. The engraving, and a few of the pitchers still exist. These are the rhymes:

A SKILLET SONG.[1]

(Written in the *Iron Age*. Tune, "Yankee Doodle.")

In Newburyport, a famous place
For trade and navigation,
A man was slapped upon the face
For uttering defamation;

CHORUS.

And people will remember long
The story, to a tittle,
That gave rise to my Muse's song,
About an iron kettle.

You 've heard, no doubt, a prating clown.
An ugly, slaud'rous fellow,
Revile at folks thro' all the town,
With one eternal bellow.

CHORUS, AS ABOVE.

But sudden he was made,—good lack!
To bawl a different way, sirs;
With thumps which brought him on his back,
Crying out, "You 'll raise the neighbors";
For lo! his courage now had fled,—
He 'd neither strength nor spittle;
Like Matthew Lyon, who, 't is said,
Spit,—when he had no kettle.

Such clamor soon the people drew,
Who gathered in amazement;
When through the crowd the skillet flew,
And shattered on the pavement.

One would have thought you had forgot
The tricks of Dalton's kitchen;
And not to throw a dirty pot,
When you for spite were itching;

[1] Edmund March Blunt, the hero of this song and caricature, was the grandson of Rev. John Blunt, the minister of Newcastle, N. H., and by his grandmother, a descendant of the Pepperrels. He was born in Portsmouth in 1770, and lived to a great age, dying at Sing Sing, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1862. His *American Coast Pilot*, begun in 1796, some ten years before this affair of the skillet, had gone through twenty-four editions in 1870. It was published first at Newburyport, where Blunt was in trade, and had probably employed Akin as an engraver.

Because it is a greasy thing
Used merely to boil victual;
The very cook-girls scorn to fling
Their dirty iron kettle.

Now this in Newburyport is made
A finable offence, sir,
To heave a skillet at the head,
On whatsoe'er pretence, sir.

CHORUS.

Poor, miserable hobbling wight,
Your dirty tricks have failed, sir,
To place me in a doleful plight,—
(Being sure I'd not be bailed, sir.)
For the grand jury soared above
A verdict low or little,
Which showed they 'd neither fear nor love
For crumble-toes nor kettle.

This will be thought quite enough of Akin's Muse. We gather from it that he had resented some language of Blunt by the South Carolina method of caning him, whereupon the Yankee had retorted by picking up the nearest missile (they were in a hardware shop), and flinging it at Akin's head. Both parties then went to law but nothing came of that process.

The incident which occasioned the caricature of "Infuriated Despondency," took place in the shop of Josiah Foster on State street, Newburyport, where now is the shop of William Jones. The cause of the quarrel is variously related by tradition, but may have grown out of the unwillingness of Blunt to pay the bill of Akin for engraving done by his order,—Blunt being credited with some unwillingness to pay bills, and a turn for bad language, which Carolinians piqued themselves on resenting by violence.

The skillet caught up and hurled is said to have missed Akin, gone through the window into State street, and hit Capt. Nicholas Brown, then passing, a nephew of the distinguished sea captain, privateer, and naval commander, Capt. Moses Brown, who, before his death in 1804, had made fifty-seven voyages and captured many armed vessels. In memory of his uncle, then dead for some years, Capt. Nicholas Brown took to England a big pitcher, with several of Akin's designs (among them the ship *Merrimac*, which his uncle had commanded, and the skillet-thrower), and had them printed on the pitcher, along with an English view of Nelson's Battle of the Nile, and several small nautical figures.

Capt. Moses Brown was born at Salisbury in 1742, but soon removed to Newburyport for such short seasons as he spent on shore; for, making fifty-seven voyages in sixty-two years, some of them lasting a year or two, it will be seen that he lived mostly at sea. To distinguish him from other captains of his common name, he was known in foreign ports as "Gentleman Brown," and he had gained such fame in sea-fights of the Revolution, that when our short naval war with France occurred, in 1798, the *Merrimac* was built for him at Newburyport, and sailed down the river for which she was named, in the autumn of 1798. She remained in the navy of the United States till 1801, when Jefferson's economy caused her to be sold. She was rechristened the *Monticello*, but was soon after wrecked on Cape Cod. To perpetuate her memory Akin seems to have copied a bad painting of her for the china jug.

Now the only copy of Akin's caricature of Edmund March Blunt which I have been able to find for engraving is on this enormous pitcher, belonging to Miss Anna Knapp of Newbury-

The Record—Pitcher.

port, where it is a mere adjunct to other pictures, forming a sort of family record of her ancestors. Her first American ancestor on one side was Henry Lamprey of London and Hampton, N. H., who was a cooper, and in London, about 1650, was a member of the guild or company of coopers, whose arms are painted on the pitcher above the monogram of Nicholas Brown and Lucy Lamprey, and are thus described heraldically:

"Gyronny of eight, gules, and sable, on a chevron between three annulets or, a grose between two adzes azure; on a chief vert, three lilies, slipped, stalked, and leaved argent. Crest.—On a wreath a demi-heathcock, with wings expanded, azure, powdered with annulets or, in the beak a lily, argent. Supporters, two camels gules, bridled or powdered with annulets of the last. Mottoes, 'Love as Brethren,' sometimes, 'Guarde Maria Virgo.'"

To explain this mysterious descrip-

tion, we may remember that the upper third of the scutcheon is the "chief,"—in this case painted green, and bearing three lilies in a row, each with a stalk and two leaves, all of silver. The lower two thirds of the shield ("gyronny of eight") is divided in eight parts, each one painted alternately red and blue, but on the lower half is a chevron of gold and three gold rings or hoops. In the center of the chevron is a "grose" (draw-plane), used by coopers,—a curved blade of steel, with a handle at each end; on each side of the grose is an adze, and all these tools are blue. The creatures holding up the shield are camels, conventionalized; they are red and powdered over with gold hoops, and wear gold bridles. The crest rests on a wreath of silk; it is the upper part of a heathcock, with spread wings, painted blue, and powdered with gold hoops.

The Coopers' Arms.

This odd bit of heraldry (in the drawing of which Akin's style is to be recognized), and the great *Merrimac* under full sail, are the triumphs of art and the credentials of the Browns on the pitcher, but Capt. Nicholas Brown seems to have humored Akin's wish to perpetuate his feud with Blunt, and so allowed him to sketch the skillet-hurler on the family china. He also carried over orders for other crockery which was to show Jefferson milking the cow, at whose head and tail Napoleon and John Bull were pulling (a design of Akin's); and many copies of "Infuriated Despondency." As these articles came into Newburyport, and were mostly bought up and broken by the Blunts, this pitcher of Miss Knapp, by virtue of its being a family record, escaped destruction. So did a few of the smaller ware, which I saw in childhood, and probably a few samples of it still remain in collections or in the china-closets of old New England houses.

It was, perhaps, in connection with this affair (the precise date of which I do not know), that he came to spend the summer of 1808 at my grandfather's place in Hampton Falls, looking off on the Kensington hills, and above the sources of the Hampton river. At this time he drew the two portraits engraved above, but he had previously, in 1806, engraved for the town of Hampton, a map, which Squire Leavitt, a surveyor like his father, had drawn, and which is engraved in Dow's "History of Hampton."

This map was probably the beginning of my grandfather's acquaintance with Akin, who had remained in Philadelphia after leaving the state department, until 1805, when he came to New England. He was an engraver there, but was absent for six years, reappearing in the Philadelphia directory in 1811. This occupation he followed for a dozen years, but in 1823 he had a residence, without specified occupation, at Rural Lodge, opposite the new penitentiary of Cherry Hill, then a suburban location near the rural region of Fairmount.

In 1830, he reappears in the directory as an engraver, until 1837, when he had a new residence and occupation, a druggist, in the incorporated sub-district of Northern Liberties, at the corner of Second and Brown streets, a long way out of what was then known as Philadelphia proper, where he remained, as apothecary and "designer," until 1842. From there till his death in 1846, he lived as engraver and "draftsman for patents" at what was called 18 Prune street, now the lower end of Locust street.

During the thirty-five years that he lived in Philadelphia, after leaving Newburyport, he kept up his amusement of engraving and publishing caricatures, which he always sent to my grandfather, who named a grandson for him,—James Akin Leavitt—but the boy did not survive his eighth year, and probably died before his godfather.

Mr. Akin left a will, which was offered for probate at Philadelphia, August 14, 1846, when his widow, Ophelia, took out letters of administration. He had retained or inherited much property in South Carolina, and in this will, written with his own hand, and headed in German text with elaborate flourishes,—such as he loved to engrave,—he left to "my best friend in this world, my wife, Ophelia," all his estate, including specially his house at 18 Prune street, two hundred shares of the Bank of South Carolina (Charleston), and twenty-five shares of the Planters' and Mechanics' bank of Charleston, all for her life, with remainder to any child or children who might be living at the widow's death. (She seems to have died in 1854.) One infant daughter, Caroline Christie Akin, is mentioned, and there is also mention of a legacy to his children from their aunt Eliza Akin of Charleston. For this information, drawn from the probate records of Philadelphia ("Will Book," 18, *p.* 439), I am indebted to my classmate, Judge J. T. Mitchell, of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, who kindly made the search for me.

Akin's name, which he always spelled as above, frequently appears on copper-plate and wood engravings from 1800 to 1840, and there may be some collection of them, though I have never seen any,—except that which my grandfather kept in one of the drawers of his office-desk, for his grandchildren to tumble over and destroy. None of them now seems to exist.

He was a comic artist of some power, and his fine work was graceful and exact. Mr. John J. Currier, in his historic volume, "Old Newbury," prints Akin's sketch of the famous "Wolfe Tavern," in Newburyport, about 1808,—the place where many merry-meetings were held, and much old Madeira and new rum was con-

sumed, in Akin's time. Like Squire Leavitt, the artist was of a cheerful turn, at least in youth, and they seem to have passed their time gaily. Akin, as we see by his scornful allusion to Mat. Lyon, the Vermont Democrat, who had the quarrel with Griswold in Congress, in 1798, was a Federalist and a follower of Pickering and Hamilton; the squire was not only a Jeffersonian Democrat, but their leader in his region, yet this did not prevent their good fellowship.

As a justice of the peace in a neighboring state, he could, perhaps, protect his friend from inconvenience while the Blunt quarrel was pending in the Massachusetts courts, provided Akin came over into New Hampshire, as he seems to have done. He was in the habit of holding court in his large dining-room, where, in my boyhood, he used to sit in his great chair, by the east door, looking out upon his bee-hives and the four great elms that overshadowed the house, as shown in the accompanying photograph, recently taken. Across the Kensington road, to the south, stood his large barn, where, in the open floor, for the benefit of the light, Akin made his host and hostess sit, while he drew their portraits.

I have attempted in the "Sanborn Genealogy," of my son, Mr. Victor Channing Sanborn, to sketch for later generations the New Hampshire way of life, as Squire Leavitt knew it, and as I remember it in the years of boyhood. My grandfather was too young to serve in the Revolution, but he remembered the men of that time, and his older brother Jonathan, and many of his cousins had been in the armies. He saw the War of 1812, and was its hearty supporter; indeed, no New Hampshire Democrat was more faithful to his party, through good and evil, than "Squire Tom." Occasionally, when he thought himself slighted, he would threaten to leave the party; and I find a letter of 1829 addressed to him by the Councilor from his district, Francis N. Fisk of Concord, to avert such a calamity. It seems that my grandfather had taken offence at the appointment of an opponent to the rank of a justice of the quorum, and wrote to complain of it. Mr. Fisk replies:

"You say you considered the additional appointments of justices of the peace last June, needless; that when you saw John P. raised to the quorum, your astonishment was increased; that said John's conduct was outrageous and abusive to the Republican party during the last presidential struggle (between Jackson and Adams); that for some time you stood alone, in your vicinity, in support of the Democratic cause; have spent much time and money in supporting and defending those Republican principles (which I am satisfied is correct), and that now you are to be supplanted by P.

"In regard to additional appointments, it was expected, and I think justly too, by the Democratic party that some commissions would be granted this year by the present executive [old General Pierce, father of Franklin Pierce, afterwards president] as well as the numerous ones granted to the Federalists last year. . . . I have no hesitancy in believing that you have represented P.'s conduct during the last war, and

RESIDENCE OF T. LEAVITT, HAMPTON FALLS.

the late presidential contest, in a true light; and if so, no genuine Republicans will employ or extend their patronage to him, instead of that long-tried and faithful Democrat who has always stood forward in defence of Democratic principles and Republican men; and as for the patronage of the Federalists, I presume you neither expect nor solicit,—therefore, I see no probability of his supplanting you. I presume every genuine Democratic Republican feels it to be his duty and will use all exertion, and, when necessary, contribute a due proportion of his earnings to sustain the Republican cause. And, sir, let there be a contest between the Republicans and Federalists, you would be found in the Democratic ranks as active as any man; for, unless I am very much deceived in your character, you could not possibly stand neuter. And, although you have frequently been a member of the legislature, if you should be elected a member of the next legislature by the suffrage of Republicans, and I anticipate it from good authority, duty, I hope, would prompt you to accept."

This adroit letter was fulfilled in its expectation, for I find in the next year, March 16, 1830, a letter from Hon. Levi Woodbury, then United States senator from New Hampshire, and soon to enter President Jackson's cabinet, which implies that Squire Leavitt had done his duty in the March election when the Jackson Democrats carried the state by 4,000 majority, in spite of a defection in Woodbury's own town of Portsmouth. Senator Woodbury writes:

"I am obliged to you for the approbation you express of my speech. We are happy to hear better news from the interior of the state than from Portsmouth. I hope the difficulties there may yet be reconciled or removed. We have no news here in Washington city. Affairs seem generally to go on well."

New Hampshire stood firmly by the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, and even in the election of 1840, so disastrous to the Democrats elsewhere, New Hampshire

Squire Leavitt, Æt. 75.

gave her vote for Van Buren by more than 6,000 majority. All this was very gratifying to my grandfather, who continued to be a leader in his section until the split in the party in 1845, made by John P. Hale, in opposition to the annexation of Texas. He was then upwards of seventy,—too old to join the new party of Independent Democrats, headed by Hale, and including two of his grandsons,—and he continued to have gloomy anxieties for the future of the country from the sec-

tional strife between North and South. When a comet appeared, in one of his later years (he died in the spring of 1852), he told me, in confidence, "that it foreboded Civil War on account of the niggers," —which came, sure enough, a few years after his death, but with no particular reference to any comet.

Men seldom rise above the beliefs of their time, and though my grandfather separated himself from the popular churches, first by becoming a Baptist, in order to oppose the old union of church and state in New Hampshire, terminated by the Toleration Act of 1819, and then by organizing a Universalist society in his town, he did not escape all the old superstitions. The comet incident is an illustration of it, and I cannot say he actually disbelieved that the devil carried away the soul and body of General Moulton, the Hampton usurer, who died when Thomas Leavitt was a boy.

This extorter of interest in ten townships of Rockingham county, before and after the Revolution, had made a fortune, as things then were reckoned, by a happy combination of smuggling and rum-selling. He speculated too wildly, at last, lost most of his property, and died much disliked by the populace.

At that season, the farmers were getting their salt hay on the extensive meadows between Hampton and Salisbury, and my grandfather assured me that the news of General Moulton's death, conveyed in the laconic message, "The old devil 's dead," ran from group to group of haymakers from Hampton river to the Merrimac, as fast as a bird could fly. Nor did the popular odium end there. I remember well Lydia B., a mixture of hag, tramp, and lunatic, who used to say she had been at the funeral and had seen Satan hastening off with Moulton's soul across the "heater-piece," a triangular lot of ground near his fine residence. He was thought to have sold his immortal part for as much gold (Spanish doubloons) as would fill his cavalry boot; but this wily Yankee cheated his customer by cutting off the foot of the boot, as it hung in his parlor-chamber chimney, so that Satan, being an ass, according to the good, old proverb, rained down a chamberful instead of a boot-ful. I think my grandfather had a horror of usurers, and did not much care what became of them.

LIFE ON THE MAGALLOWAY.

(Written 1856.)

By Col. Reuben Y. Stepandfetchit (Henry O. Kent).

(Name on the roster of "The Regulators," a college society of the early fifties.)

WHEN Philip Carrigan years ago penetrated into the then wilds of Coös, and in conjunction with others, gave to the various peaks of the White Mountain range the names they now bear, far beyond their bases, in a northeasterly direction, he beheld a chain of lakes, with their outlets, stretching away in the primeval wilderness.

Afterward, during the governorship of John Taylor Gilman, this section was visited, its rivers and lakes, before unknown except to the trapper or red man, explored, and located upon the map then in progress of compilation. Gradually since that time this region has attracted attention. The natural scenery abounding on the route, the bracing atmosphere and healthful tendencies of life in the woods, together with the vast supply of trout that people its waters, have, from time to time, induced lovers of pleasure to frequent its recesses.

Hearing flattering tales of the unsophisticated nature of the trout, added to the fact that day after day the weather waxed warmer and still more warm, until the distant mountains were clad in a smoky mantle, with no refreshing showers to wash away the sultry heat, a company resolved to migrate from the drowsy streets of Lancaster and revel in the freedom of Nature. Our company, composed of six all told, was as pleasant a one as could be formed. And in this connection, remembering a remark our reverend Prex was wont to make, viz.: "That we might have some distinguished personage among us unawares,[1]" a discriminating public shall have the names of the illustrious cortege: Nat,[2] our guide, a perfect bijou for a camping campaign, a man whose foot has pressed every hummock of the forest from Umbagog to the Great lakes, and who yields the palm to none; Rudy[3] and Brisket[3] fresh from the classic shades of Dartmouth; Norman,[4] and one who rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Zach,[5] together with him to whom was applied the title of colonel.[6]

Unlike our illustrious cousins of Britain, and reading a deep moral in their disasters, we were unanimously of the opinion that in leaving the habitations of men, a sufficient supply of creature comforts should be

[1] Memo., 1898: Notably as then under Prex's dominion—George Dewey, the hero of Manila.
[2] Nathaniel B. Cooper, deceased, a stage driver of the old regime and a noted woodsman.
[3] Col Rudolph W. Schenck, U. S. V., of Lancaster, Penn., deceased.
[3] Rev. William Royal Joyslin, now of Massachusetts.
[4] Norman G. Smith, now of Alexandria.
[5] Capt. Jared Irving Williams, U. S. V., civil engineer and attorney, of Lancaster.
[6] Henry O. Kent, of Lancaster.

secured to prolong and enliven our backwoods excursion. Accordingly pork and brown bread, "tin crockery," etc., in goodly store were securely packed for our departure.

The auspicious morning dawned. Our wagon filled with our utensils and selves, the Yankee flag flying over all, and amid the cheers of a crowd assembled to witness our exit, we rode cheerily through the streets on our grand tour.

Passing up the valley of the Connecticut the eye is never tired with taking in different points of interest abounding on the route. The mountains for miles lay back from the river, affording intervale land scarcely surpassed; for a distance of ten miles the river falls but as many inches, so level is the country it traverses. As we passed on, the hills gradually closed upon each other on either side, leaving a more limited space for cultivation. Proceeding some twenty miles we paused to refresh our jaded horses, and on again resuming our journey were favored with a copious shower of rain. Dryness was an absolute idea (umbrellas being deemed fabulous articles), unless some new mode of protection from the rain, now pouring in torrents, could be discovered. All sat in gloomy silence, calculating the probable amount of water our garments would absorb in a four hours drive, when with a "Eureka!" from Zack the following proposition was promulgated: "Up with the canvas, boys, secure four poles for the corners, and you have an impromptu coach at once."

Glorious idea and quickly adopted! After a trial it was found that it kept those in the rear dry, Brisket and the Colonel receiving adown their backs the full amount discharged from the canvas. But we need not particularize. The race with the lightning train on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence road, the riding postillion, when our horses were too much fatigued to be urged in any other manner, and various other minor incidentals were oases in that dreary afternoon's ride.

As the shades of night drew on, the rain, saddened, perhaps, by our forlorn appearance, withheld its force, and we were enabled to note with more accuracy the country through which we were passing. Nearing Colebrook, the hills gradually receded, growing to cultivation a fine strip of territory. On the opposite side of the river in Lemington Mount Monadnock rears its brow to an altitude of over two thousand feet. Around its base are thickly spread well-cultivated farms. Colebrook and Lemington are both old towns, the former the centre of a large agricultural business, and the second town in the county in size and population.

At 9 p. m., after the oft-repeated enquiry of "How far to Colebrook?" had been answered by twenty different men in as many different estimates, and after rising a steep hill, which nearly overcame our chivalrous steeds, we were fairly at the entrance to our goal. Passing on, Brisket nearly accomplished the feat of driving us over the side of a bridge ten feet above the Mohawk. While we were congratulating ourselves on our escape we reached the hotel door.

Appropriating to our use the green boughs bedecking the fire-place, a

rousing fire was soon under way; soon followed a substantial repast, and over the fragrant weed each of the company ceased to think of rain or mud. Bright dreams of enormous trout, of unexplored regions, of rocky roads and hurrying rivers, passed in quick succession before the imagination, until the voice of Nat startled us from our cogitations,

"Come, boys, to bed; a hard day's drive to-morrow, and we must start in season."

Soon we were oblivious to mortal ears, preparing in Nat's own way for a tedious jaunt. Old Sol had not risen above the eastern hills ere we were again ready. While the trout were reposing in the fry-pan and the biscuit were smoking in the oven, our perigrinations around town commenced. Accoutred in red or blue hunting shirts, with slouched hats, and trimmings to match, our appearance, if not interesting, was certainly unique, and as we called at the several stores for additions to our camp equipage we fancied remarks not complimentary to our wardrobes were indulged in.

To the stranger the village of Colebrook has many attractive features; its locality is pleasing, it is tastefully laid out, and wears an air of neatness and thrift seldom seen in a place of its size.

Here we leave the Connecticut and the traveled road, our route lying in an easterly direction through the gap in the Dixville mountains. Ascending the hills from the village we witness a curious freak, "the Dugway," worth in itself the fatigue of a journey. The Mohawk river, a stream of four rods in width, which flows from the mountain slopes in the remote part of the town, suddenly curves to the right, and, penetrating the hill over which our road runs, at a depth of fifty feet beneath us, is lost to the sight. Underground it flows for a distance of many rods, and suddenly emerges in a level meadow at the base of the hill. The road from this point gradually rises for a long distance precluding the idea of riding; passing as we did over the ridge of land, a fine opportunity was given to witness the surrounding country.

Unlike most of the uplands of Coös the land is free from boulders and susceptible of easy tillage. On our right lay the town of Columbia, one of the best agricultural towns in the state; gently undulating, the surface presents no obstructions to the farmer; the slopes, warm and fertile, return a glorious harvest to him who scatters the seed. It would be difficult to find in all our multiplicity of scenery more beautiful views than abound as we pass on the road to the notch. One point in particular seemed enchanted ground to our party, so varied were the views presented in rapid succession to the eye, as turning around, scene after scene, grand, lofty, calm, and beautiful, gleamed panorama-like upon us.

To the west rose Mount Monadnock, o'ertopping all minor elevations, the warm, rich hillsides of Colebrook basking in the summer sun. To the south, in the dim distance, the cone-like peaks of Stark, with the farms of Columbia for a foreground; toward the north a range of hills limited the vision, while to the east, amid a seemingly impenetrable forest, loomed the gap in the mountains through which our

road wound its devious way; all in that direction was sombre and grand; the mass of woods, the leaping streamlets, the risen mountain,—all telling of the primitive region toward which our footsteps were tending. But gazing at romantic scenery never accomplished a drive of twenty miles over a rough road and we were soon again under way.

On our leaving Lancaster among our many articles was a tin horn, which Norman averred was the prince of all horns. Unfortunately it became bruised and useless, and we knowing the utter futility of attempting to camp without a tin horn were much depressed in spirits thereat. Brisket and the colonel lingered behind the party, bemoaning their loss. Suddenly a house appears, and our heroes stand at the door.

"Will you please give us a glass of water, madam?" politely insinuates Brisket.

The water is brought, when the colonel remarks that "There is one thing I have forgotten. Have you a tin horn you would dispose of?"

Upon strict search a horn is found, but the good dame seems loth to part with it.

"How are your crops flourishing this year, madam?" enquires Brisket.

"Very well, sir, we expect a fine yield of hay."

"What did that horn cost, by the way, madam?"

"It's a patent one, sir, and cost two shillings."

"I will give you fifty cents for it, will you sell it?" queries the colonel.

"Well, I don't care if I do, sir, but it's a real good one."

And they triumphantly bore away the horn, which has since waked the sleeping echoes of the Magalloway, and rattled its peals over the campfire at the base of Escohas. Now, we are at the highest elevation between the Connecticut and the notch, and as we rattled adown the somewhat primitive road we passed in quick succession many small and apparently well-tilled farms, rosy-cheeked girls and laughing children crowded to the doors, as with our flag waving above, our horn sounding a merry greeting, and our equipage glistening in the sun, we hurried past.

On the easterly confines of Colebrook is the farm of Mr. Ira Young, being the last one until the passage of the Gap.

Knowing that a tedious walk of six miles was before, and the inner man craving needful sustenance, a halt was made. Our horses, with nostrils buried deep in the rich, yellow oats, forgot the roughness of the path, while we in o'erflowing cups of golden milk, drank deep to our obliging entertainers. Let no one attempt an excursion in this direction without, like us, tasting the bounties of this model house. After a short rest we were again under way, plunging down into the vast forest at the base of the mountain range. Up almost perpendicular hills, down zig-zag precipices, over mountain torrents bridged with round poles, rough from the woods, our road lay.

Suddenly, on turning a sharp angle, a small clearing appeared. Upon the side of a rocky hill, imperfectly cleared from logs and stumps, a man and woman were at work at the apparently hopeless task of securing hay. The woman wore an air of

health a city belle might have envied, and the dexterity with which she handled the fork almost declared her a lineal descendant of Moll Pitcher, of Revolutionary renown. A little farther on, the house pertaining to the farm came in sight, built of logs and shingled with bark, the barn of the same unpretending material; it presented a true and vivid picture of life in the backwoods. Several urchins with ruddy cheeks were frolicking around the door, graphic specimens of young America, perhaps future presidents of the Union. Rapping at the door for an entrance, a voice irresistibly ludicrous, pitched like a fife on a muster morning, screamed from the piece aforesaid, "There ain't nobody to home." Thrice was the information given ere we could tear ourselves away from its fascinating influences and retrace our steps to our companions.

Berries abounded on the route; the woods teemed with game, and our walk onward grew still more pleasing. Scenery, grand and lofty, here greets the eye of the tourists. On the left of the road, in the dense woods, rises abruptly a cone-like hill; reaching an altitude of one thousand feet, it stands alone, guardian-like, over the swaying forest of pines beneath. Our guide told us that many attempts had been made to reach its summit, but in vain, so steep were the precipices which encircled it.

To the north of this singular hill a range of mountains sweep in a semicircle; beyond these lay our ground. Suddenly we emerge from the forests and are at the entrance to the notch. The mountains, through which by some upheaving of nature this gorge was rent, are at this point about eight hundred feet in height above the roadway, through the pass, winding its tortuous course along the bottom of the ravine.

On either side tower crags threatening to topple and whelm the wanderer in their embraces. Formerly the road was many feet lower than at present, but continued falling of cliffs on either hand have so filled it that quite an ascent is to be overcome ere the passage is secured. Yearly, huge masses rush from their airy height, thundering and powdering down their vertical causeway. Many blocks are of easy observance on which some adventurous traveler, a year previous, had inscribed his name when resting in apparent firmness on the summit of the mountain. Reserving the ascent for our return trip we turned our attention to local objects near us.

At the easterly entrance gushes from the rock a living spring, clear and limpid, which after meandering through a beaver meadow loses itself in the forest. Here, by accident, a blast from the horn was given. At the sound the spirits of the mountains were aroused, cliff after cliff hurling back the sound in perfect order and clearness. Questions were asked, and from four distinct points came the echoes as distinctly as articulated by human lips. The effect produced was grand beyond imagination. Alone in the solitary wilderness, in front the narrow gorge through which the winds forever peal their anthem to Almighty power, above the scathed and blackened peaks and around reverberating on the ear of the insignificant awakener the voices of the giant hills. It is a fearful thing during the

winter season when the storms are abroad, to attempt the passage of the gap. We were seated upon a huge boulder at the highest point of the road, when so fierce a blast whistled past as nearly to lift us from our seats.

"Boys," said Norman, "were you ever placed where the insignificance of men filled the soul, where the elements conspired against you, and nothing remained but compliance with their sway? If you have you can appreciate the situation in which I was once in this very defile."

All signified their desire to hear the tale, and, as the guide, with the horses, was far beneath winding slowly up the mountain path, composed themselves accordingly.

"Several years ago," resumed Norman, "I had occasion to visit the settlements on the Androscoggin. Going out the weather was fine and I got along well enough through the notch, although the snow was pretty deep; having transacted my business, I set out on my return trip. It had been preparing for a storm all night and I expected a rough time of it. However, through the woods the road was pretty good, and I hoped to pass the notch without much difficulty. As I began to ascend, the wind came roaring down from the north, nearly blinding me with loose snow; still we passed on, my good horse and I, until, at last, all traces of a road were obliterated. The wind, as we neared the summit, came with renewed vigor. My horse, after plunging through the snow, at length came to a stand. Nor could I urge him forward. Seeing that something must be done I commenced the task of breaking a path. At every step I sank to my waist, the horse floundering after. At length, completely exhausted, I sank in the snow; a dreamy, delicious sleep stole upon me; visions of bright fires and ruddy faces were around me. How long I lay thus I know not, but at last something trod heavily upon my foot and the pain awakened me. It was my horse, who, growing restive, had endeavored to force his way through. Night was coming on, and summoning all my strength, I made a desperate effort to break through the remaining drifts. The thoughts of perishing there alone lent me strength, and after breaking a path for a short distance, my horse, partaking as I have always believed, of my feelings, with a bound burst through the barrier, and we were safe; but never, should I live a thousand years, should I forget that winter ride through the Dixville Notch."

At the westerly end of the gorge, deep down in a shady grove, bubbles up a clear, cool spring; the water, fresh from the mountain grotto, is of icy coldness and sparkles like champagne. This is the head of Clear stream, a little rivulet, which, after receiving constant additions in its course through Dixville, Millsfield, and Errol, discharges itself into the Androscoggin at Errol bridge. This stream, like all others in the vicinity, abounds in trout. At the spring mentioned is a rustic table where parties of pleasure dine, the waters and woods easily supplying a plentiful repast. On this route the uninitiated pass unnoticed one of the greatest attractions of the whole number. At the base of the mountain, on the left of the road, stands a birch tree, scored and marked "N. B. Cooper—

1847." Striking here into the forest we pursue for a few rods a devious path until the rush of waters bursts upon the ear. Pressing on, a mountain torrent is seen dashing down the rocks and seemingly disappearing in the earth.

Upon closer examination we find it passes between perpendicular granite rocks, at a depth of thirty feet beneath us, for several rods; so smooth are the sides of this passage that no chisel could trim them better, and as we sit upon the brink of the chasm gazing at the boiling waters beneath, amply are we repaid for our journey.

The bed is divided by five distinct falls, perhaps one rod apart; hurrying into the gap, the brook rushes on for a rod, then plunges down a fall of ten feet; passing again on its course another fall is experienced, and so on until the five are passed. The perfect symmetry of the whole, the irresistible grandeur of the canal-like passage, fills the mind with admiration. This spot has been named the Flume, and none should pass without witnessing it.

Dining on raw pork and bread, varied by the mastication of a raw trout by Norman, which secured for him during the remainder of the trip the title of "The Maniac," at Cold Spring Meadow we resumed our march. Near the centre of the meadow, within a rough enclosure, are the graves of two early settlers of the township. The stones were broken and defaced, and it was with difficulty the inscriptions could be transcribed. Enough remained to show the name of Whittemore, man and wife. There they lie, beneath the shade of the towering mountains, within the little clearing in the wilderness; hardy pioneers, their names unnoticed save by the wandering hunter or fisherman.

The township of Dixville, through which our route lay, is the property of the heirs of Col. Timothy Dix; the major part is rough and unsuitable for tillage, a small portion in the valley between the mountains being cultivated. But one dwelling house is within its limits, this being occupied in the warmer months alone.

Next we enter Millsfield, which is totally destitute of inhabitants. The road winds through the woods on nearly the natural surface of the earth. There being no tax-payers and, consequently, no taxes, the bridges are execrable; on one both the horses fell through the rotten poles, narrowly escaping with sound walking irons. The surface of this town is more level than that of Dixville, the land good, offering excellent facilities for the surplus population of the cities. Soon better roads and numerous houses announce our entrance into Errol. From Millsfield line to the Androscoggin there are rich farms, vying well with those in the Connecticut valley. Nearly the whole population of the town is confined to this strip, perhaps three miles in length. Again resuming the postillion occupation our jaded steeds were forced to a stopping place at Errol Bridge, just as the departing sun warned us that it was highly judicious to be employed in some such occupation.

But though night was near our camping ground was not. One mile up the river to the head of wagon navigation we must proceed. Another hour saw the baggage spread upon the banks of Powloughan

creek (a tributary of the Androscoggin), discharging a short distance above Indian Field bay, so named for an Indian chieftain buried on its shores. Loosing the horses the camping process commenced. As we were to erect our camp across the creek the baggage must be tumped; our only mode of passage was over a pine log, one foot in diameter and fifty in length, which spanned the muddy stream. Some hesitation was evinced as to the practicability of transport, the Maniac and the Colonel agreeing to carry over the log; the remainder betook themselves to the farther side to receive and carry on the articles. Silently and steadily the process went on until a chest with the Maniac attached had arrived at the centre of the log. Suddenly it swayed and seemed about to fall.

"Hold on! Steady, Norman, steady!" came from every mouth, for in the chest was our complete camp equipage. Gradually the log righted, the man and chest assumed an upright position and were safely deposited, amid the cheers of the assembled band, on the farther brink.

Reader, know you aught of a camp in the woods? of the bark covering, of the soft and fragrant bed of boughs, of the roaring fire in front, of the utensils hanging around, of the delicious flavor of the pork, roasted on forked sticks over the ample fire, of cheerful evenings when story and joke pass and repass, and when aromatic smoke drives away troublesome insects, of hearty sleep at night, and the invigorated feeling with which dawn is greeted? If not may you at some time experience these and all other benefits of life in the woods. After an hour's hard labor our camp was complete, our supper cooked and eaten, and we were enjoying our first night in the woods. But ere we take you up the Magalloway or over the Indian lakes, let us look around our present encampment.

The town of Errol is upon the easterly line of the state, and although its lands are fertile is but slightly settled. Lake Umbagog lies partly within its northeastern corner, and this fact, together with the vast timbered region lying yet farther north, induced the formation of a company for the improvement of the outlets, the construction of dams and other business connected with the lumbering interest. Having procured acts of incorporation from the respective legislatures of New Hampshire and Maine, they commenced the erection of dams. These are three in number, the lower one at Errol Falls, near our camping ground, the middle at the middle of the chain of lakes, and the upper at the outlet of Mooselaukemaguntic. The particulars of erection were furnished by the company's superintendent at Errol, John L. Van Burskirk. This dam (the lower) crosses the Androscoggin, the outlet of Umbagog, at the head of Errol Falls, and is erected to obtain a head of water for rafting; it differs from most dams in all its essentials.

The river is here fifteen rods wide; the top of the dam forms a bridge of twenty feet in width. On the upper side are thirteen gates eight feet wide, which are used to raise or depress the water, and a raceway forty feet in width for driving logs. The Androscoggin falls but one foot to the lake, and by means of the dam

its surface can easily be raised six feet, thus at any time affording an abundant supply of water.

When first the undertaking was commenced the country was an unbroken wilderness. Articles were transported over the snow and work begun. Gradually a little clearing was attempted, and now a neat cottage and out-buildings stand solitary in the woods, the farthest settlement north on the Maine line accessible by road.

A little incident connected with the building of the works awakened our better feelings and brought tears to the eyes of our guide. Immediately below the dam the river shoots on with headlong velocity, rendering it nearly impossible to recover anything from its grasp. Mr. Van Burskirk had two children, twins; one bright day they were sporting on the rocks by the rapids, a gaudy butterfly attracted their attention, and they attempted to reach it, "and," said the little fellow who told us, while his lip quivered and the tears started to his eyes, "brother slipped right in and he stayed all night."

But anxious to be up the Magalloway, we nail our flag staff to the lug pole of the camp, blow a last tattoo on the horn, snugly roll ourselves in our blankets, and from our bed of boughs wish you a good night.

[*To be continued.*]

THE GIPSY MAIDEN'S SONG.

By Adelbert Clark.

While the sun was slowly setting
In a sea of gleaming gold,
Kissing all the fragrant blossoms
That were blooming on the wold,
Like a whisper from fair Eden,
Comes a gipsy maiden's song,
Clear and sweet across the meadows
Where the sunbeams linger long.

"Oh ye woodland flowers that blossom
To the kiss of morning light,
Ye are like a princess lovely,
Robed in crimson velvet bright.
And ye vines of emerald wild-grape
Leaning o'er the mirrowed lake,
Tell to all the world that summer
From her slumber is awake.

"And ye grosbeak black and yellow,
Sing ye carols sweet and low,
From the orchard's leafy plumage
And its bank of fragrant snow.
And ye laughing, dancing brooklets
Gliding over sands of gold,
Bathe the little woodland violet
With your silver spray so cold.

"And ye light winds sweet at twilight
From the land of summer seas,
Waft to us the scent of wild-rose
From the bosky tangled leas.
And ye spiders green and golden,
Spin ye fairy web so fine
O'er the blue swamp-lilies' beauty,
Where the diamond dewdrops shine."

Thus she sang till evening shadow
Drew its veil across the lea,
And the grosbeak nestled closer
In the branches of his tree,
While she wandered through the grasses
Wet with glistening beads of dew,
To her home, a white tent wagon,
Where the fire its beacon threw.

But the evening air around her
Still pulsated with her song,
Stirring yet to silver echoes
While the willow-branches long
Slowly rocked above the water
Like a baton to her rhyme,
And the distant church-bells pealing
Forth in rapture, kept the time.

And the dancing will-o'-the wisp
Swung his spark of dazzling light
Along the road as she wandered,
And it seemed to say good-night.
O'er the hills a cloud came floating
(Vapor gathered from afar)
And between its rifted silver
Gleamed the beauty of a star.

The death-roll of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers for the war with Spain is, presumably, now complete, as the men of the regiment who are still confined in the hospitals throughout the state are reported to be on the high road to recovery, and the regiment is soon to be mustered out of the service. Following is the list showing New Hampshire's contribution to Cuban freedom:

OFFICERS.

Name.	Company.	Residence.	Died.
Captain W. A. Sanborn,	Co. K,	Laconia,	August 26.
Captain Ira Stowell,	Co. M,	Newport,	September 1.
Lieutenant Joseph L. Morrill,	Co. K,	Laconia,	July 27.

ENLISTED MEN.

Name.	Company.	Residence.	Died.
John C. Angier,	Co. L,	Claremont,	September 10.
William W. Banfill,	Co. E,	Groveton,	August 21.
Edward H. Gaffney,	Co. L,	Nashua,	August 18.
Earle N. Gilman,	Co. K,	Laconia,	August 23.
John J. Hallissey,	Co. I,	Nashua,	August 4.
Thomas E. King,	Co. C,	Concord,	August 24.
A. J. Morrill,	Co. K,	Laconia,	August 11.
Cassius B. Roberts,	Co. F,	Dover,	August 3.
William A. Rossiter,	Co. F,	Dover,	August 25.
Joseph Silver,	Co. D,	Claremont,	August 19.
William G. Swain,	Co. G,	Lebanon,	August 18.
O. J. Weatherwax,	Co. M,	Berlin,	August 23.
D. M. Aldrich,	Co. L,	Keene,	July 31.
R. Clements,	Co. M,	Newport,	August 9.
W. H. Derwin,	Co. B,	Manchester,	August 12.
John Rafter,	Co. M,	Taunton, Mass.,	September 6.
—— Keefe,	Co. C,	Concord,	September 6.
Joseph Bergeron,	Co. G,	Lebanon,	August 25.
Robert Simonds,	Co. H,	Franklin,	September 3.
Roland I. Johnson,	Co. I,	Nashua,	July 15.
William Connors,	Co. I,	Nashua,	September 15.
Levi Peters,	Co. I,	Nashua,	September 20.
Henry Malonson,	Co. C,	Concord,	September 27.
Frank Scruton,	Co. L,	Farmington,	October 3.
Charles Sullivan,	Co. K,	Manchester,	October 5.
Lester L. Stoddard,	Co. L,	Chesterfield,	October 5.

Besides these the death of another New Hampshire man in the service is reported in the person of Capt. Finley R. Butterfield, of the United States Infantry, a volunteer officer, who died at Norwich, Conn., September 24. He was the youngest son of the late Hon. William Butterfield of Concord, and was born in Concord, September 28, 1858.

H. K. DEWEY.

Mr. H. K. Dewey, who died in Barton, Vt., September 3, was for a long time a well-known resident of New Hampshire. He was born in Waterford, Vt., July 22, 1832, and in his younger manhood was a teacher in this state. In 1861, he was made chief clerk and had charge of the United States pension agency at Concord until 1865. In 1868, he held the position of engrossing clerk in the New Hampshire legislature; in the fall of that year he moved to Lyndonville, Vt., and was in trade and in the employ of the Passumpsic railroad for three years. In 1869, he received the appointment of postmaster at Lyndonville, which office he resigned to accept the position of cashier of the Irasburg National bank, where he remained until 1875, when he was elected cashier of the Barton National bank, which position he held at the time of his death. In 1892 he was a member of the legislature of Vermont, representing the town of Barton.

WILLIAM G. MASON.

William G. Mason, one of Concord's most prominent and most successful business men, the senior partner of the widely known firm of Mead, Mason & Co., builders and contractors, died September 28. Mr. Mason was born in New Hampton, October 30, 1822, and came to Concord in 1850. He was married January 20, 1848, to Sarah R. Mead, of New Hampton, and their golden wedding was quietly celebrated the present year. Mr. Mason is survived by his widow, two sons, Owen R. of Burlington, Vt., and William M. of Concord, and one brother, James S., of Lebanon. Mr. Mason never entered public life. His time was divided between his business and his home and his success in the one was only equalled by his happiness in the other.

CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

Caroline Miskel Hoyt, wife of Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, of Charlestown, the widely known playwright, died in New York city, October 2. She was a native of Kentucky, and was twenty-five years old. Mrs. Hoyt was considered the most beautiful woman on the American stage, and had won great repute as an actress, appearing in her husband's plays with wonderful success. Her social successes were not less marked than her professional advancement, and she had, too, pronounced characteristics of intellect and temperament which made her the leading figure in brilliant circles of associates.

Port Antonio.

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A TRIP TO JAMAICA.

By William O. Junkins.

IT is seldom, if ever, the hopes and dreams of childhood attain that positive realization which those of youth and maturity not only anticipate but demand; too often the intervening years, interwoven as they must needs be with care and toil, joy and sorrow, the common lot of mankind, have so completely eradicated those early longings that if, perchance, the time does arrive to admit of their gratification the desire so often stifled has become extinct; only occasionally do those puerile impressions become so effectually established and so resolutely guarded in memory's storehouse that, like the tiniest spark once set aglow, though ofttimes smothered, will, with the gentlest breeze, be fanned into a flame of such astral intensity that naught but an entire consumption of fuel can ever extinguish.

Thus it was with the meagre knowledge of Jamaica which I gleaned from my geography in the little rural school where first my infant mind grasped the idea that the world was big and grand and round, and the little, narrow precinct which I loved because it was home, was but the smallest speck on its mighty surface, had made such a lasting influence on my mind that though many had been the years that had come and gone since then it was as completely alive with enthusiasm and joyous imaginings on that January day when I stepped aboard the steamer bound for the isle of perpetual summer as at the close of that lesson which had given me my first glimpse of an imaginary fairy-land so long ago.

All was bustle and confusion, the last "good-bys" had been said, the command "Cast off the bow line" had been given, and under the guidance of a tug, the *Belvidere* of the Boston Fruit Co. was towed out into the stream. It was a question of but a few moments when the powerful engines began to move, and our journey had in reality commenced. The islands in Boston harbor, Minot's light, and the barren shores of Cape Cod were ere long left far behind, and soon we bade an affectionate farewell to the shores of America,

casting, notwithstanding the anticipations of coming days, many a lingering glance toward the beloved land of our nativity, "the republic of the West," birthplace of freedom, the pride and boast of every loyal heart.

One hundred miles from Highland light far out to sea was seen the South Shoal lightship, like some sturdy sentinel, an ever-present reminder to the mariner of the dangerous banks of sand otherwise so carefully concealed.

The first night a brisk breeze from the south indicated heavy weather in the near future, and cautious Captain Paine gave orders to have the hatches well secured, thus putting the steamer in a condition to resist any storm that might overtake us in this cold and inhospitable clime.

After dinner, which is always between six and seven, and during which the captain occupies the seat at the head of the table, and with most benignant mien casts a smiling glance around as if to say, "Eat all you can to-night, ye cannot tell the sorrows another day may bring to the uninitiated," and surely one needs no verbal solicitation to test and digest such viands as the ship's stewards know so well how to provide. We adjourned to the deck to hear the weather prophets prognosticate as to the outlook. A hazy appearance in the southern and eastern horizon was a sure indication to the wise ones that we were but enjoying the calm which precedes the storm. I soon retired, and after a couple of hours' sleep began to realize that the continual rocking of which I was momentarily becoming more and more conscious, was certainly accompanied by no soothing or hallucinating lullaby, and when in the

Rodney, Spanish Town.

early morning the wind and rain told us the gale, though not severe, was upon us, two thirds of the party had already proved most satisfactorily what a rebellious organ the stomach can, at times, become, and even your humble servant, as he jocosely asked his friend in the adjoining stateroom how he was enjoying his trip to Jamaica, felt no little amount of sympathetic desire to follow his example and regale old Neptune with last night's repast rather than attempt at present to feast on dainties, which a few short hours before proved so substantial and refreshing.

One solitary gull had kept us company, his pathetic call falling with a mournful, monotonous cadence, as he soared far overhead. Strange instinct that prompts these creatures of the sea to follow life for such long distances!

Our genial captain was most patiently communicative, easily approached, and cheerfully answered all the reasonable and unreasonable questions with which he was constantly plied, while Captain West of Provincetown, a retired whaler, entertained the company with fish stories galore, which were eagerly swallowed by his appreciative hearers. May the jovial ex-captain succeed as well in his new enterprise, super cargo for the Boston Fruit Co., as he did in interesting his ardent friends and admirers aboard ship, was the hearty wish of one and all.

Early Thursday morning we sighted one of the New York and Liverpool steamers,—greyhounds as they are called—which, like some giant race-horse, sped by us and was soon lost to sight in the east.

At noon we struck the Gulf Stream with the wind southeast and blowing a gale, the sturdy craft shook from stem to stern, and as smiles gave way to looks of apprehension the captain strove to calm all fears by the assurance of better weather soon. By nightfall the storm and wind had increased to such an extent I could not retire, but still the captain, as he enjoyed his game of cards, as unconcernedly as if the sea had been as placid as on a June morning, continued to appease our alarm by his own intrepidity, and although speed had been diminished and instead of gliding along the steamer now ploughed the angry main, yet bravely did she resist each massive wave, and for a distance of two hundred and seventy miles she fought against an head wind and a rough sea.

But Friday proved our commander's superior knowledge, for the sun shone brightly, the air was soft and balmy, and old ocean, her fury spent, reflected on her quiet surface the exquisite coloring of the azure-tinted sky, and every heart, despite the still, unwonted pallor of the faces, seemed, as it were, to refract an answering ray of brightness in appreciation of a subdued, yet faultless grandeur, and of thankfulness to Him, whose "Peace, be still," does still resound with the same mighty potency as when first the low command had power to soothe his awe-struck disciples.

Now we began to look for that sure precursor of the tropics, the flying fish and the petrel or "Mother Carey's chickens," and far into the night still haunted the deck, loth to leave that starry canopy, for to our vision, accustomed to northern skies,

Bog Walk.

the number and brilliancy of those stellar wonders seemed unparalleled.

Saturday morning the awnings were hung and gladly did we supplant our "homespun" for thinner and lighter material. We had, indeed, begun to bask in a summer temperature, and to one who never tires of that delightful season of sunshine and blossom, the sudden transit from the chilling blasts of New England to a taste of tropical atmosphere was truly entrancing.

Sunday forenoon found us abreast of Cuba, that beautiful and productive island so cruelly devastated by Spanish avarice and tyranny.

As we glided along within a mile of her shore the trees and grasses were plainly visible, although from this point the island presented an especially unattractive appearance, everything having a dry, parched aspect, as if Nature in true sympathy with her suffering children had mournfully withheld her habitual and sustaining hand. A few natives walking along the shore in no wise presented a warlike attitude, but on the contrary seemed almost unconsciously to arouse a feeling of pity from the poverty-stricken and dejected look we imagined even at that distance we could discern.

A few miles to the northeast are situated the cities of Baracoa and Port Yumuri, formerly noted for their great shipment of bananas. The rocky shores rise precipitously out of the sea and disappear in mountain ranges fully half a thousand miles to the west where the seat of war is located.

Cuba under American or English rule would undoubtedly prove a veritable "Klondike," for no country can rival her in the production of the finest tobacco and no connoisseur, as he had lazily watched his airiest castles disappear in a blue-white,

curling wreath of vapor, would for one instant depreciate that rare and pungent odor or delicious flavor of those fragrant Havanas, and certainly no other country can produce such fine bananas unless it may possibly be Jamaica, to us at that time the land of promise further on.

Toward sunset we left the Windward Passage and steamed into the Caribbean sea. Words of mine inadequately describe the beauties of that night. Sky and sea seemed blended in an atmosphere of magnificence. Not a cloud bedimmed that cerulean dome, not a turbulent ripple disturbed the tranquil stillness of those southern waters. Nature was indeed feasting our eyes with a most lavish display of her wonderful artistic skill, and when the "Queen of night" with royal grace lifted her crown of glory, and with stately mien slowly ascended her throne amid that vast and vaulted splendor, naught but the glorified brush of the Great Spirit could produce such faultless harmony, and naught but His creative power could have conceived such supreme perfection of art.

During the entire passage through the Gulf Stream our attention was called to a peculiar sea-weed which floated and revolved constantly, the same ocean-born Sargasso that Columbus and his little crew beheld when first they sailed toward a new and undiscovered land. It has now no attachment to the sea-bottom, but is kept in continual motion by the action of the waves and its revolutions are such that it never leaves this vast equatorial eddy. It is said that within its limits thousands of crabs, cuttle-fish, and mollusks exist.

Early Tuesday Folly's Point light, and a little later the order "Let go the port anchor," told us we were nearing our desired haven, and presently the harbor of Port Antonio, the gate to Jamaica's fair isle, was clearly discernible.

The health officer rapidly examined our papers, and a clean bill being given we were allowed to make fast to the company's wharf. Teams were waiting to take us to the Litchfield, an attractive and most pleasantly situated hotel, standing on a slight elevation a short distance from the shore.

What queer sights met our gaze as we were hastily driven through those silent streets. Many of the natives were still sleeping on barrels or doorsteps, our presence being entirely unnoticed by them. After an early breakfast we started on a tour of inspection. First the office of the Boston Fruit Co. was visited and our drafts exchanged for English currency, then the stores were patronized while the now wide-awake Jamaicans began to eye us curiously, and we in turn importuned them with questions both varied and unique; their habits, customs, and mode of life were soon familiar to us and when our reporter slyly interviewed a few of the colored damsels in regard to matrimony, the replies were so entirely satisfactory and pertinent they brought many a hearty laugh from the lips of New England's hardy sons.

Many were on the streets offering their wares for sale, "Will buckra (white) man buy?" Having been warned not to pay the first price they ask, for it is always more than they expect to receive, no little time was spent in parleying with our new acquaintances, and not a small amount

of ingenuity did they display before they would declare themselves satisfied and the sale or bargain closed.

On Saturday evening the narrow thoroughfare in the vicinity of the water is always thronged, and it is almost as impossible to wend a passage through the struggling, shouting mass of humanity as through Gotham's boulevard on Evacuation or St. Patrick's Day.

contented as the days are long. The cares and worries of life surely find no lodgment on their ample shoulders. Can it be that the primitive life they lead so near to Nature brings more happiness than our modern civilization? Who can answer? In strength and muscular development the women are superior to the men. Courageous and undaunted they fight their own battles and gen-

Banana Carriers.

What beautiful specimens of manhood and womanhood they really are. The women habitually carry heavy burdens on their heads which tend to give them a perfectly erect appearance. The muscles of the neck and shoulders are handsomely developed. No corsets constrict their waists, consequently their movements are perfectly free, and with a somewhat dignified demeanor which their erectness naturally gives. They were to all outward appearances as happy and

erally carry off the palm of victory. Tuesday afternoon we took our first trip over the mountain to Moore Town along macadamized roads as hard as a floor. Soon a most fascinating vision of loveliness was presented to our astonished gaze. Exclamations of wonder and amazement were heard from every tongue. It was indeed a veritable Garden of Eden. All were astounded at such magical revelations of Nature. As far as the eye could reach, eight hun-

dred feet below, stretching over a broad area was the Golden Vale Banana plantation situated in the midst of a rich valley watered by the Rio Grande river, the highway being lined on either side with the richest vegetation, palms, cocoanuts, and bananas predominating. Over and over again has this fair vale been described by tourists, yet the result is far from satisfactory for I doubt if any other part of the world can exhibit a panorama of loveliness more enchanting. Frost is unknown; it is one long, delightful summer time.

Arriving at the little hamlet the inhabitants were out in a body to give us kindly greeting, "Morning Marsa," "Morning Missus," was heard on every side. We found here a school in session. The children, though colored, were bright and intelligent, being taught by a native missionary, who, I was informed, was also their spiritual guide. An embryo artist among the party succeeded in photographing a boy of eight summers who evidently considered clothing a superfluous commodity, two pence making the little chap as happy as the Prince of Wales receiving his quarterly allowance.

After refreshing the inner man with those eatables and drinkables indigenous to the country and reluctantly bidding adieu to our hospitable friends we slowly retraced our way down the mountain side with many a backward, wistful glance to that gorgeous carpet of emerald richness. Other sights to be described had their peculiar attractions, but none made so lasting an impression upon my mind as the trip to Moore Town and the Golden Vale Banana plantation.

Next day, Wednesday, we decided to take the early train for the former capital of the island, Spanish Town, which is on the right bank of the Rio Cobre river, very irregularly built, unhealthy, and of no commercial importance, although the dignity of the place is weekly manifested by some resident with a communication to the Kingston papers. It has some fine public buildings, which remind one of a former greatness. The city is bountifully supplied with water from the river, clear as crystal and must be very pure. After spending the forenoon, with the thermomter at eighty, at this ancient city, we secured teams which took us over another macadamized limestone road to Bog Walk. We found the scenery extremely picturesque and sublime. For eight miles we followed the left bank of the river, while on the right solid masonry made by the hand of God towered a thousand feet into the air. These stones are so regular in shape and so evenly placed that one unconsciously exclaims, "Could man have built this mountain!" From the crevices of the rocks scrub trees grow,—how they flourish or how they remain secure, is a mystery. The Jamaica railroad has one tunnel a mile long through the mountain, besides several shorter ones. Many have viewed this marvelous work of Nature and are unanimous in accounting it as one of the wonders of the world. Our stay here was all too brief. At Bog Walk, the end of our journey, refreshments were furnished by a Mrs. Gibson and her fair daughter, and most assuredly the celebrated painter, whose canvas has so assiduously dominated and revised "beau monde," for the past months could

Court House, Mandeville.

have found no purer type of originality than this secluded Trilby, who, though bearing a cognomen made famous by art and literature, was as primitive as the demurest Puritan.

The fast approaching darkness warned us we must shorten our stay here and we soon bade our generous hostesses adieu with "God speed them" in their earnest endeavors to make the weary wanderer at ease. As a result of the princely treatment we had received, the basket we had brought from Spanish Town remained untouched.

A hearty dinner awaited our return to the Rio Cobre hotel, and after satisfying the inner man with substantials as well as delicacies, we adjourned to the broad veranda, where, beneath the silvery rays of the moonlit sky and the sparkling lustre of countless stars, we were entertained, if not regaled, by a nocturnal concert participated in by an innumerable chorus of insects, each seemingly vying with the other in an eager, if unappreciated, effort at serenading. We were all given cool, airy rooms, and at a late hour retired to sleep and dream of the dear friends at home.

The next afternoon we took the train for Ewarton, the termination of the Jamaica railroad. Here we were met by teams which gradually ascended the mountains, until again a landscape of verdure, miles in extent, was unfolded to our delighted vision. The whole region was covered with tropical trees and plants which grow without much, if any, cultivation. After a ride of two hours we arrived at Moneague, high up the mountains. We found the hotel all that heart could wish, while our accom-

modating waiter, Solomon, received his first lesson in concocting American beverages under the expert and judicious guidance of our Haverhill companion, Stansfield, and later his astonishment received a tremendous set back at the capacity of one of the company.

The early morn was made hideous, our sleep being disturbed by a whole colony of cocks. There must have been large ones and small ones, soprano and alto, tenor and bass, each trying to outdo the other in welcoming the coming dawn. One large brahma had roosted directly under my window in a mammoth rose bush. I pleaded, implored, and finally commanded him to cease his unsuccessful solo, but all my efforts were unavailing. Perhaps it was for the best, for it proved a means of my rising early and witnessing a magnificent sunrise, and as I watched the warm rays dissipate the billowy, snow-white clouds from the highest peaks, I was carried in imagination to our own Granite state and vividly recalled a similar one which I had witnessed on Mount Washington several years ago.

I surmise my noisy friend formed a conspicuous part in our repast the ensuing evening, for I failed to hear his noble voice the succeeding morning.

The climate at Moneague was particularly invigorating and must be the healthiest on the island, never extremely hot but as near temperate as possible at that latitude.

Next we directed our course through Fern valley to Roaring falls and St. Ann's bay, by fertile fields of guinea grass enclosed by thick, lime-stone walls, and on either side of the road, cattle, fat and sleek, grazed in the valley and on the hillsides. Jamaica has in her mountain district ninety thousand head of cattle and three hundred and twenty thousand acres of feeding land. The owners have acquired the singular appellation of "Penholders." I understand, as a class, they are quite wealthy and independent. Yet I must confess the meat from the cattle was rather an unsavory morsel to one accustomed to the choicest rump from the Chicago market. I was informed the reason for this was due to the herds feeding upon the rank grass which lacked sweetness, and from being eaten so soon after slaughtering.

Fern valley, particularly built by Nature with the aid of man, is a gorge on the side of the mountain. The sun rarely penetrates this romantic spot where native ferns grow spontaneously and to a great size. Two thirds of all the species in the world are found in this wild region. The lover of fern culture would certainly find here his paradise.

Continuing our journey we turned to the left through a typical New England gate-way, where an admittance fee of a shilling was required to view the Roaring falls owned by a private individual who reaps quite a revenue by allowing tourists to pass over his land. The outlook at this season was not as grand as during the rainy period, when a gigantic river forming in the mountains comes tearing along in torrents over a perpendicular column forming a cascade from seventy-five to a hundred feet in height.

St. Ann's was reached at noon where we found our telegram had accomplished its object in procuring

a most nutritious and toothsome meal. The town overlooks a bay of the same name, and one is always quite sure of a refreshing breeze from off those blue and quiet waters.

During our stay here a courteous young colored man expressed an earnest desire to join our party and return with us to the United States when our holiday should be ended. We found him very proficient in reading and writing, and having formed many an airy vision as to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," was willing to enlist his services on almost any terms. Finally an agreement was consummated and the happy Jamacian is at present satisfactorily domiciled in a Portsmouth home.

The following morning we retraced our journey down the mountain side, halting a little in Fern valley for a never-to-be-forgotten look before bidding a reluctant farewell to this enchanted spot. As we continued, the scenery was indeed sublime; far above Mount Diabolo lifted his towering head and below St. Thomas-in-ye-Vale looked like one broad sheet of water.

We left the carriage at Ewarton and proceeded by rail to our old quarters at Spanish Town, the only tarry being at Mandeville, where the climate was almost as perfect as at Moneague.

Brooks Hotel, Mandeville.

This was another large and pretty village. The streets regularly laid out, it boasts of a court house, post-office, hospital, churches, and an immense cistern, besides a goodly number of stores.

We found the society very select,

the resident citizens being most cordial in their greetings, which unmistakably emanated from the heart. One, a rising legal gentleman, was especially hospitable, his affability forming a marked contrast to the formal politeness of the North. In a moment of confidence he ventured the information that soon he was to launch his bark on the matrimonial sea, and surely the satisfied smile with which he received my congratulations and best wishes for his benedictine happiness admitted of no doubt, as to his expectations of future bliss. I sincerely trust that the day may not be far distant when I shall again grasp that manly hand and behold those eyes gleam with the same friendly welcome which was so refreshing to me, a stranger in a foreign land.

The Brooks hotel at this place reminded one of an old-fashioned inn, and everything bespoke the scrupulous, immaculate neatness of the landlady, who assuredly possessed a natural talent for providing her guests with dainties, unrivaled at any of the larger houses.

From here a drive of a few miles brought us to one of the most extensive coffee plantations in Jamaica, including over four hundred acres. The finest grade grown in the world is found here; Delmonico of New York has the first pick, the number one quality, and is always a ready purchaser.

After the pod is gathered and the seed separated from its covering it has to be dried, which is done in cemented squares, so arranged, that many hundred pounds can be prepared with a few hands. The process takes a number of days and great care must be taken to escape the showers which are so frequent, as moisture spoils the partially dried berry. The tree is very unassuming and must be protected by shade trees from the hot, tropical sun.

The planter gets his first return the fifth season. Until the present year the yield has been very bountiful, but I am led to think that it costs from four to six cents per pound to produce, and I understand it is at the present time selling in the New York market for nine cents, or even less.

The pimento or allspice is indigenous to Jamaica, and particularly to this vicinity. It grows wild, although we find large tracts under cultivation. While driving in the neighborhood of a pimento grove the delicious, aromatic odor of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg most delightfully assail the olfactory nerves. The trees are very beautiful, with a straight trunk, branching top, and shining leaves, the older ones being from forty to fifty feet in height.

The berries must be gathered while green, in order to retain their flavor. Probably one half of all the allspice consumed in the United States is raised here. I was told the producers have great difficulty, at times, to obtain the requisite amount of labor to harvest their crops, as the negroes are very indolent and will only work to suit their own convenience.

[*To be concluded.*]

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Sarah Fenton Sanborn.

CHAPTER IX.

OFFEE was served in the music-room, opening on the west veranda. Then followed the organ or piano with solos and chorus singing of church music.

"Nothing inspires me like the grand old hymns," said Dr. Leslie. "I would rather be the author of 'Rock of Ages,' or 'Jesus Lover of My Soul,' than,—"

"Or 'Sweet Hour of Prayer,'" chimed in Victor's sweet voice.

"Then there was Wesley, what an immense number of hymns he wrote," continued the doctor.

"Some of his are imperishable. A good hymn is like the sunshine or the dew upon the grass—'twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'"

And said the doctor, "What a blessing are the lives of good people—not what they say or preach, but what they are."

Quiet Alice Willis, the valley kindergarten teacher, who had scarcely spoken all through the dinner, now modestly quoted Phillips Brooks's words: "Such lives are like the stars which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness."

"Beautifully expressed," said the doctor. "I know a few people in society who seem fitted by courtesy and geniality and liberality to reach down from their high stand-

point, without riches either, into the common ways of life, and make every day things vital and significant."

"I begin to think the world not so bad after all," said Mr. Davis.

"Keep your eye out, my young friend" (Mr. Vaughan had that moment joined the circle), "and you will need no Diogenes lamp to find the good."

And Matthew Davis "kept his eye out," and Alice Willis was wooed and won and his bride at the next Eastertide, and Madame Vaughan's Easter dinner was the red-letter day of two consecrated lives.

"How can I do good, Grandmother?" said Victor.

"By being good, better than any other way."

Victor's head rested on the back of his chair, a far-away look in his dreamy eyes. A soft breeze through the south windows played with his curls, tossing them from his fair, white forehead. A sigh attracted his grandmother's attention, who leaned towards him as he whispered,

> "I seem to hear music in my ears,
> Is it the music of the spheres,
> That the angels are singing
> Because Christ has risen?"

"To babes revealed though hidden from our eyes," and his grandmother treasured all his sayings in her heart.

The guests gone, Mr. Vaughan locked himself in his library. His ever-present sorrow was sure to exert itself more vividly after any excitement. Victorine's favorite symphonies and songs, wound about with soft, blue crape, lay upon the piano, "Those sweet old songs that purify the stream of life, delay it on its shoals and rapids, and turn it back to the soft moss amidst which its sources issued."

Her guitar was in the alcove where she had last played and sang with it; the glass from which she had sipped a last draught, held in her husband's hand, stood under her portrait, always filled with English violets.

Alfred knelt before this shrine:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still,
The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

"May I come in, Alfred?"

"Always, *ma chére* Mamma," he tried to say cheerfully, but the tremor in his voice did not escape the mother's quick ear. She clasped him in her arms and cooled his hot brow with her soft hand.

Outside a gentle rain was falling and it said,

"Dark the rain-drops of April
That herald the May,
Strewing perfume of violets
On field and highway.

"So the tears of earth's sad ones
To jewels shall turn
When the Savior shall count them
His crown to adorn."

Then she read to him the beautiful "Allegory of Petrarca" in "The Pentameron," closing with the words, "Look up, love is ready to receive thee."

Alfred asked her to read again the passage, "Say rather child that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives the true life till my wing hath passed over it."

"Was that death?"

"Yes, Alfred, the Genius of Death."

"Then truly Death is Life," and the strong man wept.

The morning after Easter Bishop Stanton called very early, "and down the little winding way" found the family in the summer house.

"My dear fellow," he began at once, "I want you to go abroad as a delegate to the diocesan convention."

"And you, bishop?"

"No, I can't afford it. You know I went once."

"Yes, but you shall go again if I do,—but you take me by surprise. What do you say, Mama, will you go if I will?"

"I have been wishing it, Alfred, and have been longing to go to Palestine and spend next Easter in Jerusalem."

"How surprising this coincidence. I have had that very thought—but Victor!"

"Of course we should not leave Victor!"

"Then you will go," said the bishop.

"If you will go as one of my own family, bishop."

"Oh, that is too good fortune to come true—it is a dream, I fear. To see once more old England, and France, Italy, the Nile, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land! What a store-house of recollections. Their memories light up the dark days, for into each life some rain must fall." The bishop's eye moistened.

To sensible people foreign travel enlarges the mind, dispels prejudice, crystalizes observation, humbles conceit, gives wings to imagination, power to expression; it enriches the present, makes a fruition of the past, and doubles life's value for the future. It is a strong factor in education and character.

CHAPTER X.

THE month of May brought its wealth of beauty and each day breathed a benediction. There are many such in the valleys of California, when the sweetness is almost intoxication. With the relaxed system, often introspection, a gentle melancholy is the mood—a lounge in the hammock is all the force one can rally, the book drops from the listless hand. We say the ozone is wanting. We are in the land of the lotus, where it is "always afternoon."

The climate of California is not enervating to exhaustion, and sunstrokes are unknown. And if the valley lies between the sea and coast range, the sea breeze brings a tonic so salty and strong that presto! all is changed, and one is braced for a walk of miles even at mid-day.

Nearer the coast the air is at all seasons so stimulating

that one is in danger of living alyays at high pressure. The out-of-door laborers are never stopped in work from stress of weather, summer or winter.

In San Francisco, the winter comes soft; a rare beauty has this semi-tropical clime at this season with its fresh foliage, turfy, velvety lawns, its capricious skies, melting, fleecy clouds, dreamy fogs, and ever-changing colors over bay and sloping foot-hills. Each sunset has a varied beauty of its own, which the skill of no mortal artist can rival.

Summer in San Francisco is such by courtesy. One runs to the valleys to get warm and don straw hats and summer attire.

SUMMER AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Close-locked in embraces of June,
Her warm blood spurning the heat,
High carnival holds she by noon,
Fierce winds of the sea,
Raving o'er her with glee,
And legions of flowers at her feet."

One February morning, many years ago, the city awoke to a new sensation. Lo! instead of the welcome rain, to the patter of which it had gone to sleep, a pure, white landscape, a fairy had transformed it as though in a play, roofs, balconies, lawns, and foot-hills. It was a transfiguration!

And we had known nothing of its coming! How funny man is after all with his weather-wise prophecies! How cold it looked, but bewitchingly lovely.

Where are the Marguerites, carnations, pelargoniums? Yesterday so resplendent in beauty, they look like fairy sprites tricked out for sport.

One thought of the surprised children of Israel, when they saw the ground covered with manna, that, like the snow, was dissolved at the going down of the sun. Into some hearts came the prayer of the immortal fifty-first Psalm, "Wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow."

Its novelty and evanescence accounted for the extraordi-

nary fascination that made the San Franciscans, young and old, rush into it pell-mell.

High carnival reigned. Everybody tossed snowballs, with bare hands or kid gloves. Warm mittens were unknown. Young girls rolled up mounds of it, fashioning fantastic shapes and grotesque images around their doorsteps.

In cold climates the snow is a kindly mantle to cover up the rough, frost-bitten deformities that stern winter has laid bare, but it has no such mission in this land of perpetual flowers. May it be only a memory, not an anticipation!

Life at Vaughan Place was full of meaning as the day of departure drew nigh. It meant much not only to the master and mistress but to the faithful corps of retainers who were to care for their vast interests.

Only Madame Vaughan's maid and the valet would accompany the party, so, sad were the hearts of Dora and Mathilde and the governess, who had loved Victor from his babyhood, now he was to travel, no more petting or coddling, but to study, study, study "with that tutor!" and he would have grown so old and look so tall, and never again be their affectionate, warm-hearted Victor! What wonder that they shed bitter tears watching the carriage until it was hidden from sight beyond the maples. Let us drop a tear for poor Gratz!

The home lay steeped in soft, hazy sunlight with just breeze enough to stir the surface of the pond, where swans were resting, the willow branches swaying gently over them; the golden robins sang their sweetest, the meadow-larks rose up sky-ward with one exultant, ecstatic note of joy, the bees hummed, the butterflies and humming-birds seemed never so busy. The hill-sides wore their freshest, leafy green, and the air was loaded with the perfume of English violets.

"I feel like Eve leaving Paradise," sighed Madam Vaughan.

"Do you think God let Eve take the dog with her?"

The remoteness of the association was especially amusing to Mr. Adams, who laughed heartily. The others could not but join, and so the sadness at parting was somewhat alleviated. Victor waved his hand and saluted,

"Dear old Tamalpais,
Looking up to the skies,
Your glory we 'll tell
Where'er we may dwell,
In lands over the sea.
Stay, dear Tamalpais,
Do n't go quite to the skies,
For with hearts full of love,
To our good God above,
We 'll surely come back to thee."

Mr. Vaughan had made a wise choice. Mr. Adams, Victor's tutor, was a gentleman as well as profound scholar. He had earned his university course in this country as in Oxford and Heidelberg. The first by the battle with poverty that crushes the weak but gives wings to the courageous. The foreign diplomas were gained as rewards for high attainments, his alma mater giving him the option of money or a four years' course of study abroad.

The deck of the *Atlantic* steamer gave leisure in a week's voyage for discussing plans. Foreign schools for young children are a questionable advantage. Many a little prig has returned to find his schoolmates ahead in preparation for college. Indeed, the best fitting schools for American colleges are American.

The craze with American mothers for employing French *bonnes* for their infants without knowing their principles or their grammar is deplorable. The little ones lose a pure English accent, imbibe bad French, and often worse morals.

"I have known children in such families who could not speak a sentence of correct English at the age of seven years," said Madame Vaughan.

Then, too, mothers who send their sons abroad to study when very young make a mistake. They can never get

back those sweet young days and child-confidences. The boy comes home at fourteen, perhaps, a stranger to his mother. He has foreign companions, foreign ways, and she has lost her boy.

Mr. Adams proposed that English classics should be the studies for Victor *par excellence*, and that he should learn and recite from the best poets.

The boy needed no instruction in correct speaking, scholarly accent, or cultivated enunciation; in this mark of true culture, he was "to the manner born." So, too, in spelling, which he took naturally.

"I think spelling," said Mr. Adams, "depends much upon a correct eye when reading. My classmate, Thorp, could not spell ordinary words without a lexicon, although those having a Greek or Latin derivation gave him no trouble."

"That shows home neglect," said Madame Vaughan.

"Certainly. Professor Creighton once remarked in our rhetoric class that a college curriculum could n't give students what they ought to have learned in the village primer and nursery."

"I know a judge on the bench," said Mr. Vaughan, "who always puts three 'e's' in 'separate' and spells 'much' with a 't.'"

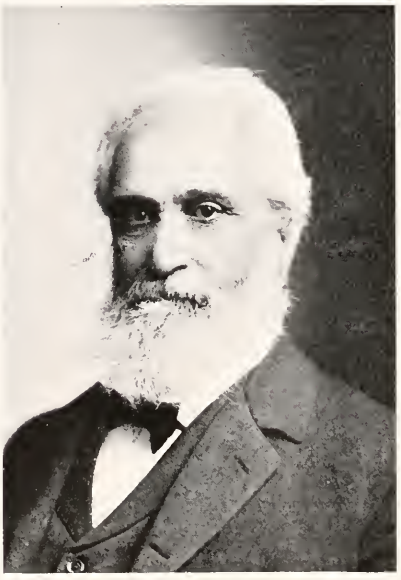
Madame Vaughan's fastidiousness received a great shock.

[*To be continued.*]

THE NATIONAL GRANGE, PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

By H. H. Metcalf.

THE approaching meeting of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, whose thirty-second annual session is to be held in Concord, commencing on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of the present month, serves to call the attention of the people of New Hampshire, very generally, to the character, objects, growth, and influence of this great farmers' organization, whose representative body now comes to our state for the second time, the twenty-sixth annual session having been held here on the same date, precisely six years previous.



Aaron Jones.
Master National Grange.

The Grange was formally organized, December 4, 1867, by seven men, from different sections of the country, connected with the agricultural bureau at Washington. These men were William Saunders, John Trimble, F. M. McDowell, J. R. Thompson, W. M. Ireland, O. H. Kelley, and A. B. Grosh. They were kindred spirits, all devotedly attached to the cause of agriculture and entirely familiar with the condition and needs of the farmers and their families throughout the country.

They realized the need of organization and association among the farming people for the promotion of their material interests, the cultivation of their social natures and the development of their intellectual powers, and the Grange was designed to meet these wants. These founders of the order lived to witness the grand success of their enterprise, and three of the seven,—Messrs. Saunders, Trimble, and Kelley—still survive. Mr. Saunders has been for years the superintendent in charge of the Agricultural Department grounds at Washington; Mr. Trimble is the efficient secretary of the National Grange, and Mr. Kelley is a resident of Florida.

Slow progress was made at first with the work of the order. The first regular session of the National Grange was held in Washington,

O. H. Hale.
Overseer.

April 19, 1869, William Saunders, master, presiding. December 8, of the same year, the second session was held in the same city, but on account of the inability of the secretary to be present, an adjournment was made, subject to the call of the master. At the third session, opening January 25, 1870, forty-nine subordinate Granges and one state Grange were reported organized, the latter being in Minnesota, where the first state Grange had been established February 23, 1869. The fourth and fifth sessions were also held in Washington, opening January 4, 1871, and January 3, 1872, respectively. At the sixth session, in Georgetown, D. C., January 3, 1873, state representation was had for the first time, eleven states being represented by seventeen members. At this session a complete reorganization was effected, the National Grange being fully established and the work turned over to its hands by the seven founders of the order, who had continued in its control up to that time. Officers were chosen for a term of three years with Dudley W. Adams of Iowa as master. At the seventh session, in St. Louis, Mo., opening February 4, 1874, thirty-two states and two territories were represented, New Hampshire being represented, for the first time, by Worthy Master Dudley T. Chase of Claremont and Mrs. Chase. Subsequent sessions have been held as follows: Louisville, Ky, November 17, 1875; Chicago, Ill., November 15, 1876; Cincinnati, O., November 21, 1877; Richmond, Va., November 27, 1878; Canandaigua, N. Y., November 19, 1879; Washington, D. C., November 17, 1880; Washington, D. C., November 16, 1881; Indianapolis, Ind., November 15, 1882; Washington, D. C., November 21, 1883; Nashville, Tenn., November 12, 1884; Boston, Mass., November

Alpha Messer.
Lecturer.

John T. Cox.
Steward.

11, 1885; Philadelphia, Pa., November 10, 1886; Lansing, Mich., November 16, 1887; Topeka, Kan., November 11, 1888; Sacramento, Cal., November 13, 1889; Atlanta, Ga., November 12, 1890; Springfield, O., November 11, 1891; Concord, N. H., November 16, 1892; Syracuse, N. Y., November 15, 1893; Springfield, Ill., November 14, 1894; Worcester, Mass., November 13, 1895; Washington, D. C., November 11, 1896; Harrisburg, Pa., November 10, 1897.

At the seventh session, at St. Louis, in 1874, when as has been stated, New Hampshire was for the first time represented, the Declaration of Purposes, since regarded as the formal authoritative statement of the principles and objects of the order, was adopted and promulgated. Perhaps no more comprehensive presentation of the objects sought to be advanced by this great organization can be made than is embodied in this declaration, which is as follows:

PREAMBLE.

Profoundly impressed with the truth that the National Grange of the United States should definitely proclaim to the world its general objects, we hereby unanimously make this Declaration of Purposes of the Patrons of Husbandry:

GENERAL OBJECTS.

1. United by the strong and faithful tie of agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our order, our country and mankind.

2. We heartily endorse the motto: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

3. We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor, to hasten the good time coming. To reduce our expenses, both individual and corporate. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate. To condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel and more on hoof and in fleece; less in lint, and more in warp and woof. To systematize

J. A. Newcombe.
Assistant Steward.

our work, and calculate intelligently on probabilities. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and, in general, acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our order perpetual. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition. Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our mental, moral, social, and material advancement.

4. For our business interests, we desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into the most direct and friendly relations possible. Hence we must dispense with a surplus of middle-men, not that we are unfriendly to them, but we do not need them. Their surplus and their exactions diminish our profits.

We wage no aggressive warfare against any other interests whatever. On the contrary, all our acts and all our efforts, so far as business is concerned, are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for all other interests that tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact. Hence we hold that transportation companies of every kind are necessary to our success, that their interests are intimately connected with our interests, and harmonious action is mutually advantageous, keeping in view the first sentence in our Declaration of Principles of action, that "Individual happiness depends upon general prosperity."

We shall, therefore, advocate for every state the increase in every practical way, of all facilities for transporting cheaply to the seaboard, or between home producers and consumers, all the productions of our country. We adopt it as our fixed purpose to "open out the channels in Nature's great arteries, that the life blood of commerce may flow freely."

We are not enemies of railroads, navigable and irrigating canals, nor any corporation that will advance our industrial interests, nor of any laboring classes.

In our noble order there is no communism, no agrarianism.

We are opposed to such spirit and management of any corporation or enterprise as tends to oppress the people and rob them of their just profits. We are not enemies to capital, but we oppose tyranny of monopolies. We long to see the antagonism between capital and labor removed by common consent, and by an enlightened statesmanship worthy of the nineteenth century. We are opposed to excessive salaries, high rates of interest, and exorbitant per cent. profits in trade. They greatly increase our burdens, and do not bear a proper proportion to the profits of producers. We desire only self-protection, and the protection of every true interest of our land, by legitimate transactions, legitimate trade, and legitimate profits.

S. O. Bowen.
Chaplain.

We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves, and for our children, by all just means within our power. We especially advocate for our agricultural and industrial colleges, that practical agriculture, domestic science, and all the arts which adorn the home, be taught in their courses of study.

5. We emphatically and sincerely assert the oft-repeated truth taught in our organic law, that the Grange—national, state, or subordinate—is not a political or party organization. No Grange, if true to its obligations, can discuss partisan or sectarian questions, nor call political conventions, nor nominate candidates, nor even discuss their merits in its meetings.

Yet the principles we teach underlie all true politics, all true statesmanship, and if properly carried out, will tend to purify the whole political atmosphere of our country. For we seek the greatest good to the greatest number.

Mrs. Eva S. McDowell.
Treasurer.

We must always bear in mind that no one, by becoming a Patron of Husbandry, gives up that inalienable right and duty which belongs to every American citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country.

On the contrary, it is right for every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence for good the action of any political party to which he belongs. It is his duty to do all he can in his own party to put down bribery, corruption, and trickery; to see that none but competent, faithful, and honest men, who will unflinchingly stand by our interests are nominated for all positions of trust; and to have carried out the principle which should always characterize every Patron, that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

We acknowledge the broad principle that difference of opinion is no crime, and hold that "progress towards truth is made by differences of opinion," while "the fault lies in bitterness of controversy."

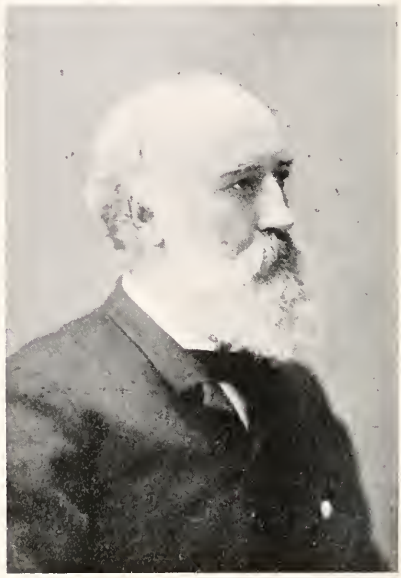
We desire a proper equality, equity, and fairness; protection for the weak; restraint upon the strong; in short, justly distributed burdens and justly distributed power. These are American ideas, the very essence of American independence, and to advocate to the contrary is unworthy of the sons and daughters of the American republic.

We cherish the belief that sectionalism is, and of a right should be, dead and buried with the past. Our work is for the present and future. In our agricultural brotherhood and its purposes, we shall recognize no North, no South, no East, no West.

It is reserved by every Patron, as the right of a freeman, to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles.

6. Ours being peculiarly a farmers' institution, we cannot admit all to our ranks.

Many are excluded by the nature of our organization, not because they are professional men, or artisans, or laborers, but because they have not a sufficient direct interest in tilling the soil, or may have some interest in conflict with our purposes. But we appeal to all good citizens for their cordial co-operation to assist in our efforts toward reform, that we may eventually remove from our midst the last vestige of tyranny and corruption.



John Trimble.
Secretary.

We hail the general desire for fraternal harmony, equitable compromises, and earnest co-operation, as an omen of our future success.

7. It shall be an abiding principle with us to relieve any of our oppressed and suffering brotherhood by any means at our command.

Last, but not least, we proclaim it among our purposes to inculcate a proper appreciation of the abilities and sphere of woman, as is indicated by admitting her to membership and position in our order.

Imploring the continued assistance of our Divine Master to guide us in our work, we here pledge ourselves to faithful and harmonious labor for all future time, to return by our united efforts to the wisdom, justice, fraternity, and political purity of our forefathers.

It required patience and persistent effort on the part of the founders in the early days of the Grange movement, to secure a hearing and estab-

lish a foothold, but in due time the work progressed, and large numbers of subordinate Granges were instituted, especially throughout the West. It was not for several years, however, that it was established in New England, the first subordinate Grange in New Hampshire, Gilman Grange, No. 1, having been organized at Exeter, August 19, 1873, with Hon. John D. Lyman as master. Previous to December 23, of that year, seventeen Granges had been organized in the state, and on that date a meeting was held at Manchester for the purpose of organizing a state Grange, T. A. Thompson, lecturer of the National Grange, presiding and directing the work, which was accomplished, and resulted in the election of Dudley T. Chase of Claremont as master; C. H. DeRochmont of Kingston, overseer; John D. Lyman of Exeter, lecturer; L. T. Sanborn of Hampton Falls, steward; I. A. Reed of Newport, assistant steward; J. F. Keyes of Ashland, chaplain; David M. Clough of Canterbury, treasurer; Christopher C. Shaw of Milford, secretary; J. U. Prince of Amherst, gatekeeper; Mrs. C. C. Shaw, Ceres; Mrs. J. U. Prince, Pomona; Mrs. A. B. Tallant of East Concord, Flora; Mrs. L. T. Sanborn, lady assistant steward.

Mrs. Lena M. Messick.
Ceres.

While the order flourished and spread rapidly for a few years, there came at length a period of depression. Interest flagged, and in some sections died out almost entirely. In some states designing men sought to use the organization for the promotion of selfish interests and partisan ends, and disastrous results necessarily followed. After a time it became apparent to those most thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the order that its work had not been directed to the best advantage, either with reference to its own power and prestige, or beneficial influence upon its membership, and, indirectly, upon

Mrs. Sarah G. Baird.
Pomona.

the community at large. The pecuniary advantages of coöperation in buying and selling, and of practical instruction along the different lines of farm work to be obtained by discussion and comparison of methods, had been given primary consideration, to the neglect or expense of the higher and more important matters of social culture and intellectual development. A new policy was gradually adopted.

Mrs. E. L. A. Wiggin.
Flora.

The social and educational features were given more prominence, and pecuniary considerations became secondary or incidental. It came to be thoroughly understood, indeed, that the first and highest object of the order is "to develop a better and a higher manhood and womanhood" among its members, by breaking down the social isolation that exists so generally in rural communities, bringing into contact and communion within the Grange hall those otherwise deprived of all the advantages of social converse and association with kindred spirits, and stimulating mental research and inquiry through the investigation and discussion of all the manifold questions that affect the material, intellectual, and moral welfare and progress, not of the Grange membership merely, not of farmers and their families alone, but of the entire community, and of the world at large.

This change of policy, instituted some fifteen years ago, wrought a practical revolution in the status of the Grange, and in New England, in particular, it entered upon a career of prosperity such as has scarcely been equalled in the history of any other organization. New Granges were instituted in all directions, dormant Granges were resuscitated, and those which had continued in working order largely increased their membership, activity, and influence. During this time great good has been accomplished in manifold directions through the influence of the Grange organization. The isolation of the farmers' families in the scattered houses of the country towns has been largely overcome, as there have been brought together in pleasant halls at the evening hour, the men and women, boys and girls of the various districts, who, though engaged in a common avocation, subject to similar conditions, laboring for similar objects and under like disadvantages, had never before realized the community of interest existing between them, and the ties of fraternity have been established, inspiring them to labor together for the common good, each for all and all for every one. Faith, hope, and courage have been kindled anew in the despondent heart

of many a farmer's wife, and the radiant sunlight of content sent into the darkened chambers of her soul, through the benign influence of this organization. The young people of rural communities, through the contact and association, emulation and ambition, which Grange membership insures and inspires, have gradually acquired the amenities and graces of polite society, and at the same time gained confidence and courage in the exercise of their reasoning powers and the public expression of their ideas upon questions and topics of common interest and of public concern. In the farmers themselves, thus brought and bound together, there has been developed a stronger measure of self-respect, a higher regard for each other, a closer band of sympathy and a deeper and stronger love for their common calling, with an earnest purpose to command therefor a higher measure of respect from the world at large, while making it more remunerative for themselves by the application of improved methods and more intelligent effort. Through the association and interchange of ideas, resulting from the subordinate Grange meetings, and the broader opportunities which the Pomona county or district gatherings afford, the farmers have been led to direct their attention to questions of public import, especially those which vitally affect the welfare of the agricultural communities, demanding such adjustment and determination as the magnitude of their interests warrant, and enforcing that demand by the power which concert and co-operation insure.

In national affairs the influence of the Grange has been felt through the elevation of the bureau of agriculture to the rank of a department, making its head a member of the president's cabinet, through the enactment of the oleomargarine law and other pure food legislation, and the creation of the Inter-state Commerce Commission, through whose agency hundreds of millions of dollars have been saved to the farmers and the public in the reduction and equalization of freights. Other objects which it is now laboring to accomplish are the amendment of the federal constitution providing for the choice of United States senators by direct vote of the people, the establishment of postal savings banks by the government, and the extension of free mail delivery throughout the country districts. It was through the direct influence of the legislative committee of the National Grange, it may properly be said, that the appropriation of $150,000 at the last session of con-

Mrs. Amanda M. Horton.
Lady Assistant Steward.

Nahum J. Bachelder.
Executive Committee.

gress, for the continuance and extension of the free mail delivery experimental work in rural sections, was insured.

In state affairs the Grange in New Hampshire has taken an active interest, and is especially intent upon effecting essential reforms in three different directions: In equalizing the burdens of taxation so that farm property shall bear no more than its just share; in securing good highways through all the country regions, and in establishing equal school privileges for the children of the rural districts with those in the populous centres. These reforms it seeks to accomplish, not by intimidation or show of strength, but by educating public sentiment in their direction through discussion and agitation, from month to month and year to year, until the work is done. Already, both of the great political parties in New Hampshire have conceded the justice of its claim as regards the schools, by embodying a recognition of the same in their respective platforms, and the time is not far distant, it is safe to assume, when all these important objects will have been fully accomplished through its direct instrumentality.

There are to-day in New Hampshire 240 active subordinate Granges, out of a total of 270 organized, with a membership of more than twenty thousand, and sixteen Pomona or district Granges. The masters of these Granges and their wives, if also members of the order, or their husbands, when ladies serve as masters (women being eligible to all the offices in the Grange), constitute the voting membership of the state Grange. The present officers of the state Grange are: Master, Nahum J. Bachelder, East Andover; overseer, Ellery E. Rugg, Keene; lecturer, Henry H. Metcalf, Concord; steward, Gilbert A. Marshall, Lancaster;

Leonard Rhone.
Executive Committee.

J. J. Woodman.
Executive Committee.

assistant steward, Herbert O. Hadley, Temple; chaplain, C. Howard Fisher, Gilford; treasurer, Joseph D. Roberts, Rollinsford; secretary, Emri C. Hutchinson, Milford; gate-keeper, Herbert L. Webster, West Canaan; Ceres, Mrs. Mary A. Bachelder, East Andover; Pomona, Mrs. Carrie M Ball, Washington; Flora, Mrs. Winnifred W. Baker, Rumney; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Ella F. Rugg, Keene; Executive committee, J. E. Shephard, New London; John M. Carr, Wilmot; Horace A. Hill, Derry.

The twenty-fifth annual session of the state Grange will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 20, 21, and 22, in the city of Manchester, during which session the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization will be observed with appropriate exercises.

The voting membership of the National Grange consists of the several state masters, and their wives or husbands, if members of the order. One state Grange, that in Minnesota, has at present a lady master. The present officers are: Master, Aaron Jones, Indiana; overseer, O. H. Hale, New York; lecturer, Alpha Messer, Vermont; steward, John T. Cox, New Jersey; assistant steward, J. A. Newcomb, Colorado; chaplain, S. O. Bowen, Connecticut; treasurer, Mrs. Eva S. McDowell, Ohio; secretary, John Trimble, Washington, D. C.; gate-keeper, A. B. Judson, Iowa; Ceres, Mrs. Lena M. Messick, Delaware; Pomona, Mrs. Sarah G. Baird, Minnesota; Flora, Mrs. E. L. A. Wiggin, Maine; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Amanda M. Horton, Michigan; executive committee, N. J. Bachelder, New Hampshire, Leonard Rhone, Pennsylvania, J. J. Woodman, Michigan. These officers were chosen last year for a term of two years, as is the case with those of the state Grange.

The approaching annual session of the National Grange in Concord, it is confidently expected, will be more largely attended by members of the order, than any other in the history of the Grange, and a powerful impetus to the work of the organization in this and adjoining states, is naturally anticipated.

THE ALEXANDER SANITARIUM.

THE ALEXANDER SANITARIUM.

By Harlan C. Pearson.

THE century now so near its close has witnessed wonderful additions to the sum total of human knowledge in every department. Along every scientific line investigation has been pursued with indomitable enthusiasm coupled with rational methods, and the result is seen in discoveries whose universal importance and beneficent value are unparalleled.

A recent writer, brilliantly reviewing scientific progress, penned this paragraph: "The causes of most ills to which flesh is heir have been traced to germs and microbes, and modes of prevention and cure have resulted; the nature of sepsis has been found out, and antisepsis has been perfected with such rapidity that its leader (Lord Lister) has lived to see the average civilized life lengthened by months through efforts initially his own, and both medicine and surgery have been reconstructed."

It was with the idea of gaining accurate information concerning a new medical marvel that the writer visited recently, the Alexander Sanitarium at Penacook.

This institution, named for its founder, Dr. Anson C. Alexander, is devoted to the treatment of cancer. It is pleasantly situated upon high ground on Park street in that part of the village of Penacook which is included in the town of Boscawen.

In its construction and equipment neither expense nor pains were spared, and the practical results of the latest discoveries in hygiene and sanitation were brought into use. Upon its completion an opening reception was given, the guests at which were unanimous in their praises of the good sense and good

taste displayed in the building. A second visit to the institution, now that it has been in successful operation for several months, deepens the favorable impression.

The Sanitarium is like a hotel in the completeness of its appointments and the number of its conveniences; it is like a hospital in the quality of the medical care and nursing given its patrons: it is like a home in its quiet, its restfulness, its good-fellowship.

With accommodations for about fifty patients and with its capacity often tested to the utmost the establishment is kept spick and span from garret to cellar and is always in shape for the most critical examination, a condition reflecting great credit upon the management.

The rooms for patients, the dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry, store-rooms, parlors, consulting rooms, etc., are every one a model in its way, while the systems of lighting, heating, and plumbing are the most approved, the institution having its own gas plant, and being otherwise fully up to the times.

A. C. Alexander, M. D.

The Sanitarium is owned and managed by a stock company. Dr. Alexander pays much personal attention to the patients, though the exceedingly efficient house physician is Dr. George F. Roby.

Having thoroughly inspected the Sanitarium, and having been duly impressed with its many good points, the writer sought an interview with Dr. Alexander in order to obtain such insight as that gentleman might be willing to give into the nature of a remedy which has effected hundreds of marvelous cures of a disease hitherto regarded as wellnigh incurable. The faith manifested by the inmates of the Sanitarium in the treatment which they are taking is of itself sufficient to arouse the curiosity of even the casual inquirer.

Reception Room

Apart from his achievements in the treatment of cancer Dr. Alexander is one of the best known and most successful general practitioners in the state of New Hampshire. He was born at Littleton October 10, 1855, and was educated at the New Hampton Institution and at Colby academy, New London. His parents were among the pioneers of northern New Hampshire. Both great-grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers and fought at Bunker Hill. His medical education was obtained at Philadelphia, at the Hahnemann Medical college, Philadelphia school of anatomy and surgery, and the Pennsylvania hospital, receiving his diploma from the last named institution in 1881. Dr. Alexander's career as a medical student was characterized by high scholarship, as an instance of which may be mentioned his winning of the $100 gold medal for superiority in all branches, in

Writing Room.

1880. This was the first time that honor had ever been taken by a student from New England.

In September following his graduation from the medical college Dr. Alexander began the practice of his profession at Penacook where he has since resided, each year adding to his success. Outside his vogue as a specialist he has a general practice, covering territory of many miles in extent, whose demands are persistent and exhausting.

Still, the successful physician has not forgotten to be the good citizen, but has given of his time freely in reply to public demands, and has served the community well in many official capacities. It is now understood to be the wish of the people of the town of Boscawen that he represent them in the next state legislature and such will, doubtless, be the case. Dr. Alexander is a prominent Mason and Knight Templar and had been active in the Baptist church and Sunday school at Penacook. The number and variety of the interests he manages to crowd into his life are a constant wonder to those who know him.

Dr. Alexander very kindly consented to explain to the writer the manner of discovery, mode of operation, and theory of working of his discovery. In order to be comprehended by a layman he was obliged to use simple, non-technical terms so far as possible, and doubtless to a fellow practitioner or to an inquirer of scientific attainments his statements would be differently worded. The readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, however, will probably be as glad as

was the writer to have the statements made in terms which he who runs may read and understand.

Reproducing as nearly as possible Dr. Alexander's words he said something like this: "In general terms the structure and growth of cancers is much the same as other tissues, not speaking now of the primary cause or germ (if such there be), but of the fact that they develop and extend by the power of their own peculiar cells, which cells, dividing and subdividing, multiply indefinitely, and push themselves out into the healthy tissue until they supplant and take the place of it. Thus changes, characteristic of themselves, are set up, which are termed cancers.

"What is necessary for a cure is to stop the cell growth. It cannot be done by the knife, because the system, by this means, is not freed from the cancer cell. In fact, unless I have discovered the remedy, there is nothing to combat the terrible scourge. That is to say, I do not believe the knife is a means of prolonging life even. This opinion is not mine alone. Dr. Severin Robinski has lately written an important work to which the *British Medical Journal* draws special attention. Dr. Robinski states as his opinion that, in cases of cancer, operative measures are not indicated whether the theory of development be embryonic or parasitic.

"My treatment thus far has not failed in primary cases, and intelligent physicians say I ought to claim it as a specific. What I do claim is,

Dining Room

Patient s Room.

that it is a remedial agent that certainly arrests the development of cancer tissue without the knife or caustic, and without pain, suffering, or any depression of the nervous system, but rather with a general and constant improvement.

"It can be safely applied and its action is exceedingly rapid, relieving pain almost instantly and destroying the odor in open cancers more rapidly and completely than any known agent which can be safely applied. In cases of uterine cancer it destroys the odor and stops the hemorrhage in far advanced secondary cases. These results are as surprising to me as they can possibly be to any physician, but the evidence of the truth of these general facts is indisputable and no honestly inquiring mind can fail to be convinced.

"Whatever theory may be adoped as to the origin of these growths, whether it is the starting up by some exciting cause of cells that lie dormant in all systems, or whether they are the growth of germs introduced from outside, the remedy seems to counteract that condition of the system, whatever be the cause, which gives rise to these abnormal growths, and at once stops their peculiar cell reproductions, and the cell growth is absorbed far more rapidly than it has grown.

"My experiments, extending over a period of ten years, have proceeded on the theory that cancers are of germ origin. I have aimed to produce a powerful germicide that could be injected into the issue with very little pain and discomfort and produce no ulceration and systemic disturbance, while destroying the activity of the growth, even in patients of

feeble health. Experience demonstrates that I have succeeded beyond my utmost expectations.

"The action of the remedy is constitutional and does not depend for its remedial effect upon local action wholly. Slough occurring in the use of the remedy is not like an ordinary slough, from the use of escharotics, but rather a drying or shrinking-up process of the diseased part, which ultimately is cast off. This sloughing process takes place only in cases which have an open surface exposing the diseased tissue to the air. In cases where the skin is unbroken the remedy as perfectly destroys the vitality or life of the growth as in open cases, but not being brought under the influence of the air, no suppurating process can set in, and the tissues of the tumor are eliminated from the system by the lymphatics in the same manner as all effete material is thrown off.

"The results of the treatment," concluded the doctor quietly, but confidently, "have certainly never been equalled, and should it never do any greater work than this, to palliate and relieve the sufferings of this most afflicted class of humanity, it is still the greatest possible boon to them."

At the suggestion of Dr. Alexander the writer took occasion to study the authenticated history of a few typical cases and the evidence he found thus presented convinced him of the soundness of every statement made in the preceding interview.

Mrs. P., 52 years of age: "Had made up my mind that I must die soon and had picked over my arti-

Patient's Room

cles of personal property and marked them to show to whom they were to go on my decease." When she came to Dr. Alexander the cancer was large and very painful. Mrs. P. was in poor health, being unable to sleep, and having no appetite. "The first treatment relieved the pain so that I could sleep better nights. The doctor injected the My health is much improved. My appetite is better. I can go to bed and sleep all night."

This cure, like many others effected by Dr. Alexander, is certified to by the lady's family physician in the city from which she came. This case is one of the simplest in the doctor's long list. Some of the others whose stories the writer heard are

Patient's Room.

remedy around the cancer, and as the cancer softened up the scab seemed to rise above the surface till it came off. I could see a core of dead matter, very hard and dark, that separated from the live flesh, had no feeling and seemed to be attached at the bottom. The doctor removed this core and a healthy sore resulted which filled in and gradually healed. I have no cancerous pains.

too painful and terrible in their details for the public eye, even though the outcome was in every instance a cure. In several cases, it is to be noticed, under the treatment of the principal growth, distant growths and involved glands have been reduced and have disappeared with no local application of the treatment to them.

From a typical letter of grateful

appreciation I am permitted to extract the following:

"MY DEAR PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND: How can I express my gratitude to you for all you have done for me. Under God you have saved me intense suffering and from death by a most horrible disease. I was desperate when I consented to see you. I felt that life was very uncertain and that the only path for me was through great agony. Your first visit inspired me with confidence which has never wavered, but only strengthened as I have come to know you better. Your second visit gave me courage, and since that time I have felt like a new creature. Now I am well for a person of my age, and to you, under God, belongs the credit. You have given me of your life and for what in return? I can only say the best wishes and prayers of a grateful heart will follow you."

A lady in New London, this state, afflicted with a cancer and desiring information concerning Dr. Alexander's methods, wrote to another lady in Dorchester, Mass., who had been under his treatment. The letter she received in reply is certainly worth quoting.

"DEAR MADAM: Your communication has been duly received (for which no apology is necessary), and I will gladly answer your questions and tell you my experience with Dr. Alexander's treatment for cancer. It has been entirely successful in my case and I am wholly cured of it, and feel so grateful to the doctor for what he has done for me that I cannot say enough in his praise and would advise any one afflicted in the same way to put themselves under his care and treatment with full faith that he can cure them if they follow his directions.

"I feel great sympathy for you in your trouble, and wish I could do something for you for I feel it is one of the worst afflictions any one can have and very hard to bear. It seems to me the best thing I can do for you is to advise you as I would my own daughter, or any near friend, and that is to go to Dr. Alexander and follow his advice in every particular, and I feel he can cure you. I have the greatest respect for the man and consider him a public benefactor."

This last sentence expresses to perfection the sentiments, not only of the writer of the letter, but also of the writer of this article.

It is gratifying to know that Dr. Alexander's discovery is becoming widely known and appreciated. He has received flattering offers to locate in Philadelphia and in other large cities, all of which he has declined, believing that he is at present situated in the best field for his work. One of America's oldest and best known physicians visited the Sanitarium a few days ago and examined carefully all cases under treatment also about forty cures,—that is, cases that have been treated and have remained in perfect condition from six months to three years. The doctor was perfectly satisfied and greatly interested in the wonderful work.

His fame has gone beyond the bounds of this continent even, for urgent and repeated invitations have come to him to cross the ocean and visit Paris. At the moment of this writing he is in communication with a person of royal blood with regard to the cure.

The Alexander Sanitarium bids fair to bring to New Hampshire world renown.

THE LADY OR THE STAR?

By Moses Gage Shirley.

A lady and a star, once on a time
A poet loved, and sang of them in rhyme.

The lady, it was said, was tall and fair,
Haughty and proud, with an imperious air.

But yet he loved her with his heart and soul,
And to her beauty paid love's highest toll.

O, for a smile, a tender word, a kiss!
The poet sighed, but only sighed to miss.

One jeweled hand outstretched to him, would hold
A thousand memories, bright as beaten gold;

A thousand memories that could never fade
While life should last, and pleasant thoughts pervade

His inmost being, beautiful and white,
Forever longing for the heart's delight.

On this he mused until the gates of day
Were closed, and far across the dusky bay

Of night he looked, and fair upon his view
Amid the clouds, his favorite star shone through.

"O, star beloved, upon your heavenly throne,"
He cried, "draw near, for I am sad and lone.

"My heart is weary with love's endless pain
Of reaching after things it cannot gain.

"Draw near and warm me with your mellow glow,
But O, it chills me like the winter's snow!"

And thus he mused until the lady came
And took her place in his love-burning brain.

By day and night, each idol ruled at will
His troubled breast, which neither strove to fill.

At last he died, and went to realms afar.
Which loved him best, the lady or the star?

LIFE ON THE MAGALLOWAY.

(Written 1856.)

By Col. Reuben Y. Stepandfetchit (Henry O. Kent).

(Name on the roster of "The Regulators," a college society of the early fifties.)

II.

EXHAUSTED by a tedious day's work, we were soon asleep, not unbroken, be it understood, for camping comfort comes not only by intuition but experience. Our emotions may be more readily imagined than expressed, when on awakening it was to find a heavy rain "in the full tide of successful experiment." Dismal enough was the prospect without, but with our blazing fire in front none cared for the dripping sky. Preparations for breakfast were soon made; our usual ration of pork and crackers disposed of and the enquiry propounded "How shall we spend the day?" At this season, the roof, hitherto tight, began to yield to the persuasive power of the elements, small rivulets trickling through at innumerable points. An easterly wind arising the camp was filled with smoke, which, if bad for the eyes, served as an unexceptional mosquito-bar; indeed, so carniverous were these insects that our camp was named from them, "Mosquito Camp, No. 1."

At this point the reader is introduced to a grand tableau. In front is Nat striving to coax enough heat from the smouldering logs to boil water, anon with hand averted endeavoring to catch a breath of free air. The party in camp crowded into the only dry spot, the Colonel on the ground with the pork keg for a table, attempted to indite a few words in the journal; Zach, with a huge bite over one eye, maketh wry grimaces at the dubious state of the weather and the water adown his back; Rudy, ensconsed in oiled blanket with head swathed in woolen, sleepeth, seemedly, in a corner, while Norman and Brisket, deep in the mysteries of "old sledge" over a well-greased pack of keards, forgot minor troubles. Steadily it rained through the forenoon. Rudy and Brisket, braving the storm, in vain sought for fish; none would come. Brown bread had been baked at the house at the clearing, and Nat averred that no dinner should we have until it was forthcoming. Zach and a companion started in pursuit of it, through wet bushes, across the slippery log at the creek, through mud and rain, to the house. The summons at the door was answered by a woman who started back in mute astonishment at the apparition. Shrouded in a blanket of rubber, with one eye closed by mosquito bites, a revolver and bowie knife at his gir-

dle, the heroic messenger, certainly, was little calculated to inspire the tender passion in the breast of the buxom lass before him. Due explanation having been given, he, together with the bread, was allowed to depart in peace.

And still it rained; no chance of sunshine. Our store of amusements had become well nigh exhausted. Old stories re-told, old songs re-sung had lost their fascinating influences when the mail boat was announced.

"The mail boat," exclaims Rudy, "and for what purpose?"

"To carry the mail to be sure," replies Nat.

"But to what place in this wilderness is there a mail, and how often carried?" queries Brisket.

"Once a week to Durkee's settlement, twelve miles up the Magalloway, sir," replies the carrier.

And sure enough a boat was unfastened, the mail carefully secured in a dry place, two passengers handed in and seated, the bow pushed from shore and impelled by strong arms up through the unbroken wilderness, no road or inhabitants on either side, went the United States mail.

Silently we stood gazing after her cogitating in our minds our prospects, and then as silently returned to camp. Nat and Rudy in their blankets were soon oblivious, gloomy and wet; the remainder meditated, when the Colonel mounted the keg and assumed an attitude:

"Fellow citizens," said he, "we are here assembled to enjoy ourselves; the elements are against us without, the smoke is against us within; we cannot proceed on our route, and the only thing remaining for us is to celebrate. Gentlemen! I am bound to celebrate, who will assist me?"

"Three cheers for a celebration, hip! hip!" cry Norman and Zach.

"But how shall we do it?" remarks the more argumentative Brisket.

"The river and a boat; I'll take the stroke oar, Norman the bow, the Colonel shall steer, and Brisket bail," says Zach, with the impetuosity of a locomotive.

"Agreed, the boat and an exploring expedition, rain or shine, hurrah!" cry all hands. Fifteen minutes more sees a staunch batteau launched, oars out, and proceeding merrily up the stream. At this period it was concluded that before the celebration commenced, the exploring should be finished.

The Androscoggin river, on which we were now floating, has a depth of thirty feet, for the entire distance from the falls to Lake Umbagog; its width is, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five rods; no current is perceptible between its banks at no place more than ten feet, and in many only two or three, above the level of the river. For miles back the surface of the country appears nearly level; it is not heavily timbered, the principal growth being spruce and hard wood. But one obstacle prevents this land being as good for farming purposes as the valley of the Connecticut or Merrimack; lying, as it does, at so slight an elevation above the water, it follows that at high water the whole section is inundated. These lands lie in the township of Errol and in Wentworth's Location, and undoubtedly will at some future period be rescued from their present wild state, and converted to farming pur-

poses. As no inhabitants reside upon them, the Improvement Company flow them at will, no damage being sustained. Should actual settlers locate upon, this flowage system of course would cease. Noticing at one place a creek extending back from the river, we entered, proceeded through many devious turns, and emerged in a large meadow containing one hundred acres, manifestly cleared by beavers, remnants of a dam yet remaining; cruising around our new discovery, we made again the river, and noticing a camp and landing on the opposite side, disembarked to prosecute our discoveries; turning into a spotted path, we proceeded, but as nothing burst upon our vision. Norman was sent up a tree to take an observation, returning to say that toward the east, at a distance of apparently a mile, a large body of water was in sight, and a lofty range of mountains beyond. These we concluded to be the mountains in the townships of A. and B., in Maine, the water, Lake Umbagog, and our present route a carrying-place between the two bodies of water, which surmises we afterward learned to be correct. Embarking, we proceeded up the stream until we neared the mouth of the Magalloway, knowing that we were six miles from our camp, we reserved farther "discoveries" for our up trip, and laying the boat with the current—with oars shipped—we floated lazily down the river.

"Now, then, for a name for our pretty craft; set your wits at work, boys, and we'll christen her in these grand old woods with the name she shall bear," cried the colonel, as with the flag in one hand and a beaker of *eau-de-vie* in the other, he stood in the bows ready to make good the suggestion.

The *Dolphin*, *Katy*, *Fanny*, and *Old Hundred*, were proposed and voted down, when from the entire crew came, "The *Bernice*, christen her the *Bernice*, Colonel!" No sooner spoken than done—gurgle, gurgle, through the neck of the flask came the generous wine, splashing upon the bow-post. A shout! another, as the Stars and Stripes wave over her! crash! goes the gun, and with a hip, hip, hurrah! she floats, the *Bernice*, upon the Androscoggin. Soon, in conspicuous characters, her name is fixed upon her, a name she shall bear in sun or storm, from the rapids of the Diamond to the swelling waves of the Great Lake.

"A song for the boat, a song, boys!" cries Norman, and in a few moments, to the tune of "Witching Dinah Crow," rings adown the forest walls of our course,—

We christened her the *Bernice*,
  When the waves were rolling high
On the Androscoggin's heaving tide,
  Beneath the summer sky.
And we poured the deep libation
  On her bow-post heaving free,
And then took a horn[1], and blowed a horn
  In glorious jubilee.

"Bravo! three times three for the *Bernice!*" suggests Brisket. The cheers are given with a will, song follows song, capped by the opera from "Norma," at the close of which the performer, from exhaustion and a slippery plank, is summarily seated upon the bateau's bottom. As we neared our camping ground, a garland of lilies were gathered, a chaplet formed, and placed with becoming

[1] The horn *taken*, and the horn *blown*, are supposed to be identical.

ceremonies upon the boat's prows. Upon the shore, with wondering eye, stood Nat, gazing at the approaching cortege. With a will we bent to our oars—the trees fled quickly past, and soon the keel grated upon the beach, the excursion was at an end, and the *Bernice* at rest until she should with us plough the sluggish waters of the Magalloway, and stem the rapids of the Diamond. Wood was brought, and supper under way. Rudy, on awaking and finding us absent, with commendable energy had procured a fine string of fish, on which, together with our fast friends, pork and bread, we fared sumptuously. Over a pipe apiece, each in turn narrated the experiences of the afternoon, and all agreed that the celebration of the christening was an item worthy of remembrance.

Night had closed around us, and each in his blanket was dreaming, or not dreaming, as suited his inclinations. Rudy, awaking, replenished the fire, and turned in. Hot grew the camp, and hotter still, almost to suffocation. The inmates tossed uneasily from side to side, experiencing a miniature purgatory, until Brisket, half awake, with a horrid yell exclaimed:

"Up, Colonel, up with you! the camp is on fire, and you 'll all burn up!" And dragging the before-named personage, much to his bodily discomfort, from his nest—he again rubbed his eyes, and discovered it was merely Rudy's fire which had raised the commotion. 'Mid the tumult none could sleep, nor was an eye again closed. Norman amused himself by firing in the woods his fusee, for the especial edification of the owls and bears.

Morning dawned at last, cold and misty. A council was holden, which decided to proceed at all risks to our fishing ground. Breakfast was quickly disposed of, camp equipage packed and on board the *Bernice;* and at 7.15 a. m., with a strong wind, bearing by compass S. S. E., we proceeded on our course. An impromptu sail was rigged, the wind at this time blowing big guns, and by its help, we dashed up the river at a rapid rate, the foam flying over the bows.

Passing in quick succession each spot visited the day before, we were soon at Swift Water point. Here, as the name indicates, a point of land juts out into the river, materially increasing the velocity of the current. Here the bark canoe of an old trapper once capsized, as he was returning from his winter's hunt; all his effects were lost. Cutting poles for the better management of our sail, we rounded the point, and were at the mouth of the Magalloway.

This river, at its mouth, is broader than the Androscoggin, from this point to the lake; is thirty feet in depth, and like the former, flows for miles through an unbroken wilderness. Rising in the elevation near the extreme northerly limit of New Hampshire, on the Maine side of the line, it flows a distance of eighty miles to its junction with the Androscoggin. Pursuing a devious course, it first enters New Hampshire in the second grant to Dartmouth college. Several times between this point and its mouth it crosses the state line. Its serpentine course is remarkable. In one instance a distance of seven miles is to be overcome by water, to effect a direct passage of two miles

by land. The Magalloway in Wentworth's Location receives the waters of the Great Diamond (composed of the Swift and Dead Diamonds) as tributary, besides other streams of lesser magnitude. The lands around this stream, and the adjacent lakes, are noted as former hunting grounds of the St. Francis Indians. Legends of Metallak, the chief, and last survivor of his tribe, are extant among the descendants of the hardy trappers who frequented the region. A bluff of land, extending into Lake Umbagog, and a lovely island, rising above its surface, bear the name of the chieftain. The former is pointed out as the spot where his wife is buried; the latter as the place where his valuables were secreted. To one passing over the war-path of the extinct tribe the story of Metallak is full of interest. To anticipate a little in our narrative.

Sitting by the camp fire on the Big Diamond one evening, we were talking of the former occupants of these woods, when a person by the name of Bennett, who had joined us for the hour, volunteered to give us the tale of the old chief, which is here related. Said he:

"My father was a hunter, as well as my brother and myself, and knew Metallak well. Years ago, the tribe was strong and powerful, none disputed their right to the woods and waters where they hunted and fished. Metallak was the son of a chief, and from his youth was taught the use of weapons. He became an expert, and in time was joined in marriage to the fairest maiden of the tribe. She was young and beautiful, and on her the young chief doted; for her the forest was ransacked for the softest furs, and the waters for the most luscious fish. Two children, a son and a daughter, came of their union, and gave to their parents intense joy. Years flew on. The old chief died—the tribe engaged in devastating wars. The frown of the Great Spirit was heavy upon it; one by one the warriors sickened and died. Metallak, in his lodge on the Magalloway, watched with anguish the downfall of his race; but his mate and children were left him, and he vowed to the Great Spirit to remain on the old hunting grounds of his tribe.

"Gradually, as fall the leaves of the forest when the winds of Autumn are abroad, fell the men of the once mighty tribe, till the chieftain and his family were alone. The son, not partaking the stern feeling of the father, as he grew older, sighed for the society of the pale faces, and left the wigwam for a home with new companions. The daughter had visited a post of the tribe on the St. Francis river, and joined her fate with a young warrior, who had taken her for his bride, and with the English goods easy of access, had robed his bride in garments a white woman might have envied. She is represented at this time as being strikingly beautiful, so that when she visited the lodge on the Magalloway, her old father stood in awe at her charms.

"About this time, Metallak, while closing a moccasin, put out an eye. His wife sickened and died. This was a sad blow for the old chief; she, who had wedded him when youth was high, when his tribe was powerful, who had been with him for long years of adversity, was called—and he was alone. Mournfully he laid

the body in his canoe, together with the trinkets which in life had been dear to her, and, in silence, took his way across the lake. At Metallak's point he dug her grave, buried her after the fashion of his tribe, and without a tear, seated himself upon the mound. Night came, but he moved not—the wolf howled in the adjacent forest, the song of the night birds came around, but he heeded not. Morning came and passed—night again—and morning, and still he sat above the grave unconsoled, unconsolable. It was not until the morning of the third day that he left the sacred spot. He built a hut near it, leaving only to procure necessary sustenance.

"Years went by, and he was occasionally seen by the hunter and trapper, but his eye had lost its fire, and his step was less firm than of yore. For a long time he was little seen, until nine years ago my brother and a companion were hunting, when they came across him. It was in November, and in a very rainy time; he had fallen down upon a stub and put out his remaining eye; he had no fire, or food, and was on the point of starvation. They built him a fire, collected wood, and gave him provisions, then left for assistance. With this they returned, and carried him to Stewartstown, on the Connecticut, where he lingered for a year, a county charge. He now rests far from his old hunting-grounds, and the wife he loved so well.[1]"

But to return to our party. The wind having died away, work at the oars was commenced; we proceeded slowly. The forests along the river abound in game. Norman was set on shore to hunt, but no success attended his labors, which may in a great degree be attributed to the assiduous exertions of Brisket upon the tin horn, scarcely quiet a moment during the day; rowing steadily, at a distance of six miles(?) from the mouth, we discovered clearings. Rightly judging these to be the settlements we had heard of, we redoubled our exertions, and were soon landed at a hamlet of two houses and outbuildings. Wishing to ascertain our whereabouts, a deputation was sent to reconnoitre; proceeding to the first house it was found vacant, the door padlocked. Across the fields to the other house the deputation proceeded, and entering inquired the direction and distance to "Squire Durkee's."

"My son carries the mail," said she, "and it's one mile across the land, and five miles round by the river."

Here was a predicament, five miles more of tedious rowing, when we had judged ourselves already there! Returning to the landing, we dined, and to vary the bill of fare had crackers and raw pork. Passing on, we encountered the mail boat on its downward trip, which corroborated the information just received. Coming to a landing, Nat, the Maniac, and the Colonel disembarked, and shouting to the remainder to proceed, in ten minutes were at the post-office, saving thus a row of five miles. Here is as fine a farm as is to be found in the state, lying part in Maine and part in New Hampshire. The owner, Mr. Z. F. Durkee, is postmaster, justice of the peace, and rep-

[1] A different version of this story in the "County History" fixes the death of the wife on the Upper Lake, and the interment on Metallak's island, in Umbagog.

resentative, besides being a genuinely fine fellow. Here we lunched, and on the arrival of the boat again proceeded.

From this point to the mouth of the Diamond is six or seven miles by the river, and by land *two* miles. Here, too, the stream widens, and increases in velocity. Hard work at the oars was requisite; it grew late, and the rain began to fall, still the current increased in violence till oars were useless, unshipping them, and cutting poles, the process was commenced of poling up the rapid current. Slow work and tedious it was, and at every indentation in the banks the words, "The Diamond! the Diamond!" burst from every lip. The mountains here gradually close upon the stream, leaving a mere valley for its passage. Abrupt precipices tower at intervals above the waters, which are swift and shallow. At last a bar is encountered where passage seems impossible. Nat, at the stern, gazes intently at it and the waters, white with foam.

"Now, boys, head her right,—it 's the only place,—take your poles and *work*, mind you, *work!* and we 'll try it!"

Her head is put with the current, and with a shout we dash at it; for a moment it is doubtful, the waters seem to bear us down. "Push, men, push!" yells Norman, "up with her, work like d—s! hurrah! she moves." Another pull, "we gain! once more, boys, with a will! hurrah!" and she floats in clear water beyond.

Over rapids like these time after time did we urge our heavy boat, and as night drew near entered the Diamond. One mile up this stream we proceeded to the head of boat navigation, and then sent out an exploring party, who reported the woods wet and unfit for camping, even were it light; that a gang of hands were at work at a clearing near, haying, and that we could find shelter in the house they occupied. Securing our boat, we tumped necessary baggage over a rough path, and deposited it upon the floor, unrolling and drying our blankets. Supper was prepared for us by the person in charge. Enjoying the comforts of a warm fire and social pipe, we passed a comfortable evening, after our hard day's labor, and spreading our blankets in an empty room were soon asleep.

Morning dawned, clear and beautiful, and on emerging from our quarters a splendid view was presented. We were at a farm of Mr. Durkee's, occupied only during haying and harvesting. On the east, by a line of white birch trees, runs the Maine line, and immediately across rises Mount Escohas to an altitude of several thousand feet; this mountain much resembles Mount Washington. To the west stands Mount Dustin, a peak of less pretending dimensions. The Magalloway river here crosses into Maine, the Diamond running up through the grants; one mile above here it branches, one branch, termed the Swift Diamond, running from its source in Colebrook; the other, the Dead Diamond, pursuing a northerly direction.

This farm was formerly comprised within the limits of "College Grant, No. 2," but was afterward joined to Wentworth's Location. Of its clearing—and first owner—quite a roman-

tic tale is told. The facts, however, are as follows:

It was cleared, years ago, by a hunter by the name of Robbins. He was of a stern and vindictive character, and strange tales were told of his deeds. In the fall of 1826, in company with Hinds, Cloutman, and Hager, all hunters by profession, he went out to trap sable.

They had continued their hunt sucessfully till the first snows fell, when, leaving Robbins in charge of their property, the rest started on a last visit to their traps, extending over a line of twenty miles. On their return the camp was found burnt, and Robbins and the furs gone. They were without provisions, and sixty miles from inhabitants. On their return to the settlement a prosecution was commenced and an execution issued against him.

Spring again came round, when Robbins proposed to Hinds to hunt once more, promising to turn his share towards the extinguishment of the debt. Hinds consented, and taking with him his son, fifteen years old, they proceeded to the ground on Parmachenee lake (on the Magalloway). Again they were successful, when one day, as Hinds was returning to camp, he was met by Robbins, and shot. The son was killed by a blow from a hatchet, and Robbins left with his bloody gains. The bodies were found, and a search instituted. Robbins was captured by Lewis Loomis and Hezekiah Parsons in the woods, after a desperate struggle, and lodged in Lancaster jail. Having some assistance from without, he obtained tools, and commenced preparations for his escape. Working diligently at the window of his cell, he succeeded in severing the gratings, each day concealing his work by hanging over it his blanket under the pretext that he was cold. When all was in readiness, he made his exit the night before his trial was to have commenced, nor was any future search successful. Public feeling was strong against the jailor, and came near manifesting itself in an open manner. Strange rumors were afloat concerning Robbins's after career, but nothing definite was ever known.

By our own fire we cooked our breakfast, formed our parties for fishing and camp duty, and considered ourselves fairly established on the fishing grounds of the Magalloway.

[*To be concluded.*]

THE PHILIPPINES.

SHALL THE UNITED STATES KEEP FAITH WITH AGUINALDO AND HIS ASSOCIATES, OR ABANDON THEM AS WE DID HAMET CARAMALLI, BASHAW OF TRIPOLI, IN 1805?—AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

By W. E. Chandler.

IN the New York *Sun* of September 25, 1898, Louis A. Coolidge, that deep investigator, wise prognosticator, and graphic delineator of historic events, calls attention to a dishonorable page in American history, written in 1805, when the United States, after successful warfare, by sea and land, against Joseph Caramalli, the ruler of Tripoli, made with him a dishonorable peace, and abandoned the cause of Hamet Caramalli, his brother, who had bravely fought with General William Eaton in the fight against Derné, which gave to the United States the control of that city. The narrative which Mr. Coolidge reproduces at some length, is concisely given by the historian, Benson J. Lossing, in his work, "The Story of the U. S. Navy" (page 87), as follows:

"Hamet Caramalli was the rightful ruler of Tripoli, but his brother had usurped his place, and Hamet had fled to Egypt and taken refuge with the Mamelukes. Captain William Eaton was American consul at Tunis, and he resolved to make common cause with Hamet against the usurper. The latter left the Mamelukes, with forty followers, and joined Eaton west of Alexandria. The consul had gathered a small force, composed of men of all nations. Early in March, the allies, with transportation consisting of one hundred and ninety camels, started for Tripoli, a journey of a thousand miles, through a wild and desert country. At near the close of April they approached Derné, a Tripolitan seaport town, and with the aid of two vessels of the American squadron, captured it. Their followers had now become numerous, and they were marching on to the capital with a promise of full success, when a courier reached them with the news that Tobias Lear, the American consul-general on that coast, had made a treaty of peace with the terrified ruler. This blasted the hopes of Caramalli."

In reviewing the full history of the above discreditable abandonment by the United States of Hamet, as reproduced by Mr. Coolidge, features are noticeable resembling some of those appearing in connection with our recent conquest of the Philippines, and the discussion as to the obligations of the United States to Aguinaldo, Agoncillo, and their fellow patriots.

(1) General Eaton distinctly in-

formed his government that Hamet was to be invited to co-operate in the war against Joseph. (2) Secretary Madison wrote a letter to Consul Cathcart, directing co-operation with Hamet. (3) Commodore Barron, on September 15, 1804, promised the support of the squadron to Hamet. All these promises were dishonored. After Derné was taken Joseph was forced to make peace. Commodore Barron then wrote Eaton as follows:

"I wish you to understand that no guarantee or engagement to the exiled Prince, whose cause, I must repeat, we are only favoring as an instrument to our advantage, and not as an end in itself, must be held to stand in the way of our acquiescence to any honorable and advantageous accommodation which the reigning bashaw may be induced to propose. Such terms, being once offered and accepted by the representative of government appointed to treat of peace, our support of the ex-bashaw must necessarily cease."

General Eaton replied vigorously to this communication, dating his letter from Derné, two days after the assault, saying that it had been certain that Joseph would propose terms of peace the moment he entertained serious apprehension from his brother, and that, if we made peace without protecting Hamet, "not only Hamet, but everyone acting with him, must inevitably fall victims to our economy."

Notwithstanding this protest the only pledge that Tobias Lear made in Hamet's favor was that his wife and children should be restored to him in exile. General Eaton gives a touching description of the abandonment of Derné to Joseph's troops, stating that the result is a tragedy "degrading to our national honor." Lear, while admitting that the capture of Derné had frightened Joseph into making peace, said, that, although Hamet "is entitled to some consideration from us," all that could be done was this: "I, therefore, engaged that on the conclusion of peace, we should withdraw all our forces and supplies from Derné, and other parts of his dominions, and the bashaw engages that, if his brother withdraws from his dominions, his wife and family should be restored to him."

After the disgraceful withdrawal from Derné, as General Eaton says, with the shore "crowded with the distracted beings we were leaving behind," Hamet returned to Malta, and appealed to the United States for support, and begged that Joseph be compelled to surrender his wife and children. It appeared, however, that Lear had made a secret article in the treaty permitting Joseph to retain his brother's family for four years!

"The bashaw was again asked to give them up, but the records do not show that he ever fulfilled his promise. By his co-operation with the American forces, Hamet had lost the position he held in Egypt, and was an outcast everywhere. He had left behind at Derné, when he was forced to withdraw, property and equipment valued at over $50,000. He received in all from the United States $6,800. Eaton was never reimbursed at all by the United States for his expenditures. The state of Massachusetts made him a grant of land, it is true, but he died broken-hearted at Brimfield in 1811."

Readers desirous of fuller information than is given by Mr. Coolidge's narrative, can find satisfaction in reading General William Eaton's own account, being a detail of the operations of the American fleet in the Mediterranean. It would be a source of satisfaction to me if I could think that I am the namesake of this stalwart American.

NOTE.—The treaty with Tripoli is in the Volume of Treaties, page 840. The petition of Eaton's heirs to Congress is in American State Papers, Military Affairs, Vol. VI, page 1.

ALONE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

For the brook, the babbling tongue of the glen,
His sweetheart careth naught,
She has stolen forth from the eyes of men
To spend an hour in thought.

Alone, by the woodland path she strays,
With her lover's picture drawn;
And her reddened cheeks and earnest gaze
None other looks upon.

Though the ring-dove swings on yonder bough,
He will not her rebuke;
So her honeyed thoughts and musings now
Centre on handsome Luke!

O, silver notes of the brook resound!
Chaste ring-dove, balance there!
Has a sweeter theme than love been found?
Or a maid so pure and fair?

She may brood, or smile, or fondly muse,
No bird will her betray,
Nor the brook repeat, though she may choose
To voice the wedding day!

THE WORCESTER FAMILY.

[An Historical Paper, written for the Urbana (Ohio) Chapter, D. A. R.]

By Prof. Sarah A. Worcester.

IN no spirit of false pride or vain laudation do we search the historical archives which contain the records of our ancestors. We should prove unworthy descendants of a noble race, did we so far scorn their memory as to be unwilling to bring forward to the light of the present day the story of their doing and daring for conscience's sake. Rather let us hope that this study of their lives may serve as an incentive to loftier ambition and truer purpose, so that by emulating their virtues we may attain the shining heights of a more exalted piety and patriotism.

Reverend William Worcester, the first of the name who came to this country, was born in England, and with his wife and four children sought an asylum in the New World, probably in the decade 1630–'40, as he is recorded pastor of the first church gathered in Salisbury, Mass., sometime between the years 1638–'40.

Cotton Mather, in the "Magnalia," enrols his name in the list of the "reverend, learned, and holy divines, arriving each from Europe to America, by whose evangelical ministry the churches in America have been illuminated."

So many of his descendants have borne the title of reverend, that it may not be uninteresting in this connection to give the description of the family arms.

"The field is argent. Ten torteauxes, four, three, two, and one; which are so many cakes of bread, and signify the first bearer to have been a priest or some religious person, or else that he had done much for the Church."

This heraldic device may well be considered a sacred legacy, and the mantle of Rev. William Worcester has fallen upon many worthy successors, who have, indeed, done much for the church.

The oldest son, Samuel, who came with his father from England, was the first representative from Bradford, Mass., to the general court, and took his seat, as a member of that body, January, 1679. He was re-elected the next year. On his way to Boston, as the record runs, to attend an adjourned meeting of the court, having failed to obtain accommodations at the inn, he started for the house of a friend, and in the morning was found dead in the middle of the road, in the attitude of kneeling. He was a man of distinguished piety, and was interested in every effort to advance the interests of his adopted town.

Francis Worcester, the son of

Samuel, was represented by his son, the Rev. Francis Worcester, in a little work entitled, "Meditations, All in Verse," as a man of amiable and retiring disposition, and of ardent piety. This son, the Rev. Francis Worcester, after preaching several years in Sandwich, Mass., removed to Hollis, N. H., in 1750. Here he founded the Worcester homestead, which has been occupied by his lineal descendants for five generations. For the last thirty years of his life he was employed as an evangelist, preaching in the destitute parts of New Hampshire, and other sections of New England. In his sixtieth year, when "confined in weakness," he wrote the "Meditations" above referred to, in which he speaks of his "honored, great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father; godly men he trusts." This little book, which is still in existence, is treasured as an heirloom in the family. The youngest son of this reverend man was Captain Noah Worcester, of Revolutionary note.

Thus far, in tracing the line of direct descent, we have been led to notice the interest my ancestors showed in the church, and in holy living; but we are approaching a period in the history of our country when the oppressive measures and exactions of the motherland caused a spirit of opposition and rebellion among her children in America, which led at last to estrangement and separation.

Provincial and early state records bear ample testimony to the courage, constancy, and sacrifices of the people of all the provinces in the cause of our national independence; and many anecdotes and family traditions furnish illustrations of the promptness and courage with which they met the exigencies of the times.

It is related that when the news of the advance of the British troops from Boston to Cambridge, on their way to Lexington, was brought by mounted express to Hollis, the messenger, riding at full speed, found Mr. Noah Worcester, who had been appointed one of the committee of observation, standing before his looking-glass, with his face well lathered, in the act of shaving. Without stopping to complete the tonsorial operation, he at once dropped his razor, mounted his horse, and in that plight assisted in spreading the alarm.

Other messengers were dispatched to different parts of the town, and in the afternoon of the same day ninety-two minute-men met on Hollis common, ready for the march to Cambridge. This company was afterward mustered into the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Col. William Prescott, the hero of Bunker Hill. Colonel Prescott lived at that time in Pepperell, a border town of Massachusetts, a large part of his farm being in Hollis, just across the state line. On the night preceding the memorable Seventeenth of June, the regiment of Colonel Prescott, including this Hollis company, with detachments from two or three other regiments, was ordered to take possession of the heights, upon which was fought the following day the Battle of Bunker Hill. The detachment reached the hill about midnight; working with their spades and pickaxes the rest of the night and the next forenoon, in the intense heat of a June sun, they threw up the redoubt which their heroism soon

made forever memorable. In view of the impending conflict, some of the officers urged Colonel Prescott to send for fresh troops to relieve the weary men who had toiled so faithfully in building the fort. The latter, knowing well the spirit and temper of his men, many of whom were his neighbors at home, promptly refused the request, saying: "The men who have *raised* these works, will best *defend* them." And how successfully they defended them is amply proved by that page in history which records the glorious battle of Bunker Hill.

The time of service of the eight-months' men expiring in December, 1775, an express was sent by General Sullivan, then in command of the Continental troops at Winter Hill, near Boston, to the New Hampshire committee of safety, informing them that the Connecticut troops had refused to remain longer in the service, and urging for reinforcements from New Hampshire to supply their places. In answer to this call, New Hampshire, with characteristic promptness, sent to Cambridge thirty-one companies of sixty-three men each, of the New Hampshire minute-men. Two thirds or more of the 26th company of this force volunteered from Hollis, and of this company Noah Worcester was chosen captain.

Captain Worcester served as justice of the peace for forty years, and was a member of the convention which formed the constitution of New Hampshire. It is recorded of him that "his strong mind, sound judgment, and strict integrity gave a value to his counsels which was proverbial among his fellow citizens."

It has been said that family tendencies will often skip a generation or two, reappearing with, perhaps, increased force in succeeding ones. However this may be, if we regard the disposition to adopt the clerical profession as a family tendency, we may find abundant exemplification of the truth just alluded to, in the history of the descendants of our common Revolutionary ancestor. In his first marriage, Capt. Noah Worcester had five sons, four of whom were ministers. The oldest son, Noah, junior, was present as fifer at the battle of Bunker Hill, and as fife-major at the battle of Bennington. A self-educated man, he taught his first school at Plymouth, N. H., in his eighteenth year. Of his experience there he writes: "After I became an instructor, I felt the importance of learning, and exerted myself to obtain it by such means as were in my power. I found myself deficient in the art of writing, and being at Plymouth, where, in the time of the war, it was difficult to procure paper, I wrote over a quantity of birch bark in imitation of some excellent copies I found at Plymouth."

His letters and writing soon brought him into public notice, and prepared the way for his introduction into the ministry. He preached in Thornton and Salisbury, N. H., and afterwards removed to Brighton, Mass., where he became the editor of the *Christian Disciple*. He was deeply interested in the cause of universal peace, and became the editor of a periodical, entitled the *Friend of Peace*. At Mount Auburn cemetery, in Cambridge, Mass., is found a tombstone, with the following inscription:

"To Noah Worcester, D. D.
"Erected by his friends, in commemoration of his zeal and labors in the cause of peace, and of the consistency of his character as a Christian philanthropist and divine.
"'Speaking the truth in love.'"

Two of his sons became ministers of the New Jerusalem church. Samuel was settled over the New Church society in Bridgewater, Mass., and Thomas was the first pastor of the New Jerusalem church in Boston, Mass. It is interesting to note that both these sons have been succeeded in the ministery by their sons and grandsons. Samuel was succeeded by his son, Samuel Howard, ordained as first pastor of the New Church in Baltimore, Md., and by his grandson, Samuel, lately ordained pastor of the New Church in Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomas was succeeded by his three sons: Benjamin, who for thirty years has had charge of the Waltham society and New Church school; John, who has had charge of the Newton society of the New Church for nearly thirty years, and who is now general pastor of the Massachusetts association, and president of the general convention of the New Church in America; and Joseph, pastor for a long period of years of the New Church in San Francisco, Cal.; also by his grandson, William L. Worcester, pastor of the New Church in Philadelphia.

Of Jesse, the second son of Capt. Noah Worcester, more anon.

Leonard, the third son, was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Peacham, Vt., where he preached with great acceptance for thirty-eight years. Four of his six sons became ministers, viz.: Samuel Austin, Evarts, Isaac Redington and John Hopkins, the latter being succeeded in turn by his son, John Hopkins, junior. Thomas, the fourth son, was settled for more than thirty years as pastor of the Congregational church in Salisbury, N. H. He left no children.

Samuel, the fifth son, is known from his long pastorate of the Tabernacle church in Salem, Mass., his connection as corresponding secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and from his letters to Dr. Channing in regard to the Unitarian controversy. He was succeeded by his son, Samuel Melanchton, D. D., who was at one time professor at Amherst college, and later succeeded his father in the pastorate of the Tabernacle church in Salem.

My grandfather, Jesse Worcester, the second ancestor from whom I derive Revolutionary descent, was the second son of Capt. Noah Worcester. At the age of fifteen, he accompanied the expedition to Ticonderoga, and was afterward repeatedly enrolled in the Continental army. He married Sarah Parker of Hollis, N. H., and succeeded to the old homestead. Fifteen children were born to them, fourteen of whom were early in life teachers in the public schools and academies of our land. Seven of the nine sons aspired to a collegiate education. The father, on being once asked by a friend how he could afford to send so many of his boys to college, replied: "I do not *send* them, I let them go." The boys who worked their way through college, in those days, knew the value of an education, in more senses than one. Two of the sons fitted for the ministry: Rev. Henry Aiken, a graduate of Yale, who was the acting minister of the New Jerusalem socie-

ties of Portland, Bath, and Gardiner, Me., and Taylor Gilman. The latter, having graduated at Harvard university, and at the Andover Theological seminary, became a receiver of the doctrines of the New Church, as expounded by Emanuel Swedenborg, and preached in several places; but, his health failing, he was induced by his medical advisors to engage in a more active life, and succeeded to the old homestead in Hollis.

Samuel Thomas and Frederick Augustus, also graduates of Harvard, adopted the legal profession. The former settled in Norwalk, O. He was a member of the Ohio senate, district judge, and a member of the United States congress, in Lincoln's administration. He was also a member of the first board of trustees of Urbana university.

Of the other sons, Jesse, Jr, Joseph Emerson, Leonard, John Newton, and David, all of them possessing strong and interesting personalities, the most widely known, probably, is the second, Joseph E. Worcester, geographer, historiographer, and lexicographer. He early manifested an ardent love for knowledge, and, though his youth was spent in agricultural labor upon the old homestead in Hollis, he embraced every means for mental improvement. After attaining his majority, he prepared himself for college, and graduated from Yale in 1811. After spending some years in teaching, he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he devoted himself to literary pursuits until his decease. He was the author of several works on history, geography, and lexicography. His "Quarto Dictionary" is still the authority in the pronunciation of the English language at Harvard and other universities. He was a member of several national literary and historical societies in our own country, and of the Royal Geographical Society of London. For several years he occupied, together with the poet Longfellow, the old Craigie house in Cambridge, which in the Revolutionary times was the headquarters of General Washington, and many of our earliest family recollections are of pleasant visits to Uncle Joseph in his Cambridge home. Having no children, he took a great interest in his nephews and nieces, and was especially pleased to learn that they were ambitious for high scholarly attainment. One of the most vivid pictures that hang upon memory's wall is of this dear uncle, sitting by the large open fire in the old homestead parlor, his head resting upon his scholarly hand, and the firelight playing upon his benevolent face, as he listened, with interest, to my father's reading of family letters, or discussed with him the plans and prospects of his children.

With the oldtime family traditions in mind, it was not strange that in the late Civil War the nation's call for troops should find a ready response from those in whose veins coursed the Revolutionary blood. Four of the sons of Jesse Worcester encouraged their boys to enlist in defence of their nation's honor; Taylor Gilman, John Newton, and David, sending respectively two sons each. The only son of Henry Aiken enlisted in a Maine regiment, and was promoted to captain. Of these seven soldiers, only three are now living. One of the four, Lieut. John Howard Wor-

cester, died soon after the bloody assault upon Fort Wagner, in consequence of wounds received while gallantly cheering on his men to gain the top of the parapet; the other three survived the war, but only with impaired health.

Of the three sons of Taylor G. Worcester, the two oldest, William and Henry, promptly responded to the president's call for troops. The youngest, Francis Jesse, bearing the names of his great-great-grandfather and grandfather, being only thirteen years of age, was, of course, ineligible, but I well remember how the big, patriotic tears rolled down his cheeks as he said: "Mother, I wish I were old enough to go to war!"

One little boy, William Warner Worcester, the only grandson of my father bearing the family name, is the youngest descendant in our direct line from the honored progenitor, Rev. William Worcester. Let us hope that he may some day add lustre to a not altogether inglorious name.

It would seem almost unfitting in a paper to be read to a chapter of the D. A. R., not to speak of the mothers, the wives, the daughters, and the sisters, who in these 260 years of family history in this country, have played no minor or unimportant part in forming the minds and influencing the characters of the *men* of whom we have spoken. Of them it may truly be said: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The record of their noble, self-sacrificing lives will be found written in characters of light on the pages of those great books, which will some day be opened.

It will be seen that two dominant ideas characterize this paper, the clerical and the military; seemingly incongruous and incompatible with each other. But are they so, necessarily? Must we mount the fiery steed, or march in serried ranks to the battlefield in order to know the real meaning of warfare? Is not the greatest battle we shall be called upon to fight the one with *ourselves?* with those unseen foes, who are ever on the watch, ever ready to attack the weakest point? And are not those who follow in the steps of the great captain of our salvation, who proclaim the everlasting gospel of peace, and the blessing of the peacemakers, our safest leaders and our greatest benefactors?

Centuries ago a note of *peace* was struck by angel choirs over Bethleham's plains. Caught by shepherd's ear, and repeated in sacred song and story, it has come down to us through the ages. A few have already caught the sound, others are watching for it. When the grand diapason is struck, then will begin upon the earth the reign of the blessed Prince of Peace, and then will be verified the words of the prophet: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC.

By Fanny Grant.

I AM told that the present is a time of doubt and depression among musicians. They earn but a pittance from all the various ways and means open to them, and they say the prospects are far from promising that they may dare hope for even this in the near future; all of which leads me to say that all the world should have more enjoyment from music than they ever have had.

No one with the least gift for this art divine should rest until he has some instrument well learned. (Here is where good times would come in for the music teachers.) For a rest-cure, music is one of the modern miracles.

Yet music has a value according to the place and time of its hearing. If a large company are gathered to hear music, and if each of the same company would perform this same music by himself or herself, the best enjoyment of it would come with the latter performance. Music, with love, should be the very breath of life to all, hence all should study music.

Art, generally speaking, really is the best influence to give us happiness in the higher things of life. Her influence is all-powerful to open wide our hearts to the ways of righteousness, but we have to exercise the common-place faculty of judgment to decide how, and when, and where our art is going to take us. Our tendency in this age of cram is to accrue a culture that is no culture, an art, as of painting, music, and all the list, that is no art at all, but rather the mastery of tools of art. What we do not enjoy with all the heart and soul is time wasted to us in art.

NECROLOGY

MRS. FLORA M. KIMBALL.

Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, who died at National City, Cal., July 20, was a native of New Hampshire, who had made her home on the Pacific coast since 1861. During her life in this state Mrs. Kimball was a successful schoolteacher, having been at one time at the head of the High school in Concord. In California she was equally diligent in work of public importance and served the state faithfully and valuably as a member of the special committee to investigate silk culture and as a member of the World's Fair commission. She was deeply interested in woman suffrage, and was an officer in many associations designed to bring about this reform. She contributed frequently to the press and to periodical literature, and was noted throughout California as a woman of culture and ability.

ABRAM GREENLEAF.

Abram Greenleaf, a native of Portsmouth, born, 1814, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 8. His father was a prominent politician in New Hampshire a half century ago. Mr. Greenleaf began life as a printer, and at the age of twenty-one purchased the New Hampshire *Gazette*, which he published for five years at Portsmouth. He became a teacher in the Portsmouth Girls' High school, and in 1844 removed to Brooklyn. During President Polk's term he was a custom house inspector. Subsequently he went into the storage business, and at one time controlled seven warehouses.

REV. JOHN R. POWER.

Rev. Father John R. Power, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's church, Laconia, died October 8. He was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1850, and educated at St. Charles college in Baltimore, Md. He was ordained by Bishop Bacon at Portland, Me., in 1873, his first pastorate being at Bath, Me. Later he went to Exeter, and thence to Keene. He assumed the pastorate of St. Joseph's church in 1895. Two years later, however, he was forced to give up his work on account of poor health.

HON. CHARLES L. MACARTHUR.

Hon. Charles L. MacArthur, the veteran editor of the Troy (N. Y.) *Northern Budget*, died at his home in Troy, October 11. He was born January 7, 1824, at Fremont.

CHARLES H. FLINT.

Charles H. Flint, who died at Haverhill, Mass., October 31, was a native of Allenstown, born January 15, 1829. He was educated at Pembroke academy, and taught school for five years at Newburyport, Mass. Later, he was engaged in railroading and then went to Haverhill, where he was connected with the shoe industry. In 1885, he was a member of the Massachusetts general court.

HON. JOSHUA T. HALL.

Hon. Joshua T. Hall died at Dover, October 31. Mr. Hall was born in Wakefield, November 5, 1828, and was the son of Joshua Gilman and Betsey Plumer Hall. He obtained his early education in the district schools of his native town and fitted for college in the Gilmanton academy, graduating from Dartmouth in 1851. Shortly after he came to Dover and commenced the study of law with Daniel M. Christie, and was admitted to the bar in 1855. He held many public offices, including that of member of congress for two terms.

DR. ABRAHAM H. ROBINSON.

Dr. Abraham H. Robinson, a native of Concord, died in that city, October 31. He was born January 8, 1813. He fitted for college at the Phillips Exeter academy, and entered Yale as a sophomore in the class of 1835. Two years later he was made an honorary Doctor of Medicine and Master of Arts by the same college. In the meantime he had studied medicine in this city, with Dr. Timothy Haynes, and at Yale and Dartmouth medical schools. He began practice in Hillsborough, and later on moved to Salisbury. After nineteen years' practice in the latter place, he removed to Concord, and resided there during the rest of his life. He at one time took an active part in politics, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1849 and 1850. He twice represented the town of Salisbury in the house of representatives, and during one term projected and promoted a movement to restock the Merrimack river with salmon, which led to the establishment of fishways along the stream, and to legislation in the interest of the purpose. During a greater part of his residence in Salisbury, he held the office of postmaster.

During the War of the Rebellion, Dr. Robinson received an appointment as acting assistant surgeon, this being the title under which the contract surgeons were known, and for three years was in charge of a post-hospital in Concord. During his term, he treated a good many soldiers, and at one time his camp and hospital over on the plains was considered almost a harbor of refuge for those who had been exposed to hospital gangrene.

In his profession, Dr. Robinson was an advanced student. He is believed to have been the first American surgeon to give the name diphtheria to that disease, and as the result of his army experiences he gave many valuable suggestions to his professional brethren. Personally, Dr. Robinson was a man of charming personality, of broad culture, and sterling integrity. He leaves two sons.

George Bancroft Griffith.

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A TRIP TO JAMAICA.

[*Concluded.*]

By William O. Junkins.

EVERY stranger in Jamaica spends more or less time at Kingston, the metropolis of Jamaica land. We have now nearly completed our circuit around the island but the outlook continues none the less pleasing. We are now on the Ligunian plain, nearly at sea level, between the Blue mountains and the Caribbean. This city is, indeed, in many respects what might be termed an antiquated curio, —the streets are narrow, straight, and regular. Many of the buildings are substantially built of brick or stone, interspersed with less pretentious structures of wood.

The harbor is deep and spacious. Steamers and sailing vessels are entering and leaving continually, and flags of every nation wave in the breeze. The commerce is of great importance, a vast amount of exporting and importing being carried on. The Royal Mail steamers also touch here and, altogether, perhaps one is oftener reminded of the thrift and enterprise of the North than in any of the other cities or towns.

The exports are principally the tropical productions of the island and the imports consist of manufactured articles and food supplies from the United States and Europe.

The McKinley bill has here, as in other foreign ports, affected the trade to some extent; perhaps its influence has been most noticeable in the traffic in oranges, and consequently the cultivation of this fruit has materially diminished, while bananas, on which there is no tariff, are rapidly taking a foremost rank as the chief production for mercantile profit.

The population is about fifty thousand, and here one sees the purest type of the Aborigines; more vehicles of every description, from the governor's coach to the commonest cart and dray, in proportion to the population are seen than anywhere else in the world. Some of them may, in remote ages, have figured conspicuously as models of comfort and convenience, but their present condition impresses one with the startling necessity of securing an accident policy before imperiling limb and life.

Kingston has electric lights, and

Banyan Tree.

yes, cars drawn by mules—this animal is assuredly the "draft horse" of Jamaica, the belabored sides of the poor, ill-used creatures testifying in unspoken language the unmerciful treatment received from their drivers. Surrounding and pervading everything is a true southern hospitality, which welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest.

The public gardens of Kingston are redolent with tropical trees, plants, and flowers, perhaps the most interesting being the wide-spreading banyan tree, from the branches of which new shoots are ever being sent downward to take fresh root. It extends over a wide tract and any one tree would be sufficient to comfortably shelter beneath its protecting shade a large concourse of people.

Then the tall and graceful thatch and screw palms attracted no small amount of notice, and in the midst of all a miniature pond was the receptacle of hundreds of water hyacinths which blossomed with a lavish luxuriance.

A short distance outside the city are the quarters of the soldiers, composing the far-famed West Indian regiment. They are truly a fine looking set of men and may literally be termed veritable colored giants—tall and with muscles fully developed, in their picturesque costume, consisting of tight shirt, baggy knee breeches, and turban head gear. They most assuredly present a most striking, if somewhat novel, appearance, and unconsciously demand the respect which their remarkable military acquirements have gained for them the world over.

It was our good fortune to witness

a game of polo by some of the officers on their training ground. The riding on ponies, specially trained for this purpose, was very swift, and as I was inclined to think, very reckless. But one rider, however, was thrown, and he, escaping injury, quickly remounted, and seemed to have gathered new enthusiasm from his mishap. The ponies were very intelligent and entered into the spirit of the game as much as the men.

One month previous to our visit a number of the English officers stationed here had died from yellow fever. I understood the barracks were to be destroyed to prevent any further infection from this source.

We concluded to spend a few days at the Constant Springs hotel, situated at the foot of the mountains about five miles from Kingston. This popular resort is usually well patronized by the officers, their families, and tourists. The drive from the city was full of interest, past many fine residences surrounded by magnificent gardens, including the official governor's or captain-general's of Jamaica and his dependencies as he is titled. We regretted our inability to see the distinguished gentleman who had been recently recalled to be appointed to the same position to some other colony of England.

Arriving at our destination we most thoroughly enjoyed a decided innovation, our newest discovery being a swimming tank, controlled by the hotel. It was sixty feet in length and ten in width, and the luxury of bathing in this pure mountain water, the inlet and outlet of which was unceasing, was indeed luxury indisputable.

From this point we rode to Castleton, the location of the Botanical Gardens of Jamaica. They are quite ex-

Constant Springs Hotel.

tensive, well kept, and contain many rare trees and plants. We saw hundreds of ferns, the lofty eucalyptus tree, cinchona, strychnos, royal palm, and the traveler's palm that gathers and holds the dew and rain in a peculiar receptacle, one of Nature's wonders, the logwood, and immense water lilies, circular in shape, with leaves two feet in diameter, each specimen being plainly and carefully labeled. The garden is situated in a high valley completely sheltered by lofty peaks and I should judge might prove a very agreeable and beneficial place for those suffering from lung and bronchial affections.

King Street, Kingston.

On approaching the tropics the cocoanut palm, lifting its lofty head of green foliage far above all other trees, attracts immediate notice and its cultivation is fast becoming an industry of momentous importance. In appearance it is very beautiful, often attaining an height of one hundred feet and having leaves at the summit from twelve to thirty feet long that curve downward most gracefully. The sprouts are planted about twenty feet apart and require but little attention after this is accomplished. The blossom is particularly attractive, beng an elongated pod which shelters the fruit until it becomes sufficiently developed to dispense with this natural protection. The trees sturdily resist the hurricanes and storms, which are of such frequent occurrence and seem to flourish best near the salt water, although some very healthy groves were seen fully a thousand feet above sea level. They begin to yield in about seven years after transplanting and continue for upwards of eighty years or more. The nuts are gathered by the native blacks who show much agility in climbing to the topmost branches.

They clasp their arms around the trunk and the excrescences left from former leaves form, as it were, the firmest of "stepping stones." On reaching the highest limbs they sit astride the base of the great leaves and pick the ripest nuts, dropping them to the ground.

An habitual, if not specially alluring, biped, indigenous to these warmer portions of the Western Hemisphere, is the turkey buzzard or "John Crow." as he is familiarly called. These birds resemble our New England turkey, although they are much more powerful and are capable of flying at a great height, especially after spending a morning in gormandizing; from ten to twenty can be seen soaring in circles a mile above the land. They walk with a stilted gait, and, at times, lazily perch or rest on some post with one wing extended at a right angle to their body while digestion is progressing.

They are, to a great extent, an urgent necessity, for their scavenger propensities render them capable of fulfilling an important function in the economy of nature by devouring the putrid or putrefying flesh of dead animals. They are protected by law and a heavy fine is imposed on any marauder who should ruthlessly or accidently molest or destroy one.

I watched them industriously occupied in gorging their stomachs with household waste, and I also watched three on the streets of Kingston revealing their pugnacity over a deceased rat, which each showed equal determination to monopolize, and I could but give a sigh of relief that our sanitary officers demanded no such assistance in the performance of their duties.

Kingston Market.

Thus far we had been constantly on the move, but as a minority had taken the trip for rest as well as sightseeing, after a council of peace it was finally concluded to spend the intervening days before departure at Port

King Street, Kingston.

Antonio, there to quietly bask in sun and shade until the arrival of the *Beverly* should tell us our holiday was indeed ended.

We reached our destination on Saturday and were to leave for the United States the following Tuesday. Sunday was, in truth, a day of rest, and how we longed for a New England paper only those who have been in a foreign clime, far away from home and kindred, can ever realize. Our only available substitutes, however, were a good, old Puritanical Bible and a volume of "Watt's Hymns." I sincerely trust we were benefited in the perusal.

Monday we were early astir, and with bills paid, trunks packed, patiently awaited the steamer which was to take us around the island on our homeward voyage. And when the welcome sound, "Here she comes!" was shouted by a small colored boy, who was prospecting from the tallest tree, simultaneously a joyous "Hurrah, hurrah," sounded and re-echoed from a dozen throats.

Letters and papers were eagerly perused, and it was hardly possible, as we gazed on that summer land and inhaled those balmy breezes, to realize New England, blizzard-swept, "an universe of sky and snow."

Our staterooms were soon assigned, our baggage carried on board, the custom house value of the writer having been considerably reinforced by the addition of a parrot, whose vibrating tongue persisted, and still persists, in saying, "The doctor's out," much to the amusement of patients, if not always to the doctor himself, who is obliged constantly to

be on the alert as contradictory evidence of this perverse greeting, which is sure to hail every newcomer.

The cargo brought from the states was speedily unloaded, the return freight as quickly stowed away, and as the propeller slowly began to move it was with a feeling of sadness that was almost pain, that we watched the shores slowly fade until they were lost to view in the gathering darkness.

Will we ever again visit that land of fruit and blossom? Although no answer comes to the unspoken question of each heart, surely those pleasant hours will never be forgotten, and oft in imagination and dreams will some vivid if fleeting vision of flowery dales and heights of perpetual verdure take us to that island realm of romance and reality and thus form a never-ending sequel of those happy days.

We shaped our course southward, bending around the island, tarrying a few hours at Bowden, where Captain Baker, the president of the company, has a home, and at Port Morant, where large boat-loads of choice bananas were awaiting shipment, and in the hazy dawn of Tuesday we again saw quaint old Kingston, and, as we slowly steamed up the harbor, which is deep and spacious, inclosed on either side by solid abutments of coral formation forming a natural palisado, with its towering battlements of lofty palms it seemed, indeed, in the silence and mist of that early morning like a charming gateway to some enchanted country.

Here on the Caribbean side the wharf presented much greater activ-

Duke Street, Kingston.

ity and bustle, the colored women were numerous and rather impatient as they waited the commands of the super-cargo in regard to the shipping of the great piles of bananas, which, during the previous night had been brought to the pier via the Jamaica railroad, and all the long forenoon they worked resistlessly beneath the hot rays of that tropical sun.

Meanwhile the captain began to show unmistakable signs of exceeding restlessness for every moment was precious, and every hour saved here meant one gained at the end of the voyage—a very important consideration in the banana trade.

Two lines of women were continually passing to and fro from bow to stern heavily burdened with great bunches of fruit which they invariably carried on their head, to be received by the men who carefully and rapidly stowed them away according to their size in racks, specially built for the purpose underneath the deck, no little amount of skill and experience being required to properly complete the task which must be done in a more or less scientific manner.

But finally the work here was finished, and once more we bade adieu to Kingston with many a smile, as a last altercation among the colored populace faintly reached our ears.

Quickly we passed Port Royal and the navy-yard, boldly and curiously scanning a large English frigate, whose formidable cannon stared us squarely in the face, and ere long dropped anchor at Port Morant, about a mile from the shore, to still further increase our already abundant cargo, for it is said no other place in the world can rival this in the quality of the fruit produced.

Boats, heavily loaded, put off for the ship, and with energy and dispatch were soon emptied, and towards dusk we arrived at Bowden, our last stopping place before sailing for home.

Here the same women who met us the day before were waiting and were soon at work with a will. This attractive little spot is pleasantly situated on an elevation surrounded by hundreds of cocoanut palms, which flourish luxuriantly owing to the salt sea breezes so ceaselessly wafted through their branches. The natives looked intelligent and displayed a decided disposition to be employed.

I am of the opinion that an energetic American could make it remunerative to erect a modern hotel at this suburban resort, as I understood no accommodations at the present time can be obtained.

As our steamer slowly moved out of the harbor we realized, though with a half reluctance, we were, indeed, taking our farewell of "Buckra Land," but as her prow turned northward, almost involuntarily, the glad anthem of "America," followed by "Home, Sweet Home," re-echoed far o'er the deep from hearts made happy with the thought that

> "Where 'er we may wander
> This wide world o'er,
> There is always the longing
> For homeland once more."

We were too thoroughly fatigued to long watch those receding shores, and soon retired to stateroom or berth, where mid the fairy mists of dreamland we found a much-needed rest. Early the next morning we were astir and on deck to greet another perfect day. Away in the distance we could dimly see the now

famous city of Santiago de Cuba, whose cathedral spires glistened in the morning sun like purest crystal.

Our interest was intensified by being told of its spacious harbor, safe and strongly fortified and defended, a busy mart in times of peace for an export trade of upwards of ten millions yearly.

As the days wore away the monotony of sea life began to assert itself, and as we whiled away the hours in the perusal of periodical and fiction, so sedate had our merry company become that a stranger might easily have mistaken us for some ministerial convention returning from a quarterly conference. Early to bed and late to rise was the motto of one and all, and when, after passing the gulf stream we again donned our winter garments we began to anxiously long for the familiar shores of Massachusetts' crooked arm to loom into view, and when on Sunday we sighted the high promonotory of Chatham, it was with many a joyous heart-throb we already saw in imagination our own hearth and fireside.

It was our good fortune to signal the quarantine boat as it had just headed for Boston and our papers being examined, and proving satisfactory, we were allowed to proceed.

Port Royal.

All steam was on and speedily we neared port, where the revenue officers boarded the steamer and hastily filled out the necessary papers to which we subscribed under oath.

The parrot, my specially treasured souvenir of Jamaica, was brought to the particular notice of the officer, as I had surely expected to pay duty on

what I considered so valuable a polly, but what was my surprise and merriment to learn that no revenue was required, the officer even insinuating that a man who would bring into this country a bird of that species should himself be paid for his trouble—the truth of which I have found out to my sorrow since.

Boy Climbing for Cocoanuts.

The steamer was soon made fast to the wharf, good-bys were said, a hack taken for the Union station, and at 9:40 Sunday evening, February 13, we alighted from our train in the familiar depot of good old Portsmouth. The pleasures of the journey were at an end, but the happy reminiscences still linger.

And when (God grant the day may soon dawn) this grand Western hemisphere, "Birthplace of freedom and liberty," shall again have proved her indomitable strength and courage, and through the valor and brotherly love of her patriotic sons shall have vanquished the oppressor, and the glorious stars and stripes shall tell to an oppressed people the glad tidings that the tyrant's chain is broken by the conquering of a cruel foe, and the war clouds riven, the angel of peace shall once again resume her gentle reign. When, instead of blockading squadrons, those southern waters shall have resumed their wonted appearance, whose waves, whether in calm or storm, shall bear upon a placid breast or turbulent billow naught save gallant steamer or sturdy craft of traffic, that we may enjoy another month of just such unalloyed pleasure is my ardent desire.

In closing, I would voice the sentiments of each member of our party in heartily expressing most sincere thanks and gratitude to the Boston Fruit Company for the many courtesies extended to us. Every agreement, every advertisement was most faithfully fulfilled, and the success of our trip was in no small measure due to their unswerving solicitude.

Their prosperity is already assured, and that their success may ever and always be in the ascendency is the sincere wish of their loyal friend, the author.

BARCA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

By F. B. Sanborn.

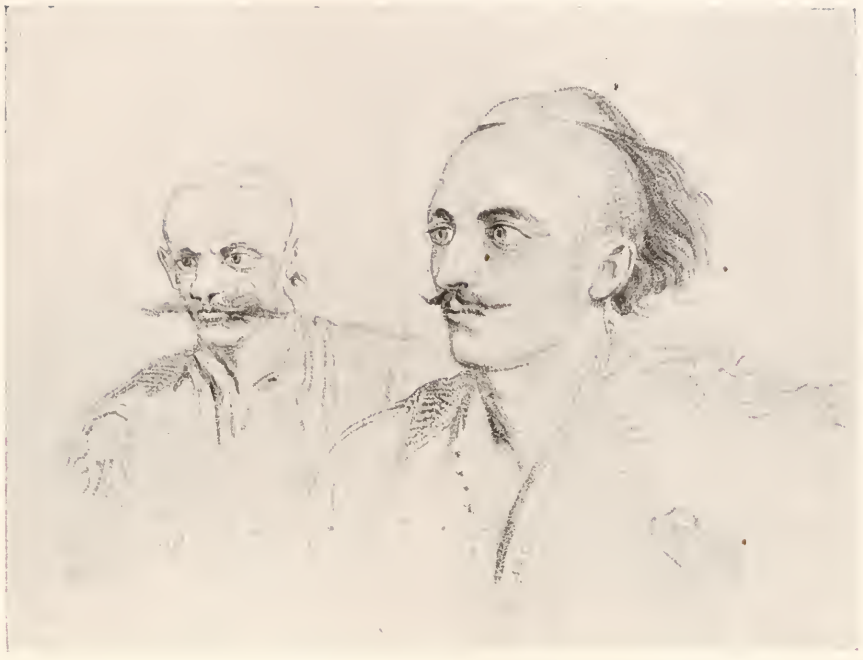
TWO senators of the United States, Chandler of New Hampshire, and Lodge of Massachusetts, have recently taken up the singular adventure of Gen. William Eaton in Barca, the ancient Cyrene, in 1804–'05, as a parallel to the situation of the United States at present with regard to Cuba and the Philippines. Nothing but ignorance of American and European affairs at the date of Eaton's romantic exploit can justify such a parallel. Senator Lodge went so far as to denounce the government of his country in 1805 for allowing the American flag to be pulled down in that fringe of the great African desert,—as if any man of sense would have kept it flying there longer than was needful to make an honorable peace with the Moslem pirates then at war with us. To compel such a peace, Eaton, with the implied consent, but not the formal approval, of our government, had taken up the cause of one pirate chieftain against another,—Hamet Caramalli against Yussuf, his brother, the reigning tyrant of Tripoli. Both were pirates and black-mailers, vassals of the barbarous Sultan of Turkey; and the only merit of Hamet was that, in his hatred of his brother, who had dethroned and banished him, he was willing to ally himself with Christian dogs who were at war with Tripoli. Hamet is termed the "rightful Pacha" of Tripoli, as being the elder pirate of the two; but in all the Sultan's dominions force was the standard of right, and any tyrant who could establish himself,—as Ali Pacha had done in Greece, and Mehemet Ali was beginning to do in Egypt,—was sure to be recognized at Constantinople

as "rightful," until the moment came for poisoning or beheading him.

Jefferson's administration, about which Senator Lodge's Federalist forefathers were raging violently, and seeking to form an "Anglo-American alliance" against, was then at war with Tripoli, and William Eaton, then forty years old, a Federalist (like George Cabot), who had been insubordinate in the United States army, and resigned pending a sentence of court-martial against him, had been appointed by John Adams consul at Tunis, and was allowed by Jefferson to remain there some time after the change of administration in 1801. At Tunis he had formed a league of friendship with the banished pirate, Hamet, and conceived the idea of restoring him to the command of the Tripolitan pirates by the help of American ships, and the use of the stars and stripes in a predatory war along the Barbary coast. As a means of bringing the brother-pirate to terms, this was permissible; but as a deliberate scheme to set up the stars and stripes permanently in old Cyrene, it was visionary and filibustering to the last degree. The United States had no more right or business in Barca then than we have in French Algeria or Tunis, now; and an attempt to keep our flag flying there in 1805 would have brought down upon us the British navy, if we showed ourselves friendly to France; the armies of Napoleon, if in alliance with England; and the permanent hostility of Turkey and any alliances she might have from time to time. Even with our present wealth and strength, the attempt to hold a fortress in Morocco (for instance) would be regarded as foolhardy to the last degree. But in 1805, with our 5,000,000 people, our petty army, and our brave but insignificant navy (as compared with those of England and France), it was sheer madness to think of retaining possession of Derné. Better terms might probably have been made by our New Hampshire envoy, Tobias Lear (a Portsmouth man who had been Washington's private secretary), but the case was urgent. Our captured sailors of the *Philadelphia* had been in a Barbary prison nearly two years, and were threatened with massacre; the alliance of Eaton with Hamet was never sanctioned by Jefferson, though he had given Eaton, at his urgency, a roving commission as naval agent; and it was by Jefferson's influence, some years later, that Hamet was made governor of Derné, much as Prince George of Greece has just been made by Russia governor of Crete.

Eaton's march across the same desert which Cato's army had crossed from Egypt, in the African war of Julius Cæsar, was indeed a gallant exploit, and more successful, under great obstacles, than Dr. Jameson's land-piracy in the Transvaal, in aid of Cecil Rhodes, some years ago. Eaton found his dear friend Hamet, the banished Barbary pirate, late in 1804, shut up at Mineyeh on the Nile, among some rebellious Mamelukes whom Mehemet Ali, the Albanian brigand turned soldier, was then aiding in their revolt against the Sultan.

With much difficulty, Eaton got his pirate out of that scrape, brought



General Eaton's Albanian Soldiers.

him to Alexandria, and there organized for him a motley army of 500 men,—Americans, Greeks, Tripolitans, and Arab camel-drivers,—with which he set out across the desert for Cyrene, 500 miles away. As Henry Adams says, in his "Administration of Jefferson,"—"Without discipline, cohesion, or sources of supply, even without water for days, this march was a sort of miracle. Eaton's indomitable obstinacy barely escaped ending in his massacre by the Arabs, or by their desertion in a mass, with Hamet at their head; yet in about six weeks they succeeded in reaching the sea-coast of Barca, and on April 27, 1805, captured Derné. On the news of his arrival, a large force was sent from Tripoli to dislodge him, and he was obliged to fight another little battle, May 13, which would have been a massacre had not the guns of the American ships, *Argus*, *Nautilus*, and *Hornet*, held the Tripolitans in awe. Tripoli was nearly 700 miles westward, and Hamet found no such popular support at Derné as he had hoped." To continue the Tripolitan war, which had dragged along for three years, might have put Hamet in power, but he was just as faithless a pirate as his brother, and there was no pretence then, as Senator Lodge would imply, that our flag ought to be kept flying among the sea-rovers and Barbarians of Barbary or Tunis.

At the very moment that Eaton was filibustering in Africa, his Federalist friend, Timothy Pickering (for whom he had named a fort in Georgia, while a captain in our army), was plotting with Aaron

Burr and others to set up a Northern confederacy, with Burr at its head; while Burr himself was offering, through Merry, the British minister at Washington, "to lend his assistance to His Majesty's government in any manner in which they may think fit to employ him, —particularly in endeavoring to effect a separation of the western part of the United States from that which lies between the Atlantic and the mountains, in its whole extent." These are the words of Merry's despatch of August 6, 1804—substantially repeated, in another phrase, March 29, 1805. For years Pickering and his political friends had been urging an alliance with England and the invasion of Mexico and South America by a combined force of Yankee soldiers and English seamen. Thwarted by the good sense of John Adams, these plots were renewed under Jefferson; and it was perhaps a knowledge of them which made Jefferson distrustful of Pickering's friend, Eaton, who was engaged in like schemes along the Mediterranean.

This grand plot of 1798–1805, to go filibustering against the Spaniards and French, with the aid of the English Tories, may well be compared to our seizing the Philippines at the instance of English Tories now; but to speak of Jefferson's treaty as a disgraceful hauling down of the stars and stripes, is to ignore history, and magnify a Yankee Jameson, regardless of national obligations, into a patriotic hero. Eaton's plan, if it ever involved American possessions in Africa (of which there is no evidence), would have brought on us nothing but national defeat and disgrace.

LOVE'S DREAM.

By C. C. Lord.

If thou art but a dream,
How happy I! Sweet dreams exist for aye
In contemplation, O thou star, to gleam
In love's deep sleep! Life's waking things are they
That are not what they seem.

So I for thee shall dwell
In one long ecstacy. Thy vision blest
Shall charm my doubts, my cares lure in a spell
Of loveliest peace. Time's moods shall ne'er infest
My heart that dreameth well.

OUR LARGEST STANDING ARMY: THE BIRDS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

ONE of the results which the study of insects has repeatedly verified is that, as a rule, the greatest damage to cultivated crops is done by those species of insects or other animals that fluctuate greatly in numbers. Nearly all the insect pests of first importance, like the army worm, the canker worm, the Hessian fly, and many others, are sometimes so scarce that they are not noticed, while at others they become overwhelmingly abundant.

Any agency which tends to establish an equilibrium in their numbers and thus to prevent their undue increase is a beneficent one. The birds are the creatures to whom we most naturally turn for help of this sort, and in this brief paper I wish to call attention to some remarkable investigations undertaken to determine whether in the presence of an extraordinary outbreak of a given insect the birds vary their food rations by taking unusual numbers of the species in question. If they do, evidently they assist in reducing the pest to its normal limits; if they do not, they neglect an opportunity for usefulness.

It need scarcely be stated here that one of the strongest arguments for the protection of birds must be found in definite scientific studies of their food. If we can prove that the birds are absolutely essential to the successful production of crops we have an argument which must appeal forcefully even to the most practical of the so-called practical men.

A few years ago a large apple orchard in central Illinois was severely attacked by canker worms. As a result of their depredations a considerable part of the orchard had the appearance, at a little distance, of "having been ruined by fire." To determine whether the birds of the region were exerting themselves to check this outbreak, Prof. S. A. Forbes visited the orchard for two successive seasons, shooting each time a number of birds of the various species present. The stomach contents of these were afterwards carefully examined. From the published record of the results (Bulletin Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History) I have made the following summary:

Nine robins had eaten only animal food, of which canker worms formed twenty per cent., cutworms twenty-eight per cent., and vine chafers fourteen per cent., making a total of sixty-two per cent. for these three groups of insects. Eleven per cent. of the remainder consisted of click beetles (*Elateridæ*). Fourteen cat-

The Kingbird.

birds were examined; they had eaten fifteen per cent. of canker worms, ten per cent. of cutworms and other caterpillars, fourteen per cent. of ants and thirty-three per cent. of vine chafers. Four brown thrushes had eaten canker worms, vine chafers, June beetles, click beetles, ground beetles, and other insects. Combining these food elements of twenty-seven members of the thrush family, Professor Forbes found that "none of them had eaten any vegetation whatever"; that "ninety-six per cent. of their food consisted of insects (myriapods and earth-worms making up the remaining four per cent.); that sixteen per cent. were canker worms and only four per cent. predaceous beetles." The vine chafer made just twenty-five per cent. of the entire food.

The most important element in the food of five blue birds was the vine chafer (thirty-six per cent.), while canker worms formed twelve per cent. Two black-capped chickadees had eaten only canker worms and beetles, the former making sixty-one per cent. of the food, and the latter belonging principally to a wood-boring beetle of the genus *Psenocerus*. Nearly half the food of several house wrens consisted of canker worms.

Passing now to the warblers *(Miniotiltidæ)*, we come to many species feeding very largely on canker worms. Four fifths of the food of a single Tennessee warbler consisted of these insects. Two thirds of that of five summer yellow birds was canker worms, and the same was true of two chestnut-sided warblers, and also of four black-pole warblers. A single black-throated green warbler had eaten seventy per cent. of canker worms; and two Maryland yellow throats had eaten forty per cent. of these and forty per cent. of other caterpillars. Consequently canker worms composed nearly or quite two thirds of the food of these fifteen warbles.

Seventy-nine per cent. of the food of three warbling vireos consisted of caterpillars, more than half of them being canker worms.

Out of a flock of about thirty cherry birds or cedar waxwings, seven birds were shot. With the exception of a few *Aphodii* (small beetles) eaten by three of the birds in numbers too insignificant to figure in the ratios the entire food of all these birds consisted of canker worms, which therefore stand at an average of 100 per cent. The number in each stomach determined by actual count ranged from 70 to 101, and was usually nearly 100. Assuming that these constituted a whole day's food, the thirty birds were destroying 3,000

worms a day, or 90,000 for the month, during which the caterpillar is exposed.

A specimen each of the cliff swallow, American goldfinch, and yellow-winged sparrow had eaten no canker worms. About one third of the food of eight chipping sparrows consisted of caterpillars, half of them being canker worms. Three field sparrows had eaten largely of canker worms and various beetles. Forty-three per cent. of the food of fourteen black-throated buntings consisted of canker worms, and a very few of these worms had been eaten by two rose-breasted grosbeaks. They also formed 59 per cent. of the food of eighteen indigo birds.

No canker worms occurred in the stomach of a single cow bird and two red-winged blackbirds. Three Baltimore orioles, however, had eaten 40 per cent. of these worms and 50 per cent. of vine chafers. Two orchard orioles made even a better showing. "More than three fourths of the food of these consisted of canker worms and other caterpillars made an additional 20 per cent." Three bronzed grakles had eaten no caterpillars.

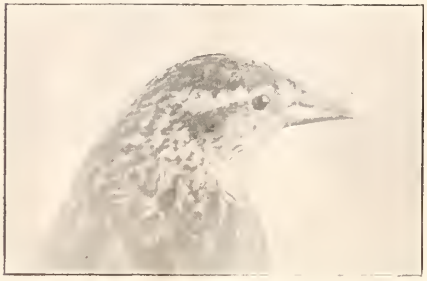
Passing now to the family of flycatchers we find that more than one fourth of the food of three kingbirds consisted of canker worms and fully one half of vine chafers. The food of three wood pewees consisted entirely of flying insects. Two specimens of Traill's flycatcher had eaten 25 per cent. of canker worms, and a single yellow-bellied flycatcher had eaten an equal percentage of vine chafers, but no canker worms. A single black-billed cuckoo had eaten canker worms, 75 per cent., other caterpillars 20 per cent., and vine chafers 5 per cent. Four red-headed woodpeckers had eaten 15 per cent. of canker worms, while a single golden-winged woodpecker had eaten only ants. No canker worms were found in one mourning dove and two quails.

Summarizing the above results into one general statement it is found that 141 specimens belonging to 36 species were studied. "Twenty-six of these species had been eating canker worms, which were found in the stomachs of 85 specimens. That is to say, 72 per cent. of the species and 60 per cent. of the specimens had eaten the worms. Taking the entire assemblage of 141 birds as one group, we find that 35 per cent. of their food consisted of canker worms."

A comparison was made in the case of the robin, catbird, black-throated

The Blackburnian Warble

bunting, and indigo bird of the food in this orchard, and that of the species during May under ordinary circumstances. The results showed that there was a general diminution of vegetable and miscellaneous food in the orchard specimens to compensate for the increase of caterpillars.



The Red-winged Blackbird

"Three facts," says Professor Forbes, "stand out very clearly as the result of these investigations:

"(1) Birds of the most varied character and habits, migrant and resident, of all sizes, from the tiny wren to the blue jay, birds of the forest, garden, and meadow, those of arboreal and those of terrestrial habit, were certainly either attracted or detained here by the bountiful supply of insect food and were feeding freely upon the species most abundant. That thirty-five per cent. of the food of all the birds congregated here should have consisted of a single species of insect is a fact so extraordinary that its meaning cannot be mistaken. Whatever power the birds of this vicinity possessed as checks upon destructive irruption of insect life, was being largely exerted here to restore the broken balance of organic nature. And while looking for their influence over one insect outbreak we stumbled upon, at least, two others, less marked, perhaps incipient, but evident enough to express themselves clearly in the changed food ratios of the birds.

"(2) The comparisons made show plainly that the reflex effect of this concentration on two or three unusually numerous insects was so widely distributed over the ordinary elements of their food that no especial chance was given for the rise of new fluctuations among the species commonly eaten. That is to say, the abnormal pressure put upon the canker worm and vine chafer was compensated by a general diminution of the ratios of all the other elements, and not by a neglect of one or two alone. If the latter had been the case, the criticism might easily have been made that the birds in helping to reduce one oscillation were setting others on foot.

"(3) The fact that with the exception of the indigo bird, the species whose records in the orchard were compared with those made elsewhere, had eaten in the former situation as many caterpillars, other than canker worms, as usual, simply adding their canker worm ratios to those of other caterpillars, goes to show that these insects are favorites with a majority of birds."

One of the most notable series of studies upon the relations of birds to outbreaks of injurious insects was that carried on for thirteen years by Professor Samuel Aughey of the University of Nebraska, concerning the extent to which birds feed upon the Rocky Mountain locust or grasshopper during the periodical outbreaks of that insect. Fortunately the results of these

studies have been preserved by the United States Entomological Commission. (First Report, Appendix II.)

Between 1865 and 1877 Professor Aughey made out-door observations of living birds and in-door examinations of stomach contents. His tabulated results show conclusively that birds of all kinds were doing their best to reduce the numbers of the locusts. A brief summary of the principal facts will indicate the truth of this.

Beginning with the thrushes and their allies we find that six robins had eaten 265 locusts; that three wood thrushes had taken 68 locusts; that one hermit thrush contained 19 locusts; that two olive-backed thrushes were responsible for the death of 55 'hoppers, while two Wilson's thrushes had destroyed 73 more. Five catbirds had eaten 152 of these insects.

Sixty-seven locusts were taken from the stomachs of three blue birds, and 29 from one little ruby-crowned kinglet, while four tufted titmice yielded 250 of the pests, and nine long-tailed chickadees contained 481 of them. Four slender-billed nuthatches—the western representative of the white-bellied nuthatch—had eaten 93 locusts. Even the little warblers ate many of the pests, naturally choosing the younger specimens. Seven golden warblers had taken 77 locusts and 176 other insects. Five black-throated green warblers contained 116 'hoppers and 104 other insects. Four black-poll warblers had eaten 123 locusts, varying their diet with 47 insects of other kinds. Eight prairie warblers devoured 116 of the locusts, and greater number of other insects; while the golden-crowned thrush had fed both upon the 'hoppers and their eggs. Many warblers were seen feeding their nestlings with young locusts.

While the warblers paid most attention to the immature grasshoppers, the swallows fed chiefly upon the adult winged insects, probably catching them in the air. Seven barn swallows had eaten 139, eight eve swallows, 326, five bank swallows, 104, and ten purple martins, 265 locusts.

The vireos and shrikes were found

The Phœbe Bird.

to eat many of the pests, while some of the grosbeaks and finches ate the eggs as well as the hoppers. Three bobolinks had devoured an average of 14 locusts each, while nine meadow larks had taken 213 of the pests besides some of their eggs. Fifty-one locusts were taken from

the stomach of a single yellow-headed blackbird, while the Baltimore oriole, Brewer's blackbird and the purple grakle were noted as feeding almost exclusively upon the pests when the latter were abundant.

Even the raven, the crow, the magpie, and the blue jay followed the prevailing fashion in the feathered world, eating large numbers of the locusts, although no doubt they did n't wholly neglect the occupants of any of the nests

The Quail.

of the smaller birds with which they came in contact. The fly catchers and pewees proved to be doing good service, while the stomachs of the whippoorwill and nighthawk were crowded with 'hoppers, 348 being taken from seven specimens of the latter species.

It seems almost incredible that the tiny ruby-throated humming bird should also have followed the fashion, yet Professor Aughey assures us that a specimen caught by a cat had four small locusts in its stomach. After this we are prepared to learn that the stately kingfisher varies his scaly diet with an occasional 'hopper. Nor is it surprising that ten specimens of the highly insectivorous yellow-billed cuckoo had eaten 416 locusts as well as 152 other insects.

The woodpeckers evidently varied their usual diet to an extraordinary degree on account of the presence of the grasshoppers. Six hairy woodpeckers had taken 157 locusts, and 193 other insects; four downy woodpeckers had eaten 165 locusts and 90 other insects; five yellow-bellied woodpeckers contained 130 'hoppers and 93 specimens of other species; six red-headed woodpeckers had devoured 149 locusts and 200 other insects; while eight flickers contained 252 of the 'hoppers against 149 insects of other species.

The extent to which the birds of prey fed upon the locusts would surprise the many people who look upon hawks and owls only as enemies of the poultry yard deserving extermination. One barn owl had eaten 39 locusts, 22 other insects, and a mouse. Eight screech owls contained 219 'hoppers and many more other insects, while nine burrowing owls had devoured 318 locusts. The hawks patterned after the owls. Six marsh hawks ate 249 locusts, while two Swainson's buzzards had devoured 129 of the pests.

Even the pigeons and gallinaceous birds which usually feed so largely upon grains and seeds added a considerable proportion of locusts to their diet. Professor Aughey writes that in locust years the wild turkey

makes the pests its principal food. Four sage cocks had eaten 190 grasshoppers, while the sharp-tailed grouse, prairie hen, and quail ate enormous numbers of them.

Passing now to the "shore birds" the records of the golden plover, the American snipe, the various sandpipers, godwits, tattlers, and curlews all tell the same story of locust destruction. Even the great blue heron, American bittern, and sand hill crane devoured the pests, while the rails and American coot added their efforts to subdue them. The snow goose, the Canada goose, and the various ducks—including the mallard, dusky duck, pintail, and blue-winged teal—contained quantities of 'hoppers. Two out of five white pelicans examined had varied their diet of crayfish and frogs by picking up locusts—one containing 41 and the other 67 specimens.

The gulls, including the black-backed, herring, ring-billed and Franklin's rosy gull, had eaten many grasshoppers, as had also the least and black tern.

It certainly would be difficult to obtain more striking evidence than this concerning the utility of birds in checking outbreaks of injurious insects. The fact that birds of all sorts and sizes, from the giant pelican to the tiny humming bird—birds of the prairie, the forest, the air, the shore, the sea, and the inland lake—fed to so large an extent upon the locusts proves beyond doubt that these feathered allies were using to its fullest extent a tremendous force to check the ranks of the invaders.

The birds have well been likened to a great standing army which can be concentrated at short notice upon any locality where an enemy appears. These records certainly show that the army is one that can be depended upon for active service in time of need.

THE VAUGHANS: A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

By Sarah Fenton Sanborn.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Vaughans traveled leisurely and sensibly. The susceptible boy drank rich draughts of storied lore as they sailed over the lakes of Killarney, explored the land of Burns and Scott, lingering for long in the literary shrines of Edinburgh. They watched the midnight sun in the far north and were charmed with the Scandinavian traditions as well as the customs and gracious politeness of the people.

Mr. Vaughan resolved to make further study of the Icelandic mythology. He had long believed the ancient Gaelic saying that Scandinavia was the mother of the nations, and that it had given more to us than even the Saxons and Anglos. Among the English lakes, Rydal Mount, Keswick and Grasmere were as household words. And at Oxford where hoary antiquity makes learning venerable, how quickly flew the hours searching the treasures of the Bodleian library and visiting the classic halls.

A row on the Thames was Victor's especial joy and reward enough for a well-earned lesson. Here he began to sketch under his tutor's skillful guidance.

Mr. Adams thought that drawing should be taught, like music, in all schools. "But nowadays," he sighed, "the camera catches a view in a flash and seems to mock at our painstaking pencillings."

"Yet," said Madame Vaughan, "the intrinsic value of a sketch by the hand of a friend, is that of the hand-wrought lace of Brussels to the products of the looms of Birmingham."

With what zest did our travelers enjoy the Rhine. To Mr. Adams it was the realization of a long-cherished dream.

His old father still lived in the ancestral home. Mr. Vaughan cheerfully consented to stay a week at Heidelberg while the tutor made the visit in a little hamlet a few miles away.

In the soul-satisfying gallery of Dresden, Victor drank his fill of his loved picture. In Paris he stood long before "The Winged Victory," and seemed transfixed.

"I wish we could have it in our grove where my angel mama lies sleeping."

Fair Leaman's shores had sacred associations for Alfred Vaughan. Here had he lived with his Victorine when a bride. *Beray, Lansanne, billeneure, Coppet!* What memories did they bring up. She had margined a beautiful copy of Corinne with illustrations of their favorite scenes. He took it to the garden of De Stäel, and plucking another English violet had placed it beside the faded one, kissed and laid there by her own fair hand. Ah me!

"Give but the scent of violets,
Beneath a dream-set sky,
And down the little winding way,
Walk memory and I."

Victor proved a fleet climber among the glaciers of the Alps. At Chamounix he watched the sunrise glories of Mount Blanc. At sunset, the after-glow, crowning its brow with the halo of unspeakable glory, hushed his reverent spirit to worship.

The next evening they were at Geneva. The tutor asked Mr. Vaughan to hear Victor recite Coleridge's "Hymn to Mount Blanc." "He learned it, sir, with but one hour's study."

"Admirable," said his father, "but do not overtrain him."

The child did not sleep that night. His room was next to his grandmother's, the corridor connecting them. At sunrise a tap on the window-door.

"Do look, Grandmother, there is Mount Blanc again." Quickly she threw a wrapper over her shoulders, and a shawl around the little form, and they gazed with inexpres-

sible rapture at the lofty, snow-crowned monarch, who rarely thus reveals himself to the expectant traveler.

In Florence, soul-satisfying, yet never to be satisfied, they took a villa among the acacias, where a touch of *home* came to them in the soft light of the blue Tuscan sky.

Their mornings were devoted to sculpture and painting in galleries, and also they visited the studios of modern artists. Mr. Vaughan was a *connoisseur*, and Mr. Adams reaped invaluable profit as well as pleasure from these visits.

The best society of Florence and Rome welcomed the Vaughans. Victor could be indulged and included in the social evenings at home, and at the houses of their friends, with propriety, although so young, while a daughter would have been kept in the nursery. Attentions were lavished upon the boy. His beauty of form, his intelligence and fine manners, withal so modest, won universal admiration. He seldom spoke unless asking for information, or replying to questions. A lady asked him if he saw the *Sistine Madonna* when in Dresden. "Oh yes, Madame, I thought Raphael painted it in heaven, because it is perfect."

"That boy," said Madame Bocca, *sotto voce*, to one near her, "that boy is one to whom

> 'The silver wands of saints in heaven
> Might point with rapturous joy.'"

Victor sat musing. Then, looking up, he said: "While I like the Sistine above all Madonnas, I *love* the little Christ in the Temple better because he is *doing something*."

In their villa among gardens and fountains, where red poppies and ferns and ivies made luxuriant beauty, the delicious air, the heavenly sunsets, and dreamy twilights always brought remembrances of their never-forgotten, dearly-loved California, and with it always a regret that the dear Bishop did not come with them.

They had made a moonlight visit to the Coliseum. "I fear," said Madame Vaughan (after Victor had gone to

bed), "that our dear boy has too much excitement. Isn't there danger of his brain being over-stimulated?"

"Oh no," said his father, "he is stronger than ordinary boys."

"Yes," rejoined the tutor, "I have never seen his equal. It is a delight to watch his eager interest and responsive intellect. I believe that in his mind's eye he actually saw that vast amphitheatre filled with living beings, and the arena covered with human gore."

Madame Vaughan shuddered. She had watched the boy's flashing eye and quivering lip, and in kissing him "good night" on his little bed, had felt his hot hand and burning cheeks and often heard him turning restlessly and muttering in his sleep.

She took her candle and left the two men alone. They talked long and earnestly.

"What an admirable foundation the boy will have for his college course," said Mr. Adams.

"Yes, my Greek professor said one day in class, 'Young gentlemen, I would give ten years out of my life if I could have spent one in my preparatory studies on the classic grounds of Greece and Rome.'"

"Victor is longing now to begin Greek, and he will have no such regrets when he takes a professor's chair."

Mr. Vaughan smiled. "Oh, that is looking far ahead for the little fellow."

With a sigh he rose and walked to the widow. If only Victorine could be the guiding star in his child's destiny. Who knows? Perhaps she may be. The thought brought a ray of comfort as he seated himself, and resumed:

"As to a college professorship, nothing is more honorable but it is very laborious. No matter how much a man loves it, it is wearing, and he is compelled to study small economies, for the salary is pitiful. It is a shame that some of the noble benefactions of the rich nowadays (and they are noble and grand) should not be given to make the professors independent. And they should receive, at least, 'half

pay,' as our army does when 'retired' from disability or age."

"But surely Victor will inherit such wealth that it could be no obstacle in his case," said Mr. Adams.

"Did you ever know a rich college professor?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"I think not," replied the tutor.

"Nor I," said Mr. Vaughan. "President Low is the only man of large wealth I have ever known in the presidency. It is better so. A sensitive incumbent of a struggling institution of learning would impoverish himself."

"What of the ministry?" asked the tutor.

"His grandmother would like that (to himself he said, 'and Victorine too'). I have thought that his intensely religious bias might lead him to the study of divinity."

"Do men of wealth often seek the ministry, sir? I think I have never known a rich minister."

"The zeal of some Catholic priests has brought great wealth to the church. Their 'vow of poverty,' makes this obligatory."

"But every one should work in some way, rich or poor," said Mr. Vaughan.

"What of the law, sir?"

"That would be my choice, decidedly. It is a family profession, I might say, inherited on both sides."

"Naturally, the care of so large an estate as yours requires much knowledge of the law."

"It does, and I believe it would be well for men of every profession to study the law as it affects individual interests. Every woman should know enough of law to manage her own property, or at least, to know how it is managed by another."

"I agree with you, sir."

"But, sir, would you advise political ambition in a young man?"

"If I could be sure of his becoming a statesman in the true sense of the term. Riches, I am sorry to say, may gain

high places without other qualifications. Our supreme court, I consider the highest vantage ground for an honorable man. It has never been bought. That our Victor may be a Christian gentleman, above every thing, I pray heaven."

"He cannot be otherwise," said the tutor.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE days at Cyprus were a rare treat. The unearthed tombs and their treasures, the ancient amphoral, and other curious antiques were politely exhibited by the explorers. One of them gave the wondering boy a bracelet and some rare coins, and they told him that the soil he walked upon covered the remains of seven different dynasties.

"But, Papa," he said, when alone with him, "I like better my simple gold ring with the cross and lamb and fish carved on it that the Christian maiden wore in the Catacombs."

They were standing on Mars hill. From the little worn Testament that Mr. Vaughan always carried in his pocket, he read aloud the noble address of Paul to the men of Athens. He explained to Victor that Paul's courteous politeness did not fail him, that the word "superstitious" should be translated "religious," for he knew that the Greeks had their religions.

"But, Papa, how could Paul say too religious? We can't be too religious can we?"

Among the savants and archæologists of Athens two weeks sped swiftly away. Victor grieved that he did not know Greek, "for Christ spoke in that language," he said.

Around the Sea of Galilee they lingered lovingly. They watched the changing shadows in reflected hills and trees. They saw it in calm and storm, and when it glowed like a gem of crystal in the moonlight and starlight.

Victor sang,

"In the lilies by the sea,
Christ was born in Galilee."

"It is as beautiful as our own Lake Tahoe, Grandmother," he said. "Now if we only had Christ here with us."

Mr. Adams was touched as never before. It seemed to him that the Divinity brooded over the face of the waters crystalizing the grand old truths of the New Birth and the Resurrection.

When Mr. Vaughan proposed to the tutor a swim in the lake, Victor whispered to him, "Papa, I think it would be wrong to swim in this lake, and grandmother thinks so, too."

"Well, then, suppose we compromise on a sail."

All agreed.

As Victor went off with Mr. Adams to engage a boat, Mr. Vaughan, a little troubled, asked his mother if Victor's organ of veneration might not be developed into superstition. "Do you really think," he said earnestly, "that bathing in the waters of Galilee would be a profanation?"

"For myself," she replied, "I could not indulge in it any more than I could in the waters of the Jordan, that are consecrated now for baptismal services the world over."

"Well, here is the boat."

It was manned by six swarthy Arabs who moved their oars with solemn precision. Slowly they made the round of the lake, stopping at all points that are associated with the scenes of the teachings to the multitudes. Victor knew all the parables and stories by heart.

All listened as the child repeated them. In his enthusiasm he stood, his hat thrown off, and the sun shining through a soft mist made an aureole round his head. The dragsman, the Arabs, scarce understanding the words, fell under the spell. Mr. Adams said long afterwards, "It was good to be there."

Easter Eve found them within the gates of the Holy City.

Very early in the morning, as the Sabbath dawned, they came onto the sepulchre, the sacred place where the angels had beheld the triumph of Our Lord, the apotheosis of immortality. *Surrexit—Vere surrexit*, was the salutation of all whom they met.

They stood and watched the first glimpse of the sunrise; gloriously it shone.

"It is so glad, it danced for very joy," said Victor.

"It is as though the New Jerusalem let down from heaven," said his grandmother.

"If I could but see Victorine!" sighed Alfred.

"Not now, my son, but trust and you shall know that Death is swallowed up in Victory."

Distinctly, as from the open heavens, those waiting, longing hearts seemed to hear, in sweeter than any mortal tones, "Sorrow, not even as others which have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Victorine, Victory, Victor.

The boy's upturned face was glorified as it were an angel's, "I hear you, Mama; I am coming."

His lithe form swayed like an aspen leaf, as he tottered and fell into his father's arms.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Is the fever broken yet, Doctor?"

Pale and haggard with anxious watching at the bedside of the sick boy, Mr. Vaughan's heart and hope sank at the doctor's reply.

"No, not yet. This Roman fever is a hard thing to fight, especially in such a delicate nervous organization."

"Oh, Alfred, can we not say, 'Thy will be done,'" and the worn-out grandmother knelt by his side in prayer.

And Dr. Wilkes wiped away the thick falling tears from his own eyes that rarely wept.

* * * * * * * * * *

A marble mausoleum gleams white among the acacias at

Vaughan Place in the copse down by the summer-house. The golden robins sing there, as of old, these April mornings. The meadow-lark's thrill salutes the sun at Easter, the bees suck the honey-suckles, and the humming-birds drink their fill from the font nearby, and "The Winged Victory" keeps watch and ward over the sweet resting-place of Victorine and Victor.

The English violets grow nowhere else so sweetly,

"And down the little winding way"

still walks the lonely mourner, his heart in heaven, but a great throng of youth, as the years roll on, I seem to see, in unnumbered procession, who shall rise up and call him blessed.

[*The end.*]

LIFE ON THE MAGALLOWAY.

(Written 1856.)

By Col. Reuben Y. Stepandfetchit (Henry O. Kent).

(Name on the roster of "The Regulators," a college society of the early fifties.)

III.

LAYING aside minor considerations, the party commenced attacks upon the unsuspecting trout. One party claimed the ground at the outlet of the Diamond; another, the rapids, and a third the pool beneath the dam of an ancient mill, two miles up the stream, and at night, despite the assiduous attention of the black flies, our firkins gave evidence that our labor had not been in vain.

Sleeping as we did the first night of our arrival, at the house upon the premises. the batteau had not been relieved of her load. As the camp was now fixed, supplies were necessary. Brisket and the Colonel volunteered to unload her, and accordingly started on their mission; dropping down the stream to find a bank nearer of access to the camp. the boat was carried under a bank of twenty feet perpendicular to, perhaps, fifteen base, the weight of the stores, added to the velocity of the current, rendered it injudicious to attempt to again search for a landing, so securing their craft the process commenced. The lighter articles were transported with comparative ease, and our heroes were congratulating themselves on their good success, when the Colonel attempted the ascent with a heavy package, containing those articles most in use in camp life.

Brisket, to render all secure, followed behind ready to sustain his illustrious predecessor, when, with a slide, the bank gave way, tendering to the participants a gratuitous ride to the water; after renewed efforts, with reeking brows, the load was safely landed, but it required the broad shoulders of Nat to deposit it in camp.

Supper over, collecting wood comes next. Soon the parties were out and the sound of axe and hatchet rung merrily adown the shores of the Diamond. After due time the roaring fire in front demonstrated our prowess. Large fires are pleasant in camp life; large fires are essential and, we may say, indispensible, but a large fire with a heavy wind in front, although, perhaps, all of these is, to say the least, decidedly *un*pleasant, and very apt to elicit unphilosophical remarks. Such was our case. Determined not to bow to the smoke-wreaths, we lay with heads encased in blankets for two mortal hours, when the wind shifted, affording us remuneration for our discomfort. Not a cloud was visible.

the air clear and pure, rendering distant objects remarkably distinct. The birches, with glistening trunks, seemed sentries upon the line between the two states, the bald summit of Escohas, relieved against the sky, loomed in silent massiveness, while the nearer peak of Mt. Dustin was clothed in silvery radiance, above all the music of the dashing river. Norman, awakened from a sound sleep, gazed in silent admiration, and at last exclaimed,

"Oh, for wings that I might soar to yonder pinnacle and there build me an eyre in which to dwell!"

"Too poetical! Too poetical, sir, for a fishing party," cries Brisket. "Nothing will do for you but a dose of sleep, so turn in, sir, turn in, e'er we are obliged to resort to a straight jacket," and without more ado, he was unanimously voted insane, and doomed, as a penalty, to attend the remainder of the night to the fire, where he could indulge in his outbursts of romance without disturbing the more serious minded. Owing to accident to our compass we were at a loss to determine our bearings. Accordingly, observations were made upon the Pole star and a meridian obtained. Heaping up the big logs in front, with a parting injunction to Norman, the party turned in by the less enthusiastic Nat, and were soon oblivious.

Morning saw the crowd on their way to their allotted grounds. Owing to the rains the waters were swollen and everything inauspicious, yet by time for the morning meal quite a string had been obtained, and reader, such a meal! Be it known as a fact, as an axiom, if the word suiteth you better, that under no culinary process do the trout of the forest streams retain their delicious flavor, except when cooked in the woods, and in the fashion of the woods. Cooked with the never-to-be-forgotten pork, spread upon slices of sweet brown bread and eaten with the jack-knife and forked stick, a sensation of epicurean luxury, unattainable in any other way, is experienced. Nat, Brisket, and the Colonel, in a three hours' cruise in the *Bernice*, were the lucky recipients of *three trout!* One per hour for the whole! Equivalent to one third of a trout per man. After this brilliant attempt this method was discontinued. Grumbling at their ill luck they rejoined their companions, reflected that reverses are the common lot of mortals, devoured a hearty allowance of pork and bread, smoked, and felt resigned. The fishing of the day ended. Again the fuel was backed from the adjacent woods, and again, over our camp-fire we enjoyed ourselves.

As evening drew on quite an addition to our party was made. Mr. Durkee and his men, who were at the clearing near by, finding it impossible (as we supposed) to resist the seductive influences of our dulcet voices, made us a call. Room was soon found for the assembled company, and song and joke passed freely round. Even the wind, respecting our situation, soothed its breaths; time flew insensibly until the night was far spent. Arranging the parties for the morrow, we slept.

Morning dawned, and with it came heavy rain. As we had determined to spend but this day on the Diamond, we were not to be deterred from our plans, and were soon astir. Not wishing to disturb our acquisitions,

reposing so tranquilly in the firkins, old haunts were visited and enough secured for breakfast. As the ground around the camp had been already too thoroughly fished, Norman and the Colonel had determined on an excursion to the forks, distant one mile up the stream.

Pushing through the dripping forest, after an exceedingly tiresome tramp, they reached the confluence of the Dead with the Swift Diamond, and proceeded down the stream. Traveling upon the shores was nearly impossible, so dense was the undergrowth, and so precipitous the banks. The river here is a mountain torrent, which, by some convulsion, cleft a passage through the mountains on either hand. To the right and left, for rods down its course, cliffs to the height of two hundred feet hedge it in, and in some places so nearly do they converge, that trees upon their crests interlace their boughs over the chasm; fortunately at these places the water was shallow and our adventurers were enabled to ford the stream or pass down its channel in a straight course. Here they encountered huge boulders, in the centre of the stream, worn smooth as by friction of the waters, and debris swept over them. Reaching an overhanging cliff, they were passing on a projecting shelf a foot, perhaps, beneath the surface of the water around it, when a dark, oval-shaped opening in the solid rock was discovered. No ray of light penetrated it, nor would their rods reach the end or walls. Having with them no torch, and being unwilling to risk themselves within its recesses without, they were obliged to leave it unexplored. At last a place was reached where further progress seemed at an end. On either hand rose the precipices; above, the swift water they had passed, presented an uninviting aspect, while below, a fall of fifteen feet among jagged rocks, together with the roaring torrent, was an idea not be be entertained. Here was a poser; go forward they could not; go back, at least, they would not if they could.

"Well, Norman, shall this channel be our abiding place, or how shall we escape from it?" demanded his companion.

"Up the rocks, up the rocks, there must be a place,—at all events, we 'll try," is the reply.

And at last a *place* is found immediately over the fall. The rock, about twenty feet in height, was seamed with fissures found to be sufficiently large for the insertion of the fingers; inclining, perhaps, five degrees from a perpendicular, this cliff offered the only outlet.

"I am the lighter and will try it first; if I succeed you can follow," said the Colonel, as throwing the rod down the stream and tightening his belt he prepared for the ascent.

No foothold was there, but drawing himself slowly up, hand after hand, he proceeded, pausing occasionally to rest,—the summit was attained after great exertion.

Norman followed, the trout suspended from his teeth by their string. The remainder of the way was comparatively easy, although, by their own acknowledgment they rejoiced to see the flag floating from the tent-pole. This night, a hawk, measuring five feet from tip to tip, was shot by a man at the clearing.

Again we slept, and again awoke.

After a previous awakening in the watches of the night, at the unsuccessful termination of a copartnership, formed between Brisket and the Colonel, Brisket's blanket being light and the night promising to be cold, they had arranged to lay one blanket upon the boughs, lying themselves upon that, with the Colonel's for a covering; this being deemed a very equitable arrangement, was acceeded to. About 2 a. m., the latter individual awaking, saw his blanket extended upon Brisket, and forgetting the existing circumstances, deliberately stripped him, snugly rolled himself up and went in for a snooze. A little later, Brisket, feeling the night wind, awoke to find himself robbed. Springing to his feet he declaimed in violent language at the act, protesting by all the saints in the calendar against it. Suffice it to say that during the remainder of the trip the copartnership was not renewed.

Learning that a boat was to proceed to the settlement, several of the company engaged themselves in writing letters to friends from the "camp on the Big Diamond;" this though rather troublesome by reason of the smoke, was persisted in until the various documents were committed to the hands of the carrier. It was at this time that Nat related to us the story of his escape from death, while passing over Hadley's Falls on the Connecticut. The event was chronicled in the papers of the day, and is here given in Nat's own words. Suffice it to say that during its narration, the closest attention was given, and even now the story lingers in the ears of the listeners.

"On the second of June, 1838, we started from Lebanon, on the Connecticut, with twelve boxes of lumber. I was cook, we had a caboose on the boxes and laid there nights; we ran to Bellows Falls and laid there one day, because we could not operate through the locks, but we got through about half past eight in the evening, when we hitched our boxes together and ran to Brattleboro. It rained all night, and a tedious night it was, too. When we got down to Miller's upper dam we noticed a horse that had floated down stream and over the dam; we stood and looked at it for a long time to see how it would plunge under and float back, and afterwards when I went over, every one supposed I would be carried back and forth in the same way and with the same result. We ran through the locks here and down the horse race about a mile to what is called the Tunnel; then we rigged on side oars and rowed four miles to Miller's lower dam. There we were bothered by other boxes, which kept us another day; we got through those locks just at night and ran from there nearly to South Hadley, tied up a while, and ran in the next morning.

"On Wednesday, June 6, we ran down to the Charter ground. The boxes were under the command of Captain Dinsmore and Captain Pease; we here seperated and ran to the head of the canal in four minutes, a distance of one mile. The first raft ran into an eddy below Pulpit Rock, and whirled round several times, but after some difficulty they got it into the canal. Mr. Haven, the owner of the lumber, stopped at the head of the canal to

get rigging and help, but could not find any one; however, he got a heavy piece of rigging and stood at the head of the canal ready to assist us. I said, if the route was so dangerous, I should take a land track, but Captain Pease needed my help and I went. I got on to the box with Captain Dinsmore and his son, and one other man; we ran by Pulpit Rock into the eddy, which struck the raft so hard that it split it in two, sunk the fore end twelve feet, and threw the stern into the strongest of the current. As we whirled, Dinsmore went to get some rigging, and the corner of the raft striking the wharf, his son jumped off. Dinsmore threw the rope to him, but he missed it, then the raft whirled the second time, and farther into the stream, so there was no chance to throw a rope. This eddy we were in was about 150 rods above the dam. At this time Dinsmore sung out to Haven to get a boat and take us off, or we should all be drowned.

Haven answered that there was no boat or man there. On looking up the river we saw two boats, and two men on shore, but the wind blew so hard we could not raise them. Dinsmore threw off some planks and attempted to get ashore. I did the same. When he asked me to get ropes and lash ourselves to the planks so our bodies would be found, I said to him, "I can get on shore, and by thunder I will." I struggled desperately for the shore and got within a few rods but could not reach it. The water boiled so that swimming was impossible. A big ledge was below, and I knew that I must not hit that, so I forced my plank up and down the stream, and attempted to pull off my boots, but could not start them. I knew that I always had done it easily, and on looking at my hands found that they were trembling violently, thinks I—Am I frightened?—and taking a minute to collect my nerves I went at work again, pulled off my boots and stock, unbuttoned my shirt collar and rolled up my sleeves. I looked on shore and saw Haven on the canal, and a great number of men and women screaming and shouting. I turned to Haven and bowed to him, shut my eyes and laid down on my plank and did not look ashore again.

I went swiftly toward the dam, ten feet high, with the intention of jumping from the top, to clear the boil below. When I got within two rods I saw it was no use to jump. I stepped toward the rear of the plank until it was under water and the front end out of it. When it came upon the dam it shot over the boil, throwing the front end high out of water. I jumped for the forward end, clasped it with my hands, and holding on went under water. I suppose I was rolling backward and forwards in the boil, like the horse we had seen at Miller's dam; the water boiled so hard it stripped my pantaloons open in no time. After being under water two or three minutes I came out, and found myself thirty rods below the dam. I then felt as though I was safe for a moment. I turned my head and looked down the river toward the breakers, ten or twelve feet high, and on which I was running as fast as the water would carry me; thinking my head was softer than the

rocks, I turned on my plank and met the first breaker feet foremost; the current was so swift, and the rolls so high, it threw me ten or twelve feet, plank and all, clear from the water into the air, the plank tipped, and we went to the bottom. We struck on a rock so sudden and hard, I could see fire fly two miles off; then we rose and rode over another breaker, being thrown by it still higher into the air.

In this way I went on, over one breaker and under another, for about a mile, till I got completely exhausted. When I got down to the last breaker I looked up to the water twenty-five feet high as it came down on me and drove me under. I then gave up all hopes of getting out, having swallowed so much water and being so bruised. I was gone a long time under water, came out and for a time lay insensible. I came to, and looking down the river saw Dinsmore who had been carried over on the raft. I held up my hand to him and he nodded his head in reply. I raised myself on the plank and freed myself from a large quantity of water. Next I looked for some assistance, but could see nothing but Dinsmore passing down and screaming for help. I was then in very swift water—but with few breakers; turning on my plank I commenced swimming for the shore. I found I could use my hands, but not my feet; after going about a third of a mile, I reached a little point that ran into the river, with a few dry willows upon it. There was one single stalk, about the size of a pipe stem, which stood out a foot further than the rest. I just had length of arm enough to reach that with my thumb and finger. I pulled gradually upon it, but did not bend it at all for fear it would break. You can imagine how I handled it; that swung me in, so I caught some green brush in my hand and drew myself about half out of the water. I lay there for some minutes, thinking I never would try to get farther out of the water, and felt ready to die.

Lying there thinking I never would get up, but stay and die, I heard the shrieks of Dinsmore,—louder and louder,—"For God's sake help! Come and get me off!" This seemed to stimulate me so, I got up very quick. I pulled my plank out on shore and looked after Dinsmore; I saw him in an eddy on the other side, and as he caught my eye he motioned with his hand down the stream. I started to go down and on looking at my arms, found them badly cut by the plank and bleeding freely; going down I discovered a small boat, unhitched it, and stepped in, when my arms bled so I was afraid to proceed; looking across, I saw Dinsmore beckoning to two men in good boats, and heard him cry above the roar of the river, "For God's sake come!" he then turned to me and holding up both his hands shrieked out,—"For God's sake, come and help me!" I could hesitate no longer, but pushed off; rowing for a minute I found I made no head way; thinking perhaps I had lost my strength I pushed on shore, but on a second trial found I was master of the boat, though at each pull the blood flew from my arms; rowing up, with a great deal of difficulty, I got around and across the broken boards and reached the

raft. Dinsmore, frantic with terror, tumbled into the boat crying, "Let me row! let me row! or we shall all go over the wing dam!" Knowing this was no time for him at the oars, and unless he remained still we should perish, I rose in the boat, and threatened to split his head with the oar unless he was quiet; there was something in my eye that stilled him, for he sat down and left me at the oars,—rowing for life, we landed on the shore just above the dam. Soon after I landed, Captain Pease came through the bushes to the beach, ringing his hands and crying that he thought he was the means of my being lost, as it was he who persuaded me to come down on the box.

It rained hard and I was chilled through and through, but I managed to walk to Moody's, up the stream, and raise strength to ask for a coat, which they refused to me, and said I was crazy and should live but a little while. How I got the next four miles to the Charter Ground through the woods, in the rain, without hat, or coat, and barefoot, I can't tell. At last I did, and saw Haven standing in the door; as he saw me he cried out "O God! Oh God!" and staggered into the house. I followed after, but for a long time he would not look at me, and when he did he thought it was my apparition. When I went over the dam, he threw himself on his face on the ground, and gave me up for lost.

"For two years I was unable to work, and even now I have not recovered from the effects of the ride. That afternoon I went out by the side of the water, and although the rain poured down in floods, I could not leave, but watched the breakers where I had been; I could see every thing I went through with, the place where I gave myself up for dead, and every incident, and, boys, I can see them now."

As a finale, to this tale, let it be told that Mr. Jones near the falls has the identical plank, inscribed,—"Went over Hadley's Falls, with Nathaniel B. Cooper, June 6, 1838."

Fishing having become tiresome—as it always does when no fish are near—camp was struck and we embarked. On passing the house at the clearing, a hip hurrah! ended our farewell to Durkee, "long may he wave!" The river since our passage up, had fallen considerably, rendering it necessary to wade over the shallow places. Brisket and the colonel usually attended to this duty.

On one bar when much exertion was requisite, Brisket, not jumping for the boat in season, found himself immersed to the neck in mountain water. On one shoal an oar was broken, materially retarding our progress. Dining on board, on a bill of fare with which all are sufficiently acquainted; at 3 p. m. we were at the mouth of the Magalloway; passing up the Androscoggin, in another hour we were on Lake Umbagog. The country around is low and marshy; booms stretching in all directions are needed to prevent timber from drifting among adjacent shoals and woods. This body of water lying north and south is nine miles in length and four in width; the line between the states of New Hampshire and Maine, running through its entire length, equi-distant from

either shore.[1] From the centre of the lake a fine view of the White Mountain range is obtained, while to the east, toward Bethel, Maine, a fine farming territory well tilled, is exposed to view.

On leaving the Diamond, it was our intention to camp this night either at the outlet of B brook, or at "Cedar stump," on the rapids between the lakes. So, without detaining the reader with the minutiae of camp life, ere we again proceed down the Androscoggin to the limits of habitations, let us glance at the scenery of the region.

Of the chain of lakes extending far back into Maine, Umbagog is the southerly one; crossing this and proceeding up the rapid water four miles the tourist finds himself at another lake or pond, the Indian name of which is obsolete, but christened by the whites "Pond in the River." One mile more and Allagundabagog is attained; this lake is separated by a promontory from Weloknabakook, its next neighbor, which again joins Mollachunkamok; from here a carry of three fourths mile brings us to Mooselaukmaguntik, and another to Cupsuptuc and Rangeley. Here the lakes proper terminate; several minor ponds extend farther into the interior, of which those named Kennebago, are the more remote.

These lakes furnish an immense water-power when husbanded in the way mentioned on a previous page. The dams are splendid specimens of work, and admirably adapted to their purpose. As one proceeds up these lakes, the timber becomes more dense, until at the upper extremity an unlimited amount can be obtained. The land is rich and level and well adapted to farming. Of the future of this section no one can predict. Who shall not say that over these silent mirrors of Nature's handiwork the clank of the engine and the screech of the steam whistle shall not be heard? While tearing over waving fields and by mansions of wealth and refinement, the locomotive shall come to receive from his sister of the waters her living freight.[2] Or who shall say that when, perchance, the national star has culminated, red denizens of the forest may not inhabit the hunting grounds of their forefathers and gather at the grave of the wife of their chieftain, Metallok?

Time hurried on, and we were at our camp at Pouloughan Creek, the only noticeable incidents of the cruise being a discourse on Catholicism and the immersion of Brisket in the pond at Errol, as the bows of the Bernice grated on the beach.

Camping once more, morning saw us wending our devious way over the log at the creek, remembering as we passed our pretty craft, to wake the sleeping woods with one loud huzza as a parting salutation. Proudly may she float, and as her dainty prow dances o'er the waters of the upper lakes, or cleaves the billows of the rapids below, may she ever bear so jovial a crew as were present at her christening.

Nat had promised us a chowder, a veritable chowder, at the notch, so procuring vegetables on the road, we waited in anxious expectancy. The notch, at length, rose before us. A

[1] Error as the writer discovered later, in the survey of the state line in 1858.

[2] Fully realized at the present time, 1898, in the annual migration to "the Rangeleys."

part of the party were to climb to Table rock, while the remainder arranged the culinary department. At it we went, with determinations of sufficient calibre to reach the pinnacle in advance of telegraph.

Experience soon moderated our zeal and we progressed more cautiously. No path is constructed, nor does the nature of the cliff permit it. Up over huge blocks, rent from the parent mass, now climbing by hands alone, now leaping from some jagged stone crumbling beneath, we proceeded to the base of the pinnacle. Here a slide, clogged with the débris of rock, affords the only access to the summit. By the aid of a stunted fallen pine we drew ourselves to the top, and passing over a rock three feet in width and a rod in length, stood on Table rock. Down, down, far beneath, waved the woods and crumbled the rocks of our path. The sensations on this point are beyond description, save of utter insignificance. And as the huge rocks loosened from their beds, darted with a shriek through seven hundred feet of ether, and ground and thundered on the cliffs beneath, a sense of terror and nothingness impossible to delineate crept over the beholders. Inscribing our names, planting our flag, and firing our salute, we left this drear pinnacle in its loneliness. No view is obtained. After all the obstacles encountered, the descent is hazardous in the extreme, loosened rocks rolling past, sometimes whiz with fearful velocity by the pedestrian. Yet fatiguing as is the ascent, it has been tried by ladies, and rumor asserts that several have succeeded in reaching the crest. This season, even, a party proceeded to the base of the pinnacle. *That* they did it is certain; *how* they did it is a mystery. That this notch should not be behind its coadjutors, a splendid profile stands in full relief upon one side, fully equalling its brother at Franconia.

On arriving at the dining place the chowder smoked before us, and such a chowder. Go, ye grumbling epicures and in Dixville notch partake of one of Nat's chowders, if ye would eat Nature's daintiest morsel!

Colebrook was reached and Columbia. At Stratford a court was in session, which demanded, in the name of the law, Norman, Nat, and the Colonel, as witnesses, who, with unkempt hair and greasy shirts, represented, in a striking degree, the glorious sovereignty of the people. Leaving here, the slanting rays of the sun shone upon a dusty crew, as with tired horses they perambulated the streets of Lancaster. With great circumspection did Brisket rein the steeds alongside Nat's shop—our supply depot—as with a last flourish of the whip, he succeeded in forcing the pole of the vehicle through the north end of the old Main Street bridge, thus putting an effectual stop to further procedure.

[*The end.*]

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

By E. D. Hadley, President S. A. R., Des Moines, Iowa.

"As you are now so once was I,
Full of activity;
As I am now so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

THIS is an epitaph, not poetry. As to an exhortation, it is energetic; as to certainty, it is vague as regards both condition and destination. Theologically, it is committed to no creed. Whither one is to follow the deceased, up or down, the epitapher saith not. But it is to be taken seriously as befits its solemn purpose.

Following the windings of a nearly disused road along the side of one of the Granite Hills of old South Weare, where the interlocking branches of the beeches, oaks, hemlocks, and pines form a beautiful vaulted corridor, dimly lighted like some ancient man-made place of worship, I see in an enclosure bounded by a rude stone wall, a marble slab inscribed with the name, Captain Samuel Philbrick, with the usual necrological statistics and the lines above quoted inscribed according to the custom of the olden time. Here, then, lies a hero of 1776, aye, of 1775, for he fought at Bunker Hill. He was a member of the Committee of Safety, the soldier of highest rank from his town, and a member of the legislature of his state, who died with the halo of patriotism about his hoary head. He sleeps beneath the dome of nature's grandest temple—giant trees are its noble columns, and the canopy of Heaven the ceiling between the groined arches, while the sighing of the wind through the boughs of the pine trees is forever his funeral dirge.

With bowed head and in silence, I read the brief record and wonder if he was appreciated by his neighbors while living, or, if there was a ripple in the placid surface of society when death claimed the hero. There, then, where stately Mount Dearborn and graceful Mount Odiorne guard his humble resting place, I recall these lines of Gray's "Elegy:"

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

Through valleys, over hills and around mountain spurs I follow the sinuous road, and, in another private graveyard on the tablet let into the moss-covered stone façade of a tomb, I read the brief record of the life of another patriot of 1776, who, as a member of the colonial legislature, helped raise the men and commissioned their commander, who marched to the field of Bennington, and under General John Stark, gave the first staggering blow to the career of General Burgoyne and his army of red coats, Hessians, tories, and savages, and who laid off the toga, shouldered his musket and marched to Fort Edward himself, and was among the beleaguering

troops when Burgoyne's army surrendered at Saratoga.

Standing mute before the tomb of this, my ancestor, whose name modesty forbids me here to attempt to immortalize, I wonder if he appreciated the greatness of the issues involved in the struggle and the far-reaching beneficence of its results to the successful achievement of which, he, in his humble sphere, contributed.

Across a field I pass through a gap in the stone wall into the public cemetery where for a century the dead have been buried, and read with reverence the brief, unsentimental epitaph on a stone discolored by age, and leaning far out of the perpendicular, of one who fought at Fort George against the French and Indians in 1756, and in 1776 marched to the aid of our army in Canada and to Rhode Island to repel the British in 1778. Did not his blood flow in my own veins, I would here insert his honored though very humble name.

When the wars were over and white-winged peace descended upon a land wrested by the valor of its freemen from the grasp of the oppressor, it is to be hoped that in their beautiful land they "Enjoyed the peace their valor won."

These men were all the product of a unique civilization maintained in the wilderness where the schoolmaster came not, where the elegancies of society gave way to the necessities of wringing a plain, frugal support from an unwilling soil in a rigorous climate; where life was a ceaseless struggle with nature, amid dangers from wild beasts and the impending cruelties of savages more to be dreaded than brute beasts whose attacks are urged on by hunger, and who only kill but do not torture. Their natures were strong but unrefined. Their minds were destitute of the culture of the schools but enriched by strong common sense. Their insight into their rights as men and citizens was clear, and their reasoning upon liberty and justice was cogent if not scholarly. Their devotion to the patriot cause could not have been more ardent if they had matriculated at Oxford or Cambridge.

In an old cemetery of the Stark family, in the same state, overlooking the beautiful Merrimack, I stand with uncovered head before the simple, unornate marble shaft erected to the memory of Major-General John Stark, the hero of Bennington, and Bunker Hill, and Trenton, that "brave, passionate and self-willed" man, "whose fitting place was the battle field," whose irascible temper forbade that popularity and success in civil life which characterized him as a military man. His faults in life have long since been consigned to oblivion, but his patriotic virtues still survive, and his memory is honored in a land whose independence he was prominent and signally efficient in securing. As I stand there I wonder if his vision penetrated into the future so as to discern the greatness of the nation he was helping to establish on the sure foundation of independence and civil freedom. "His early companions were hunters, fishermen and Indians," says the historian. That rugged nature was made no less rugged by the life of a woodsman and the harsh exigencies of

border warfare with savages and other foes of the colonies. But the love of liberty grew and throve and without the aid of the schools or of philosophies blossomed and ripened into a patriotism which shone with unexcelled splendor when the crucial test came upon his country. Peacefully he sleeps, and from his grave we look down upon the falls of Amoskeag, whose continuous roaring sounds his requiem forevermore.

I stand beneath the apex of the monument of Bunker Hill and look upon that varied scene of street and grove, of city and suburb, of gilded dome and tapering spire, of rivers and islands, of sailing ships and moving trains, of land and ocean, the storm center of tyrannical misrule in 1775, that Boston which was chosen for martyrdom in the cause of a protesting and defiant American people, and am impressed with the magnificent contradiction of the malevolent and ill-judged plans of a British king and parliament whose coercion of Massachusetts through the humiliation and ruin of her chief city and proud capital failed to coerce and only perfected and united the resistance of the colonies. How great and grand she has grown since the accursed hand of tyranny was lifted from her citizens, her commerce, and manufactures. But then comes back to me the scene of the continentals in and about the redoubt on whose ground the monument stands, the pick and spade plied in the trenches, the latter manned by a motley array of patriots armed with a more motley collection of guns and rifles, the words of command, the set jaws, and flashing eyes, the redcoats advancing up the hill in perfect military array like automatons or puppets moved by concealed mechanism, the ships and batteries flaming with the continuous bombardment of the redoubt, the sky blackened by the conflagration of Charlestown burned by vandal hands, the murderous din of war, the patriots waiting for the word of command.

In fancy I hear General Stark, who has set a stake in front of his line down toward the Mystic river, in stentorian tones commanding, "There, don't a man fire till the red coats come up to that stick. If he does, I'll knock him down." Or, the voice of Captain Samuel Philbrick saying, "Steady men, don't fire till you get the word." Or the voice of General Prescott:

> "Stand, the ground's your own, my braves,
> Will you give it up to slaves?
> Hope ye still for greener graves?
> Hope ye mercy still?
> What's the mercy despots feel?
> Hear it in yon battle peal,
> See it in yon glistening steel,
> Ask it ye who will."

Banishing from my sight the disheartening end of that struggle, I in fancy see the British sailing away in March, 1776, in inglorious retreat from Boston—Boston, never to be under the dominion of Great Britain again—and Washington and his triumphant patriot forces marching in as liberators.

Coming in contact with the mementoes of past valor and the scenes of past struggles for liberty to which I have alluded, I feel that I am in the invisible presence of great deeds, unrivaled valor, a peerless patriotism and the spirits of departed heroes, whose example cannot be too carefully garded, whose deeds are worthy

of most earnest commendation, and whose services to freedom are priceless, whose memories cannot be too highly cherished, the fruits of whose triumph cannot receive a care that is too solicitous.

For the preservation of these priceless possessions, for the impressions of these lessons upon the people of of to-day, for the honoring of the patriot dead of the last third of the eighteenth century in America, we are organized together, and, on the occasion of this initial meeting of our chapter, I cannot forget the occasion of our existence as a society, and desire to discharge what I conceive to be my duty to my compatriots by exhorting them to keep steadily in view, as I shall try to do, the objects to which I have alluded so briefly.

Among the patriotic orders of these days, the Sons of the American Revolution hold an honorable place. The order is young and growing, and its growth is in proportion to the completeness of the information brought home to those eligible to membership as to its principles, its objects, and its work. It is not maintained to make opportunities for the members to admire themselves and each other on account of the patriotic stock from which they are descended. No one knows better than its members that the estimate in which the order is held does not depend so much upon who their ancestors were as upon what they are.

Not to draw attention to ourselves, accidentally connected by ties of consanguinity with a generation of patriots, not to shine with the borrowed radiance of others' renown, but by emphasizing the patriotism of the fathers of the republic, to instill lessons of patriotism into the minds of the people of to-day in America and their children for the well-being of our country, we are associated together.

The patriotic lessons of history we cannot teach except we learn them. To learn these lessons fully, or approximately, we must be zealous in the study of our country's history, an ever-delightful occupation since that history has been glorious.

We can prove the value of the existence of our organization by doing efficient work for patriotism.

JONATHAN'S PREPARATIONS.

By Lois D. Beck.

JONATHAN SPURLING pulled off his great coat and held his cold, red hands over the glowing range.

"'T was a pooty nippin' air up town to-day, Sary," he observed. "You 'd have wisht you was to home if you 'd went."

Jonathan could be depended upon for this remark. In summer he varied it to "It 's pipin' hot on the road this mornin'," or some other appropriate allusion to atmospheric conditions. He was but a little man at best, and divested of his great coat his limited proportions became almost pathetic; one was instinctively

aware that he would have been larger had it been possible. An insignificant beard adorned his chin, and a pair of cerulean spectacles concealed his mild blue eyes. He was not a person of many words at any time, and to-night it was very evident that something was distracting his mind.

He pondered solemnly until pumpkin pie was passed. Cutting off the crust with mathematical precision, he inquired vaguely,

"Sary, you donno where's there's a kind of a snuggery like, do you?"

"A kind of a what?" wonderingly asked his sister.

"Well, Sary, I've got a leetle matter here," tapping the sides of his coat, suggestively, "that I'm goin' to put away for safe keepin'."

Mrs. Tibbetts's suspicions were immediately aroused.

"My seven senses, Jonathan! what have you been and done?"

Jonathan quailed perceptibly, but he made a dignified attempt to maintain his position.

"You see, Sary," he explained in a propitiatory tone, "the times are pooty ticklish and I've been worried for quite a spell back along. I ain't got so much that I care about losin' any on't."

"I declare, Jonathan Spurling, if you ain't one nimshi! The money a drawin' four per cent., too. Henniker Savings bank has never failed yet."

"That ain't a sayin' it never will. It stands us in hand to be prepared. You dunno a good place do you, Sary?" he asked again, with visible hesitation.

"I ain't a goin' to have nothin' to do with it," announced Mrs. Tibbetts, with dignity. "All I've got to say is I give you credit for more sense. How much do you suppose that four thousands goin' to draw rapped up in a stockin' leg?"

"Do you jedge that's a fittin' place, Sary?" asked Jonathan, eagerly. "I dunno 's any body 'd think of lookin' there, still it don't seem skercely suitable."

But Mrs. Tibbetts gathered up her supper dishes in grim silence.

"It 's past milkin' time, Sary, and your old white face ain't particular about standin', you know," said Jonathan, as a gentle reminder that suggestions would be appreciated. "I s'pose the stockin' might do, come to a pinch," he added, humbly.

At last, Mrs. Tibbetts said with lofty condescension,

"I dunno of a likelier place than —" at this point she cast an apprehensive glance through the window, and lowered her voice to a cautious whisper. "It don't seem as though nobody would find it there, does it, Jonathan?" she asked.

Jonathan admitted that it did not, and it was with a sigh of relief that he drew on his overalls and departed for his belated tasks.

The next morning he crept slyly up to the attic. From some dusty recess he unearthed a gun which rejoiced in a history bordering on the mediæval. With careful steps he conveyed the old firearm down the back stairs and into the kitchen, where Mrs. Tibbetts found him a few minutes later. He had abstracted her best duster from the closet and was engaged in an elaborate housecleaning operation.

"My seven senses, Jonathan," she gasped," what are you doin' with grandsir's old muskit? Don't point

it this way, for massy sakes. For all you know it may be loaded."

Jonathan replied with provoking moderation,

"That 's what I 'm goin' to find out, Sary, jest as soon as I can git it dusted."

"I should think that it was a pretty time. What are you calc'latin' to do with it supposin' you get it cleaned before it goes off and shoots one of us deader 'n a door nail?"

And impelled by this unpleasant possibility Mrs. Tibbetts and her pan of potatoes prudently retreated to the other side of the kitchen.

"What are you layin' out to do with it, I say, Jonathan?" she repeated in the tone of one who has a right to know.

Jonathan chuckled softly,

"Grandsir used to say this old gun never missed its mark that he knowed of," he answered indefinitely.

"For massy sakes, Jonathan! You are terrible wearin'. Why do n't you say what you mean right out? Not set there a hintin'."

"Do you rec'llect how Grandsir March shot a sneak thief in the leg with this 'ere?"

Mrs. Tibbetts sank into a chair limply. "I declare Jonathan Spurling, I never see a man grow light headed so fast. You know there ain't been a burglar around the Neck for thirty years."

"Maybe there ain't never been much here to indooce 'em till now," suggested Jonathan, with capitalistic importance. "*Now*, I should n't be s'prised if there was one round bumbys," he went on oracularly, "and it stands us in hand to be prepared."

"You dunno enough about a gun to shoot a mosquiter," declared Mrs. Tibbetts, emphatically.

It was an undeniable fact, yet Jonathan replied in a stately tone,

"It do n't take no such great amount of spunk to bang away at a mis'r'ble burglar. But I hope you'll have sense enough, Sary, not to be hyperin' round in the way. Like as not you 'll git hurt if you do. Wimming folks do beat all for gittin' under foot."

In order to keep informed of bank failures, suspended payments, absconding cashiers, burglaries, and other interesting occurrences, Jonathan subscribed for the *Weekly Messenger*, a newspaper, which abounded in news of this nature.

One night he read the account of a man in Pennsylvania, who had put three masked men to flight with only an old single-barreled shot gun. He was greatly impressed by this heroic exploit.

"I do n't see what 's to hinder me from doin' jest so," he reflected, and visions of newspaper celebrity haunted him from that time on.

Nevertheless such great achievements always reminded Jonathan painfully of his inferior proportions. If he could but find some dignified means of increasing his muscle! And he began to cast about in his mind for a way of so doing.

It was not until springtime that a solution of his difficulty presented itself. One bright May morning Mrs. Tibbetts was engaged in the elaboration of a recipe for pork cake, when Jonathan appeared on the scene with a communication. He was aware that it was not a propitious season for the introduction of

foreign subjects, and consequently began in a deprecating tone.

"Sary, there 's a feller out here."

"Well, what of it?" inquired Mrs. Tibbetts. "There 's been fellers out here before, I suppose."

Jonathan shifted himself to the other side of the table with sheepish embarrassment.

"Well, you see, Sary, he 's got a bisuckle an'—an' he says them wheels is first rate to strengthen the muscles. I ain't a very hefty man, Sary, and there 's no sayin' what sized burglar I might have to wrastle with. The feller says a bisuckle would limber me up mazin'."

Mrs. Tibbetts floured her seeded raisins vigorously.

"I declare Jonathan Spurling, I should say you was in your second childhood."

"I dunno, though, but 't would be a good idee, Sary," returned Jonathan, and disappeared, leaving Mrs. Tibbetts to anxious cogitations.

After a while Jonathan came in again.

"Sary," he began in a confidential whisper, "the feller says I can have it from now till Saturday night for one and a quarter. He usually gits two fifty a week but he 's put the price down on 'count of my influoence in the community." Jonathan's manner was becomingly modest. "I calc'late it 's most too good a chance to let slip."

"Like as not you 'll fall off and break your neck or your collar bone," was Mrs. Tibbetts encouraging response.

"He 's goin' to learn me a leetle about the balancin'. I reckon I can git the hang of it fast enough. It 's jest as easy as rollin' off a log."

Jonathan finished in an uncompromising tone and Mrs. Tibbetts realized that words would be of no avail.

"You 'd better be careful," she advised. "Spring work 's comin' on, if you get crippled now it 'll cost you steep."

That afternoon Jonathan established himself and the wheel in a favorable locality and endeavored to mount, but all in vain. The inconsiderate machine persisted in behaving most unreasonably. Mrs. Tibbetts was watching from her sitting-room window and finally Jonathan, in despair, appealed to her.

"Sary," he commenced, doubtfully, "I wisht you 'd come out and stiddy it a mite."

Mrs. Tibbetts laid down her piecened square of patch-work somewhat unwillingly, and followed her brother out into the door-yard.

"Where shall I take holt?" she inquired, vaguely.

"Right here," indicated Jonathan, eagerly. "There, that 's it. Jest hold it till I can get a start. It kinder wabbles—"

The remark was a timely one. At that moment Mrs. Tibbetts relinquished her hold on the handle-bars, and Jonathan and the wheel tumbled promiscuously. Mr. Spurling righted himself with difficulty.

"I did n't calc'late to git learned in a minute, Sary," said he, preparing for another attempt. "Now jest you hold it kinder stiff-like this time, Sary."

After a half dozen attempts Jonathan succeeded in moving down the path with swift, precarious vibrations. Elated, he turned to smile at Mrs. Tibbetts, when, presto! the law of gravitation asserted itself, and

Jonathan and the wheel went down together.

"It seems to be a willin' critter to go, Sary," he observed cheerfully.

Jonathan continued his struggles with the iron steed for the remainder of the afternoon, but he made doubtful progress after Mrs. Tibbetts retired to the house. Yet he sat down to supper with a light heart, in spite of two purple bruises on one leg and a few inches of missing epidermis on the other.

For three days Mr. Spurling persevered with most commendable ardor. By the afternoon of the third day he considered himself an expert, and Mrs. Tibbetts was induced to stand on the front steps and admire his proficiency.

He trundled the machine into the middle of the road, and after some trouble located himself in the saddle. It happened to be down grade at that particular point and Jonathan exerted himself perspiringly. The giddy revolutions of the wheel were fearful to behold. The grade grew steeper. Jonathan seemed riding on the wings of the wind. He ventured to glance back exultingly, though he clung to the handle-bars at the same time with desperate vigor.

Suddenly, he noticed a light catch above his ankle. It tightened. During the brief second, which was permitted him for reflection, Jonathan felt that his left leg was being swiftly turned upon a pivot. The next instant saw him precipitated to the roadside with awful velocity.

Mrs. Tibbetts hurried to the rescue. She found a sad accumulation of wreckage from which Jonathan's soft felt hat rose sorrowfully.

"I seem to be kinder tangled, Sary," he ventured, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances. "Jest unsnarl me, will you, before some one gits along."

Mrs. Tibbetts turned the pedal backward and forward. She whirled it fast and whirled it slowly. Jona stood up straight in his desperation, and sat down for the same reason. "Yank it, Sary," he commanded recklessly, at last.

Mrs. Tibbetts obeyed reluctantly, and the hem of Jonathan's second best pantaloons, which he had imprudently donned, yielded with a slow, rasping sound, and Jonathan hobbled painfully into the house.

"I guess I kinder wrinched my shoulder well 's my ankle," he announced from his situation on the lounge, sometime after. "You dunno 's there any arniky in the sullar-way, do you, Sary?" he asked, wistfully.

The arnica was brought and duly applied. Mrs. Tibbetts rubbed lustily, but she could not refrain from saying.

"Don't you think you 'd better go out and get limbered up some more?"

"'Tain't swelled nor nothin', is it, Sary?" Jonathan asked, meaning the shoulder.

"It probably will be by mornin'," was Mrs. Tibbetts comforting answer.

Jonathan groaned anxiously. He remembered the account, in last week's paper, of a breaking and entering which had happened in the town just north of them. He most devoutly hoped the thief was not taking a southerly direction; but his presentiments about the matter were scarcely reassuring.

The expected does occasionally happen. It was two nights afterward when Mrs. Tibbetts awoke

with a sense of impending occurrences. The waning moon shone into her room with pale, ghostly light, and the midnight stillness was portentous.

Suddenly the creak of the scullery window ascended the back stairway, and fell upon her straining ears.

Having thrust her feet into slippers and seized a long, gray shawl, she crept with noiseless, trembling steps into the back hall and bent over the railing, but Jonathan was already before her. With infinite pains he had covered half the flight of stairs, and now, poised on his uninjured foot, stood awaiting developments. Mrs. Tibbetts pressed nearer, and looked across the intervening kitchen out into the sink-room. Its one window faced the stairway door, and faintly outlined behind it appeared the figure of a man.

The burglar had come to pass! Some obstruction was interfering with his designs, but there he was.

A few minutes of intense, painful silence were ticked away by the eight-day clock. Jonathan thought fearfully of his hoarded wealth, and Mrs. Tibbetts was divided between fear of the burglar and curiosity as to what he would do next.

All at once Jonathan became aware of an omission. He had forgotten the gun!

"Sary," he said, in an excited whisper, "go back and git my muskit. My plague taked-ankle 's give out, but I 'll stay here and head him off. Don't stand there gapin.' Hurry up, do," he urged.

But Mrs. Tibbetts hesitated visibly. It was a case of Scylla and Charybdis with the gun on one hand and the burglar on the other. She had no doubt the old firearm would hasten to declare itself upon the slightest provocation, and for the moment it seemed that the burglar was the more desirable evil.

Once more the window creaked ominously.

"Sary, *will* you go 'long?" implored Jonathan, desperately.

Mrs. Tibbetts ascended one step and descended two with agonizing indecision.

"I jest can't, Jonathan," she announced, faintly, at last. "Jest suppose it should go off!"

Jonathan glared helplessly but he was not in a position to enforce his demands. Just why the burglar's long anticipated arrival and the disastrous result of his attempts at preparation should have coincided so unfortunately he was utterly unable to understand, and he gave an inaudible groan. At this point the window yielded, and a head and shoulders appeared reconnoiteringly in the opening.

Just then a vision of her cream pie, intended for the minister's convention on the morrow, swept through the agitated mind of Mrs. Tibbetts. This delectable dainty, garnished with whipped cream two inches thick and additionally embellished with bits of her choicest raspberry jell, had been imprudently left to solidify upon a table before the scullery window. A moment more and its fate would be sealed.

All the dormant heroism of Mrs. Tibbett's heart arose at thought of the impending catastrophe. Disregarding Jonathan's frantic "Git the gun, Sary," she dashed past him into the kitchen. A stray moonbeam illuminated the point of her

Residence of George Bancroft Griffith.

The Poet s Corner.

night cap, and the shawl trailed fantastically behind her.

She looked around excitedly for an available weapon. Her eye fell upon the mop. (It was conveniently near, and it was strong.) She seized it, and with an awful whoop bore down upon the intruder. The apparition was a most unexpected one, yet the thief hesitated perceptibly, and gave an appreciative grin. Again Mrs. Tibbetts brandished the mop threateningly, and at this inhospitable demonstration the burglar retreated expeditiously.

Mrs. Tibbetts refastened the window, tried the outside door experimentally, and returned the mop to its accustomed place before she ventured to speak. Then she said softly,

"I guess he 's gone, Jonathan."

Jonathan looked up from his dejected attitude with an expression of bewildered disappointment. He vaguely realized that the opportunity of a life time had been lost.

"Wimming folk are always hyperin' round in the way," he said, disapprovingly. "You 'd ought to 've got the gun as I told you to." And he added, after a pause, "'T any rate 't was lucky we was prepared."

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

By Lelian M. Gordon.

AT the age of twelve years, the subject of this sketch submitted a bit of verse to the late Hon. G. J. L. Colby, at that time the scholarly editor of the old county journal, the *Newburyport Herald*. The little effusion was suggested by the death, within a few months of each other, of two sisters, and school companions of Mr. Griffith. It appeared in print the next morning, and read as follows:

"One rose already in the bloom
Of youth has passed away;
And now the last has faded—
It droops and dies to-day.

"United, evermore to glow,
Bathed in the dews of heaven;
Clasped on the stem of love,
Eternal joys are given."

Years after the same editor, in his paper, the *Merrimac Valley Visitor*, said:

"Twenty years ago, or so, when here, Mr. Griffith would occasionally read us little poems, bearing the evidence of genius, albeit somewhat undeveloped then; and we have gladly followed him since, to see the widening and ripening of his mind. 'Do your best,' must have been his motto and rule of life, for without any advantages above what all the boys and girls of our town have, he has attained distinction in letters, and bids fair to leave a good mark in the world by forming public sentiment and helping to mold the generation that shall come after him, for his writings always have a practical and high moral tone, indicating that he not only does his best, but desires to bring the world up to its best standard."

George Bancroft Griffith was born February 28, 1841, in the city of

Newburyport, Mass. As quoted, it will be seen that he began to write verses for the press at a very early age. He was the eldest of four children, two of whom died in infancy, and his only sister, Nancy B., a lovely and most attractive young lady, at the age of eighteen. When but eight years old he had the misfortune to lose an affectionate and honored father, who died in Newburyport, at the early age of thirty-one. The poet's mother, youngest daughter of the late Captain Samuel Merrill of Newbury, Mass., for more than quarter of a century a confirmed invalid, died at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Hattie N. Goodrich, at Byfield, Mass., January 31, 1897. A mutual esteem between the two relatives was fostered and strengthened in the passing years, and everything for the comfort and well-being of the sufferer was gladly done. She possessed many personal charms, and was a most kind and indulgent mother.

Shortly after the death of her husband, the young widow, with her two children, removed to Rowley, Mass., and George and his sister Nancy began to attend school in the "Hillside" district. A reminiscence of one of his teachers at that period of his life, was one of the first contributions Mr. Griffith offered to the *Youth's Companion*, and Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, then the assistant editor of that paper—the well-known poet and successful author of many books of travel—thus wrote Mr. Griffith on the acceptance of the poem:

"There is much feeling in your home ballads; they are flowers that seem to spring from the 'fountain of the heart,' and we like to read them wherever we meet them."

After finishing his course in the common school, and winning the prize offered for the one who proved the best scholar, our young author, at the age of thirteen, entered Dummer academy, Byfield parish, Mass., one of the oldest halls of learning in America, and had for his teacher, Rev. Marshal Henshaw, since a professor in Rutgers college, N. J., and a gentleman of eminent attainments, as well as a most successful principal.

After completing an English Course, and acquiring a smattering of the classics, our poet, at his own option, entered a store in his native city as hatter's clerk. His duties not proving very onerous, he found time to patronize the well-selected library, founded by a fellow-citizen, its shelves then being located in rooms in the City hall. By the munificence of other liberal-minded citizens, this library has been greatly enlarged, and has for some time occupied a spacious building on the Main street. Mr. Griffith imbibed a strong relish for literature at this fount of knowledge.

From his native city, Mr. Griffith removed to Haverhill, Mass., and shortly afterward was married to a New Hampshire lady,—Miss Anne S. Howe of Bradford, by the Rev. Charles Beecher, brother of the famous Brooklyn divine. In this important step he was very fortunate, as his choice secured a companion who has greatly encouraged and aided him in his struggles for a position in the world of letters. Six children have blessed

their union, the eldest, Merrivale, having died a few days after his birth. The other five lived to fill the home with domestic sunshine, and now are all married and living under roofs of their own. Shortly after the breaking out of the Civil War, Mr. Griffith enlisted in Company A, First N. H. Heavy Artillery, and was stationed, with the exception of a few months' service in the defenses of Washington, at Fort Constitution, near Portsmouth, N. H., which is still garrisoned. After being mustered out of the volunteer service, Mr. Griffith was appointed hospital steward in the regular army, by General Grant, and still remained at this post. He filled the office to the great acceptance of all concerned, and at the expiration of his term, was requested, by the secretary of war, to continue in the service of the medical department, but declined.

During his army life, Mr. Griffith wrote quite frequently for the leading literary and religious magazines and journals of the day. His articles for the "Union Drawer" of the *American Union*, conducted at that time by the late B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington of world-wide fame) being deservedly popular from their first appearance. While stationed at Fort Constitution, Mr. Griffith edited a little sheet called the *Newcastle Observer*, which attained a circulation of nearly a thousand copies. Many of the salient paragraphs which it contained were copied by the city dailies.

During the third year of his military service, Mr. Griffith wrote occasionally for the *Portsmouth Journal*, whose editor at that time was the late venerable Charles W. Brewster, a veteran publisher, and author of the still popular work, "Rambles About Portsmouth," and a poet also of no mean pretentions. He thus refers to one of the first of Mr. Griffith's poems, published in his paper: "The Scenes of Boyhood," on our first page, would have done credit to Cowper."

A few months later, the following editorial from the pen of Mr. Brewster, appeared, regarding a poem entitled, "The Storm at Fort Point," written by Mr. Griffith:

"True Poetry.—After Joseph Bartlett had completed his long poem on 'Physiognomy,' which makes a clever sized book, he said: 'There is but one line of real poetry in the whole, that is this:

'And on death's midnight bursts the living day.'

"We can say more of the piece in our paper to-day from the poet of Fort Constitution. For grandeur of conception, boldness of figure, and strong presentation to the imagination of the monster of the deep with all his powers, we challenge any verse from the seaside poets to go before the second stanza. So of the last two lines of the fourth stanza—how strong and how beautiful the figure. In the seventh stanza the personification of the blast brings it like an apparition before us. There are other points of beauty which the reader will discover in the poem."

These lines were widely copied and greatly admired.

After being mustered from the United States service, the subject of our sketch removed to Charlestown,

Mass., and was employed in the Waverly Market, while it was conducted by the publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*, still contributing during leisure hours to that and other Boston and New York publications. Fine poems from his pen began, also, to appear in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, the *American Messenger*, *Potter's*, *The National*, and other first-class monthlies.

In 1871, Mr. Griffith removed to Newport, N. H., and soon engaged in the lumber business, being located at Goshen, and later, near the shores of Lake Sunapee. But his Muse was still a congenial companion, and was not to be abandoned. A year or two after a poem from his pen entitled, "The Chime in the Andes," attracted the attention of a professor in Harvard college, a gentleman of very cultivated tastes and an art connoisseur, who, reading it to one of our oldest and most popular poets, now deceased, was pleased to find that he agreed with him as to its great merit. This poem was so much admired, that the proprietors of the popular weekly in which it appeared at once increased the young writer's compensation, and announced his name as a poet of great promise. Mr. Griffith now received letters of approval from the historian Bancroft, with the gift of his volumes on the American Revolution, from the venerable poets, Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier, and also from other men of distinction, and an autograph note from Tennyson, the poet laureate of England. A little later, two of Mr. Griffith's poems were selected by the poet Longfellow for publication in his "Poems of Places," and appeared in the volumes on New England and Asia.

In 1874, Mr. Griffith chose the beautiful valley town of Lempster, N. H., as a permanent residence. He purchased a part of the Timothy Bruce estate, and soon completely remodeled and greatly improved his mansion, making it the handsomest homestead in the town. For several years he devoted all of his time to literary pursuits, writing acceptably both in prose and verse, and winning an enviable reputation, as well as a good support for his large family. Many of his pieces have been illustrated, some set to music, and others used in colleges of oratory and by public elocutionists.

An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Griffith, with a portrait, appeared a few years since in the *Boston Home Guest*, and more recently in the *Twentieth Century Review* and the *Magazine of Poetry*. In 1887, Mr. Griffith formed the design of collecting specimen poems of the poets of Maine, having successfully conducted the sale of "The Poets of New Hampshire," in which volume he was himself largely represented. The work had so large a sale that in 1889 Mr. Griffith made arrangements with one of the leading Boston houses to edit an illustrated volume of a similar character on Massachusetts, and this book is now nearly completed.

Mr. Griffith is at present the assistant editor of the "Encyclopedia of American Biography of the Nineteenth Century," an exhaustive and very valuable volume now in preparation at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, and which is to be published in November, at Chicago.

He also holds a lucrative position in the subscription department of the *Portland Transcript*, doing outdoor work for the sake of his health.

The professional friends of Mr. Griffith, in his adopted town and elsewhere, are paying him handsome tributes in the public press. We have room for but two notices of this kind, one from his late pastor. Both of these tributes recently appeared in prominent journals of the Granite state:

"Let me express appreciative admiration of Mr. Griffith's beautiful poetical sermon, so finely preached from a text taken from the centennial address delivered by the late Baron Stow, D. D., then of Boston, but a native of Croydon, June 13, 1866. My friend Griffith, who in his line is more than commonly gifted, has outdone himself in this latest effort, and may he live to court the Muses in this winning manner!"

"We have had the pleasure of reading an occasional poem from the pen of this gifted author, and as a neighbor have known him during most of a five years' sojourn in his adopted town, and have found him to be of a genial spirit, with music in his soul and sunshine in his face. He gathers thought from every field of nature's handiwork. Landscapes and ocean billows contribute riches to his imagination, and of birds and flowers he sweetly sings. He has an ambition to leave something which will live after him and be a blessing. This will be no task, for his poetry is not only brilliant, but singularly pure, and will live in the hearts of lovers of choice verse, long after his pen has ceased to write."

An elegant, 400 page volume of Mr. Griffith's poetry, beautifully illustrated, and containing his portrait and autograph is now in press, and will be brought out shortly by the Rumford Printing Company, of Concord, N. H.

New Hampshire's death-roll for November contains two distinguished names, those of ex-President Samuel Colcord Bartlett of Dartmouth college, and ex-Judge Isaac W. Smith of Manchester.

SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT.

President Bartlett died in Hanover, November 16. He was born in Salisbury, November 25, 1817, three miles from the birthplace of Daniel Webster,

and his father and Daniel were "chums" in boyhood. Dr. Bartlett met Daniel very frequently, and once, soon after graduating from his theological school, he had the honor of preaching to the renowned statesman, who was sitting in a Salisbury audience. He was prepared for college at Pinkerton academy, Derry, entered Dartmouth, and was graduated in the class of 1836, receiving the degree of A. M., being at the head of his class. He was for five years principal of Caledonia county grammar school at Peacham, Vt., and one year later became tutor at Dartmouth, at the age of twenty-one. He next spent three years at Andover Theological seminary, graduating in 1842. Later Dartmouth conferred upon him the degrees of A. M. and D. D., and in 1877 he received the degree of LL. D. from Princeton, and in 1892 he received the same dignity from his alma mater.

After graduating from Andover Theological seminary in 1842, for two and one half years he was pastor of the Monson, Mass., Congregational church, after which he became professor of intellectual philosophy in Western Reserve college, where he remained six years. For the next four years he was pastor of the Franklin-Street church at Manchester. For nineteen years he was professor in Chicago Theological seminary, and in 1877 he assumed the presidency of Dartmouth college, holding that position for fifteen years.

Dr. Bartlett was married to Miss Laura Bradlee at Pelham, Vt., in 1843, but she died soon afterwards, and in 1846, he married Miss Mary V. Larned. His wife died in 1893, but his four children are living,—E. J. Bartlett, for some time professor of chemistry at Dartmouth, and state chemist; the Rev. William A. Bartlett, pastor of the Kirk Street church, Lowell, Mass.; Samuel C. Bartlett, Jr., a missionary in Japan; and Mrs. Stimson, wife of the Rev. Dr. Stimson of New York.

He was a renowned Biblical scholar. In 1873 he traveled through Great Britain in exploration of the line of the Exodus. He wrote "Sketches of Missions," "Life and Death Eternal," "From Egypt to Palestine," "Veracity of the Pentateuch," and was a contributor to the *North American Review*, *Forum*, *Princeton Review*, and *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

For thirty-seven years he was a member of the American Board of Missions, and for fifteen years president of the New Hampshire Missionary society. He was also a member of the National Council of Congregational Churches.

Up to within a short time of his death Dr. Bartlett had been a remarkable example of well-preserved health and vigor even at the age of eighty years, being more active than many men at fifty. He had always led a life of remarkable activity and usefulness, and was ever prominent in social and literary circles. Last year he issued a book entitled, "The Veracity of the Hexateuch." He had traveled a great deal, delivering addresses and lectures, and kept up a voluminous periodical correspondence. Up to the time of his death, he still retained his connection with the faculty of Dartmouth college, holding the chair of lecturer on "The Relations of the Bible to History and Science."

ISAAC W. SMITH.

Judge Smith died very suddenly in his office at Manchester, November 28. He was the second child of Isaac and Mary (Clarke) Smith, was born in Hampstead, May 18, 1825. He attended for brief periods the academies at Salisbury, Atkinson, Derry, and Sanbornton, and Phillips academy at Andover, Mass. He entered Dartmouth college in 1842, and graduated in 1846. He was admitted to the bar in 1850. Judge Smith was mayor of Manchester in 1869. He had previously served in the house of representatives of 1859, and in the state senate in 1862–'63. In 1863 he was appointed assessor for the second internal revenue district and held office until 1870. He was appointed to the supreme bench in 1874 by Governor Straw, and was retained when the court was reorganized, and served continuously until his retirement owing to the age limitation in 1895. Judge Smith served for many years as a trustee of Dartmouth college, and was also president of the Central New Hampshire Congregational Club. Judge Smith leaves a wife and seven children,—Mrs. V. C. Ferguson of Port Arthur, Texas; William I. Smith, Busiellion, Penn.; Mrs. William B. Cowan, Saratoga, N. Y.; Edward C. Smith, Manchester; Daniel C. Smith, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. J. F. Bothfeld, Newton, Mass.; Mrs. Gale S. Walker, Saratoga, N. Y.

NATHANIEL F. LUND.

Nathaniel F. Lund, a native of Cornish, born December 28, 1818, died in Concord, November 22. He was educated in the common schools and at Lewiston academy, Niagara county, N. Y.; from there was carried by the westward tide to Chicago, and later to Jamesville, Wisconsin, where he started the first agriculture warehouse and seed store of that state. In 1861, he went to Madison as a clerk of the state assembly. On the breaking out of the Civil War, he was appointed chief clerk in the quartermaster-general's office, and in 1862 was made quartermaster-general. In 1864, the duties of commissary general and chief of ordnance were added, thus giving him charge of all the military property of the state. He remained at the head of the supply department of the state till 1865, when he resigned. His duties were discharged with the accuracy and faithfulness that belonged to his character. After his resignation as quartermaster-general, he was assistant secretary of the Madison Mutual Insurance company, and afterward deputy and cashier in the office of the collector of internal revenue in Milwaukee. In 1879 he returned to his native state, and in Concord he rounded out his life.

ABNER P. COLLINS.

Abner P. Collins died in North Weare, September 21. He was born in the west part of Weare, February 16, 1816. His parents were Samuel and Hannah (Peaslee) Collins. He was educated in the district schools of the town and at Clinton Grove academy, and was a teacher for several years.

He was also proprietor of a hotel at North Weare for thirty years. Mr. Collins was one of Weare's most honored and respected citizens and was given many offices of trust. An ardent and lifelong Republican, he represented the town in the legislatures of 1865 and 1868, and was one of the leaders of his party. He was also chosen to compile the genealogical department of the "History of Weare," issued in 1887, and was at work on the genealogy of the Collins family at the time of his death. He had been a subscriber to the GRANITE MONTHLY from the date of its first issue, and was a remarkably well-informed man. He married Abiah Muzzey, who died several years ago, and his only child, Warren L., also a prominent man in town affairs, died September 2, 1897. The latter left one son who now resides on the farm at North Weare owned by his father and grandfather.

ANDREW JACKSON GOSS.

Andrew Jackson Goss was a native of Epsom. He prepared for college at Pembroke and New London, and entered Dartmouth in 1857, graduating with his class in 1861. He is remembered by his classmates for his high scholarship, and also as being one of the most able-bodied of his class. He studied anatomy at St. Johnsbury, Vt., under Dr. C. P. Frost, and while thus engaged he contracted a disease in a dissecting room which proved a sad reversal of the high hopes which all his friends had of his future. It was a severe form of asthma. Struggling bravely with disease he had charge of the Canaan Union academy for one year. He then passed five years as his home in Epsom, and then removed to St. Augustine, Florida, with hope that the climate would relieve him. He there received a commission from President Johnson as collector of customs. In 1878 he resigned this position. He was also commissioner of pilotage for the port of St. Augustine for several years. Since 1878 he has been in San Diego, Cal. The severity of his disease is seen in the fact that for more than twenty years he was unable to lie down on a bed. To those who knew his eminent mental and physical vigor in college, it was hard to realize that he so soon became an incurable invalid for life. If he had not been a sufferer he would have attained high distinction. He bore his sufferings with great fortitude. He died in San Diego, June 21, 1898, aged sixty-one years and nine months.

FIRST NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

In addition to the list of deaths given in the October number (page 245), are the following:

Name.	Company.	Residence.	Died.
William R. Bradbury,	Co. A,	Keene,	October 7.
William L. Filgate,	Co. K,	Weirs,	October 9.
Harold S. Reed,	Co. E,	Concord,	November 18.

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